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# LIGHTS *and* SHADOWS *of* SEVENTY YEARS

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*By* J. E. GODBEY, D. D.

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TO

THE MEMORY OF MARY,
WHOSE HAND WROTE MANY
OF THESE PAGES AT THE
DICTATION OF THE AUTHOR.

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## Foreword.

To one who has finished his "three score years and ten" life is chiefly a memory, and, like the Ancient Mariner, he yearns to tell his story to every one who will hear him.

It may be the natural garrulity of age, encouraged by the request of a few friends, that has prompted me to publish this book. I know not. "Who can understand his errors?" Howbeit, the book is published and submitted to the friends whom I love, and who, in years past, had patience to hear me talk.

I have entitled my book "Lights and Shadows of Seventy Years," because it deals with the changes of these years more than my personal work. The record of what I have done will be of some interest to those who know me; to others there may be a general interest in a record of changes which, through the lapse of three-quarters of a century, have taken place in church and society, and our mode of life.

It will be observed by dates, here and there, that what is recorded in these pages has taken form through a period of seven years. Memory has been my guide and I have given only sketches of life's journey and experiences.

At the age of seventy-four I am still a busy man. I feel sound and vigorous and have not yet heard the Master's call to retire from labor in His vineyard.

This book will go chiefly to my friends, to all of whom I send greeting.

St. Louis, Mo., 1913. J. E. G.

## Family Tradition and History.

The writers of history have been strangely unobservant of the merits of the Godbey family, or else the family is of so recent an origin that it has not had time to make history. I find not the name on any honor roll of ancient worthies, neither is it so much as mentioned, so far as I know, in any Encyclopedia or Biographical Dictionary.

It is reported to me, however, that the Virginia Historical Magazine, vol. 1, page 191, has this record:

"Thomas Godbey, of Kiccoughtan, Elizabeth City, yeoman, an ancient planter, as his first dividend, 100 acres, between Newport News and Blunt Point, granted, December 1, 1624.

"Thomas Godbey, born 1587, came to Virginia in ship Deliverance, 1608, and Joanna Godbey, in Flying Heart, 1621."

I understand that the first settlers of Virginia were mostly bachelors, and that after a few years some of them bought wives with tobacco, and so began to establish families, and that this circumstance gave rise to the term "First Families of Virginia." Of course these first families, getting the start in the new country, became the ruling aristocrats in time, so the title "First Families of Virginia" became a badge of aristocracy. The record cited above is my ground of claim to have descended from this distinguished class.

In support of my opinion that our family has been but lately introduced on the world's stage,

our tradition is that the name originated in the time of Cromwell, and was, at first, Godobey. This seems to be fairly well established, and brings me some comfort in the thought of an ancestry distinguished for piety. I am the more disposed to this persuasion, as I have knowledge of twenty-eight Methodist preachers among the descendants of my grand-parents, and, further, because I have never known a drunkard among any of my kindred.

My mother's name was Kelly. The Kellys stoutly contend that they are descendants of the Kelly clan, which was virtually wiped out at the battle of Augrim, fought on their property in the County of Galway, Ireland. Their coat of arms bore the inscription, "*Turris fortis mihi Deus,*" which further suggests pious ancestry. The marriage of a son of the Kelly clan with the house of Marr merged the families under the name of "Marr and Kelly."

As to the coming of the Kellys to America, it is a family tradition that it was on this wise: Two boys by the name of Kelly were playing on the beach on the coast of Ireland, when a sea captain told them if they would come aboard ship he would teach them how to play the "hautboy." They ventured, expecting to learn a new game. The captain sailed away with the lads to Virginia, and put them in the field to hoe corn. I suppose this is true, because the family has been especially devoted to agriculture. One of the boys got tired of "hoeboy" and escaped to England. The other became the ancestor of Thomas Kelly, my great-grandfather.

Definite history begins when the Godbey and

Kelly families emerged into the light in adjoining counties, Montgomery and Botetourt, Va., about thirty years before the Revolutionary War. Both great-grandparents were soldiers of the Revolution when my grandparents were babies—Wm. Godbey, born in 1775, and Samuel Kelly, in 1776.

Both grandparents came to Kentucky, and there settled in adjoining counties—Casey and Pulaski. My parents, Josiah Godbey and Sena Kelly, were married in 1836; father being nineteen and mother eighteen years of age.

In the Minutes of the Southwest Missouri Conference for 1890 is the following memoir:

"Josiah Godbey was born June 30, 1817, and died April 20, 1890. Between the above dates was lived a quiet, contented, industrious, happy, useful, and successful life of seventy-three years, less one month and ten days.

Brother Godbey was converted and joined the Methodist church September 7, 1833, was licensed to exhort in 1840, and to preach, March, 1841. In October of the same year he joined the Kentucky Conference. He was ordained a deacon in 1843, and an elder in 1845. He traveled Albany, Burksville, Somerset, Perryville, and Maxville circuits in Kentucky—one year each on the first and last, two years each on the other three. He was superannuated in 1846, and put in a supernumerary relation in 1847-8. In 1852 he located, moved to Missouri and bought a farm in Cooper county. He served as a supply that year in the Boonville station. In 1853 he re-entered the itinerant ranks in the St. Louis Conference, since which time he has served the following charges: Bell-Air, nine

years; Georgetown, four; Sedalia, four; Longwood, two; and Arrow Rock, Marshall, and Windsor, one year each. He was presiding elder of the Boonville district in 1864-5.

Josiah Godbey was married to Miss Sena Kelly, October 27, 1836. She died in 1888. He married a second time in 1889. Four of his sons and one of his sons-in-law have been itinerant Methodist preachers in Missouri. One, Rev. J. E. Godbey, D. D., is now a member of this Conference, and another, Rev. S. M. Godbey, is a member of the Pacific Conference, editor of the Pacific Methodist and professor in the Pacific Methodist College at Santa Rosa.

Brother Godbey preached the gospel forty-nine years and one month. For several years before his death he had been on the superannuated list, but preached frequently. His last message was delivered in Otterville, where he lived from the time of his second marriage. This was April 13, 1890. The next Sabbath he entered into rest."

# AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

# REV. JOHN EMORY GODBEY

## CHAPTER I.

### Memories of Childhood.

"The family Bible that lay on the stand" in my childhood home contained this record: "John Emory Godbey, second son of Josiah Godbey and Sena, his wife, was born in Casey county, Kentucky, August 11, 1839."

At that time my father cultivated a small farm. He afterward became a minister of the gospel in the Methodist church, and traveled as an itinerant preacher and served in the Kentucky and Missouri Conferences for almost half a century.

My father had two brothers who were preachers; my mother, four. They were all Methodists. My father's brothers, John and Joshua, served in the Kentucky Conference. My mother's brothers, Clinton, Gilby, Samuel, and Albert, all served for a time in the Kentucky Conference, but later Samuel transferred to the West Virginia Conference, and Clinton and Albert emigrated to Oregon. Gilby

died at Covington, Ky., while presiding elder of the Covington district. Thus it would appear that by natural causes I was predestined to be a Methodist preacher. I have record of twenty-eight Methodist preachers descended from the families of my grandparents. I am sure there are others.

My earliest recollection is of a log cabin, with a shed on the back side as a shelter for a rockaway, a great chestnut tree a few yards to the left of the door, a rail fence in front, and across the fence and the public road, a well from which the water was raised by a sweep. This was when we lived on the Albany Circuit. I was but three years old when we left the place, but from that time forward all my life history stands distinctly in memory.

An incident in the experience of the family, while on the Albany Circuit, will serve to illustrate the hardships of a preacher's life in those times.

The circuit had fourteen appointments, and my father made the round once a month. He was generally from home two weeks, and then could be with his family only a day or two. I think my father's entire stock of earthly goods was his horse and the rockaway, and the pots, pans, chairs and bedding in the cabin, and, as he received just $28 for the year's work, we were often reduced to great want. Bread and meat made a good living, but once, when my father came home, he found that his family

had lived several days on bread alone, and that my mother's appeal for help to a well-to-do steward, who owned a large farm and several slaves, had been refused with rudeness. My father's feelings were greatly stirred when he found his family in such a situation, and he declared he would not spend another day in the place. But my mother urged his call to preach the gospel, and with tears begged him to stand to his work. So he went, the next morning, several miles, to a week-day appointment. He declined all invitations to take dinner, resolved to eat nothing till his family was supplied. He returned home at nightfall to find my mother thanking God, and the children happy, for the neighbors had brought both meat and meal.

How much grief comes from unkind speech. My poor, sweet mother, then twenty-two years of age, with three babes to care for, had borne her burden until there was no oil in the cruse and only a handful of meal in the barrel, and then, in her extremity of need, had gone to a steward in the church to beg for a piece of meat, to be answered: "This is a poor place to come for meat; we haven't as much as we need for ourselves." That she came back to weep was like a woman, and like a woman, no less, to endure and to pray. This same steward, I suppose, secured the supplies that came in two days later. But that rude speech was never forgotten by my mother, though I know it was forgiven as soon as spoken.

The church owes much to the wives of the preachers. My father was a successful minister of the gospel, loved and honored by the church, and, long before his career was closed, blessed with a comfortable home. But oftentimes, while I have listened to his stirring appeals and marked his power to move men, I have said within myself, "It is my mother that is in the pulpit." My father would certainly have abandoned the Methodist itineracy after one year's experience, had my mother not held him with prayers and entreaties to the work.

My father was appointed to Burksville Circuit in the fall of 1842 and spent two years on this charge, and here I spent the time from the close of my third to the close of my fifth year. I remember well the move to this place, the house in which we lived, with two rooms, or rather one room with a half-story finished above, and a stair in the corner; the great Catalpa tree at the stiles, the mulberry down by the lane, the orchard on the other side of the house; the tobacco field, and barn on the hill, and the creek back of the orchard, where I first saw fishes caught with a hook. The names of all the neighbors I remember well.

Here my brother, William Clinton, two years my senior, started to school. During this time an incident occurred which made a deep impression upon me. There was a house-raising made by our neighbor, Mr. Frazier, on whose farm we lived. I was most of the day near the

men, looking at their work. Some of them used profane language. I had no knowledge of its meaning, and a day or two afterwards, while in the orchard with my father, I used the same words I had heard from the men. My father, whom I had thought to please by this exhibition of manliness, sat down upon the grass, took me in his arms, and talked to me a long time about the wicked men, and the wicked words that I had learned from them, until my heart was very sad.

Then he told me if I would pray to God he would forgive me. I knelt on the grass, at his knee, and repeated the prayer after him. I never again used profane language, and I am sure that a deeper conscientiousness and a stronger faith were mine in after years, because of this wise and loving correction.

We were on the Burksville Circuit but two years, then my father was appointed to the Somerset Circuit. On our way there we stopped at my Grandfather Godbey's, in Casey county. It was the first time I had seen my grandfather. He was very old. His appearance impressed me with a great veneration. I saw him but twice afterward; that was during the ensuing two years. He died at the age of ninety-six. He was a devout Christian and a member of the Methodist church.

There were no parsonages in those times. We found a home in a log cabin on the edge of a meadow on the farm of James Rece, who had

married my father's sister. Gregg's Chapel, a log church half a mile away, was one of father's preaching places. It was there I first heard preaching, so far as I remember. The same year I was at a camp-meeting at Gregg's camp ground. The majesty of the forest, the weird scene of light and shadow, when the torches burned at night; the penitents, praying and pleading for mercy at the altar; the wild melody of the singing, the fervent and fiery preaching made an abiding impression upon me, and I obtained some knowledge of what it is to be stricken with penitence for sin and saved by faith in Christ.

While at this place I first went to school.

The school house was a mile and a half away. I was six years old and had learned to read—when or how I cannot tell. I have no memory of earlier teaching, though a clear memory of many scenes and events connected with the daily ongoing of my life during these early years. After two years on the Sommerset Circuit my father took a superannuated relation for one year, and was supernumerary for two years following. During this time we lived on a farm on Clifty creek, eight miles from Sommerset. The farm had been owned by my mother's father, Samuel Kelly, and came into my father's possession partly by purchase, and partly by inheritance.

The three years spent on Clifty constitute an idyllic period in my memory. The wide

flat, constituting the body of the farm, was covered with chestnut and poplar trees of heavy growth, and with varieties of smaller timber. The creek, which ran near our house, was walled with precipitous cliffs, along the summits of which was a growth of spruce and ivy. The ivy is a bramble of very hard wood with crooked, serpentine branches, and a heavy green leaf like mistletoe. It grew in dense thickets and bore in the spring beautiful white flowers. Under the ivy grew abundance of wintergreen, so extensively used in the manufacture of salicylic acid, much used in the treatment of rheumatism. These growths, with other evergreens and ferns, made the cliffs a perpetual charm to me. In the winter, when the snow weighed down the pines and ivies, and hung its great icicles along the cliffs, and the low clouds and mists shadowed the scene, my fancy peopled the caves of Clifty with bears and panthers. They had been there in the childhood of my mother, and many a thrilling story had she told me about them, but now only occasionally did the hunter find a bear or a catamount. But when the clouds and mist cleared away, and the sun lit the snowy pines and icy cliffs with flames of rainbow hues the scene wrought in my fancy pictures of the heavenly city, of which my mother had told me, lighted forever by the glory of God.

Our house was an aristocratic mansion for the times. It had been built by my Grandfather

Kelly in 1803. It had four rooms in the main building and two in the ell, which served for kitchen and dining room. It was of logs, but weatherboarded. The siding was sawed by hand and dressed with beaded edges. My grandfather had devoted his time to milling. He had two mills on Clifty, one a grist mill, the other a mill for manufacturing powder and flaxseed oil. Every part of the machinery of the mills he made with his own hands.

The reader will pardon a digression here, while I relate a story, authenticated by my mother and the members of her family. Mr. Kelly's sons tended his mills at night. They slept at the upper mill, and about 2 o'clock in the night went to the lower mill, which was the oil mill, and shut down the floodgate. The mills were half a mile apart, on opposite sides of the creek, and the crossing was on a pine log. When it was Sam's turn to stop the mill, he would get up in his sleep, go down and cross the log and let down the gate, return and lie down, without awaking during the time. I have heard of many feats of somnambulism, but nothing better than this.

While on the farm I went to school, when we had school, which was three months in the year. It was a typical, old-fashioned district school. Its type has passed long ago. I describe it in this year 1913 that the reader may have a distinct picture of the schools which the farmers' boys attended sixty years ago. The best edu-

cated farmer was selected to teach the school. He was expected to teach reading, writing and arithmetic to the rule of three, or proportion. He also was expected to be expert in making pens for the children out of goose quills. We had no steel pens. The pay of the teacher was thirteen dollars a month, in corn, potatoes, or other produce. The children started to school as soon as they got breakfast, and were expected to go to work at their studies, though the teacher should not arrive for an hour. When the teacher came he began recitations by calling, "Come first." That meant that the first child who got to the school house, and, therefore, had studied his lesson longest, should come and recite. There were no classes, and each scholar was expected to keep his number. Sometimes two or three boys came at the first call and disputed as to which one got into the school-house first. Often they saw one another coming and made a race for the door. After the first comer recited the call went on, "Come next," the day through.

All the children at their lessons spelled and read aloud, for the teacher wanted to hear them, and know that they were at work, hence the loudest was apt to be reckoned the best scholar. One could hear the school at work, in this way, a quarter of a mile. The teacher was equipped with a long switch. If there was any lull in the noise, he brought his switch, thrash, upon the floor, and shouted, "Mind you books." Solo-

mon Newel, my old schoolmaster, I see thee yet. Thy broad face, firm set jaw, large gray eyes and bushy hair upon a massive head, completed my early ideal of dignity and wisdom—verily a second Solomon.

"Turning the teacher out" at Christmas was a standing custom of those days. The big boys planned the job weeks before hand. They were up an hour before day on Christmas morning, and off for the school house. They must beat the teacher, who would also try to head them off by getting there early. In this case possession was "nine points of the law." If the big boys got in first they shut and barred the door, by nailing planks across it, and piling the benches against it. If the house had a loft of loose boards, a reserve corps was sent up there to see that the master did not climb up and come through the roof. When the master came the contest began and lasted for hours, he exhausting his resources to get in, for once in possession the boys would surrender. It was a point of manliness to get in if he could. When he despaired of getting in the boys would propose to let him in if he would treat. That meant give a day's holiday and a basket of apples to the school. We never got but one day's holiday at Christmas and that only when we "turned out" a teacher. Poor Solomon! I saw thee brought to this stage one Christmas day, while we small fry stood out in the snow waiting to see how the battle would end. But

when Solomon despaired of getting in he declared he would not treat. Then planks and benches flew from the door and the big boys came forth with a yell like Comanches, and Sol Newel "took to the woods." It was like hounds chasing a stag. The echoes of the chase waked the hills of Clifty after silence had settled wide and still about the school house.

At last the schoolmaster was run down and caught. The boys were prepared for all emergencies. When Solomon still refused to treat they produced ropes, tied him hand and foot, heaved him up on their shoulders, and started for Clifty. Through the woods and snow they tramped, taking turns in carrying their load. It was only when Solomon saw the icy hole of the creek into which the boys were ready to plunge him that his wisdom came to him and he agreed to treat. We got the day's holiday and the basket of apples. How we did honor the big boys when the apples were distributed in school, and wish we were big! The whole affair, when ended, was regarded as royal fun by teacher and scholars. Outlandish it seems now, and it is best, no doubt, such customs should pass away. But good humor and manly pluck redeemed, in a measure, their rudeness.

It was during our three years upon the farm that I received my first impression of the uncertainty of life and the solemnity of death. A farmer, Elisha Gregg, a good man, was killed by the falling of a tree, while ploughing in his

field. The funeral was very romantic and awe-inspiring to me. I stood with my parents on the hill slope, before the log meeting house, Mount Zion, waiting for the funeral procession. We had a view down the road through the beech and poplar trees for a third of a mile. The procession came, with the coffin borne on a farm wagon; some of the people following on horseback, but most on foot. Brother Burke, the class leader, walked before, singing with a voice that could be heard afar:

> "Why do we tremble to convey
> Their bodies to the tomb?"

My father preached the funeral. As he read,

> "Dangers stand thick through all the ground
> To push us to the tomb,"

the hymn seemed to me prepared for the occasion. No other church service during these years is so vividly impressed on my memory. Once in six months a funeral comes to a quiet rural community and all the people are arrested in their business and give thought to the solemn issues of life. Funerals are passing daily in our great cities, but they are too common to make us serious. One cannot always be listening to exhortations. Too much admonition hardens us; too much lecturing makes us heedless—a truth this, not always remembered by parents and preachers.

My parents held family prayers morning and

evening; not hastily, as now we do, who still observe family prayer, but giving the occasion time. The family and hired hands were all assembled. A chapter was read from the Bible, a hymn was sung, and prayer was offered. When father was away mother held the prayers. My mother lived in daily communion with God. I well remember how, one day, I came upon her engaged in private prayer down by the spring. There, unconscious of any one near, she was praying God to take care of her children and make them good men and women. Sweet mother, she seemed to me as pure and perfect as God's angels. In pious parents I had God's best gift and life's greatest opportunity.

The big wheel for spinning wool, the little wheel for flax, and the loom for weaving the cloth which clothed the family were essential to the housekeeper of those times. Our family, both parents and children, dressed in garments of jeans and lindsey, spun, woven and made up by mother. Father made the shoes for us all. I remember when father started to Conference dressed in a suit of blue jeans that mother had woven and made up. I seem to see him now as he rode away, with his high hat, long saddlebags and swallowtail coat, the skirts coming down to his stirrups. No other Methodist itinerant looked braver than he. He came back, I remember, somewhat crestfallen. Some boys, gathering chestnuts, had run after him as he passed them in the woods, shouting, "Yon-

der goes long-tailed blue!" Ever after that coat was known as "long-tailed blue."

The circuit riders of those times preached nearly every day. I have known a preacher to carry his hammer, awl, last and leather in his saddlebags, and sit down and peg away making shoes while the congregation came in, and economize time in the same way when he lodged in the homes of his people. Such was the custom of Clinton Kelly, my uncle, and the uncle of my talented cousin, Dr. Gilby C. Kelly, who has served many prominent city churches.

The farmers' wives of Clifty took up enthusiastically the raising of silk. The silk moth, which lays the eggs, can not fly. It is milk white and has a heavy body and short wings. If put upon a newspaper, when they cut out of the cocoons, the flies will not move two feet away in their life time. They eat nothing and die in a few days. But they produce hundreds of tiny eggs which stick fast upon the paper where they are deposited by the mother. These papers are put in a cool place and when the mulberry leaves, which begin to come out in the spring, provide their food, the silk worms can be hatched in a few days by putting the eggs in a warm place. The worms are placed on scaffolds and constantly supplied with fresh leaves to eat. I have gone miles on horseback, with ax and bags, cutting down mulberry trees and stripping leaves for silk worms. We learned later that bois d'arc leaves are about as good.

In a few weeks the silk worms attain their growth and wind themselves up in the cocoons. The pupa would soon turn to a moth and cut out, spoiling the silk, but a day's exposure of the cocoons in the hot sun kills them, and the balls are laid aside for reeling at convenience. Forty bushels of cocoons was the crop which one of our neighbors raised in a single season. I have seen young ladies come to church in silk dresses which they had spun, woven, cut and made up. Domestics, linens and calicos were bought; but for heavier wear the people depended on their own manufactures.

A flint, a good piece of steel, such as a rasp, and a tinder box of cotton and powder, or a piece of punk, were kept on hand for use is case the fire went out. It was quite common for the people to send for a chunk of fire to a neighbor's a mile away.

In 1849 my father sold the farm and resumed work in the Conference. He was sent to Perryville Circuit. This was in the blue grass region. Most of the farmers were slaveholders and well-to-do. I remember when we came to Perryville, the good people had a beautiful home ready for us. But father refused to live in the town. He said he would quit the ministry sooner than bring up his boys in town, with nothing to do but loiter about and learn badness.

So he went a mile into the country and rented a log house and a few acres of ground, and set

his boys to cutting briars. We boys greatly deplored the blunder, and thought that "blindness in part had happened" to our father. But in later years we were thankful for his good sense. And here I will record an opinion which I have held unfalteringly for forty years. It is that at the plough-tail is the best place to bring up boys.

We had a good school, a mile from our home, in the country, and we lost no time from attendance, while the school lasted, and made good progress in reading, writing, geography, arithmetic and grammar. We attended Sunday school at the Old School Presbyterian church in Perryville because it was a better school than we had at the Methodist church where my father preached. A good man asked us to be members of his class, and it was my father's wish to have us under the care of a man who would influence us for good. It may be that this is the reason that I have always had the highest regard for Presbyterian forms of service, though anything but a Calvinist in doctrine. But I love the quiet dignity of the Presbyterians, and think they carry about as much religion as we Methodists, and make less noise about it. But, when we consider that the business of a church is to harvest sheaves for the heavenly garner, the Presbyterian machine seems to be narrow gauge and heavy draft. The Methodist machine cuts down more stuff.

Both winters that we spent on the Perry-

ville Circuit, Brother William and I tended a sugar camp from the first of January to the middle of March. Making maple sugar is interesting to a boy. We made a camp in the maple woods, tapped the trees with elder spiles, made troughs to catch the drip of sugar water, built a furnace for the kettles, brought barrels and tubs to the camp to hold the sugar water when it had to be taken from the trees faster than our kettles would boil it, and so the work was inaugurated. Of course we spent the nights in the camp, tending the kettles, turn about, one keeping up the fires while the other slept. When the kettles were all full and a good hickory fire made in the furnace, the watcher could take the dogs and scurry around for an hour to catch a 'possum. Once we became aware that the town boys had a plan to raid the camp and carry away the molasses. We loaded for them—prepared a pot of soap and retired, hiding behind trees when they came. They lost no time in filling their bucket with the dipper, then struck out. When fairly away they cooled a bit of the syrup and tasted it. Smell and taste showed them that the trick was on them and not on us. They threw away their prize in disgust and went back to town. The trick cost us something, but we imagined that we had the best of it.

The sugar camp was not without wholesome educating influences. There has ever been, to me, an awe-inspiring power in solitude, and God

has never spoken to me more clearly than in the voices of nature. Sitting alone before the flaming camp fire, under the quiet stars, while winter held the waste in the hush of death, made conditions favorable for meditation. And I was even then a dreamer, living much in fancies of the future, recognizing, and not very dimly, the purposes and principles which should guide my life. I may say here that I was constitutionally puny and had often overheard my parents tell others that they did not expect me to live to be grown. It was not well that I heard this, but I think it did not much depress me.

About this time I bought a Bible and resolved to read it through once a year, which I did for a few years, and, having an unusually good memory, I became familiar with every part of the sacred book. I had read Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress with great avidity at an earlier age, and Bishop Morris' sermons. I had also bought and read books of history. By good fortune, or the wise guidance of my parents, I never read a single worthless or injurious book while I was growing up. At that time Methodists still had respect for the rule which forbids "the reading of such books as do not tend either to the knowledge or love of God." There were no bad books in my father's library, and I had little need to seek for books elsewhere.

From Perryville we went to the Maxville Circuit, in 1851, and remained there a year. My

time during this year was spent almost entirely at school in Maxville, though, true to his purpose of keeping his boys away from town, my father had rented a house a mile away. Both the Perryville and the Maxville Circuits were good charges, for those times, and my father's salary was more than his expenses. We had also received some money from the sale of the farm, and were able to live very comfortably.

At the close of the conference year on Maxville Circuit, my uncle, Eli Haynes, who had married my father's sister, and who had lived for years in Missouri, came to see us, and persuaded my father to emigrate to what was then called the "Far West." About the first of August, 1852, we left Kentucky in a two-horse wagon.

The novelty of traveling, the camping each night amid new scenes, and our expectations of the new country to which we were going made the experience of moving quite animating at first. I remember vividly our first encampments under the leafy forest, always by some creek or spring. The solemn forest, the ceaseless chatter of the katy-dids, the hoot of the owl, the distant horn of the huntsman, wrought in my dreams weird visions of fairy lands. But as days grew to weeks, and the weeks lengthened into a month or more, the journey became monotonous and camp fare stale, and it was with feelings of vast relief and a longed-for goal attained that we reached the home of

my Uncle Haynes, in Pettis county, Missouri, about the tenth of September. We soon rented a house and a small farm and went into winter quarters.

My father had located from the Kentucky Conference on starting west, but as soon as he arrived in Missouri he was pressed to take charge of the Boonville station and consented. He left us in our home, thirty miles away, and came to see us once in two weeks, for the trip had to be made on horseback. So, for the first year we spent in Missouri, my mother kept the house with the children, of whom there were six, the eldest fifteen years of age. They were, in order of age, William Clinton, John Emory, Martha Jane, Milton, Sarah Helen and Samuel McGinnis.

My parents did not at first like the new country, but to us boys it fulfilled our most alluring fancies. Wild fruits abounded—plums, grapes, persimmons, haws, hickory nuts, hazlenuts were everywhere in great abundance. There was abundance of game. Deer, turkeys, prairie chickens and ducks fed in the fields. Most of the farmers left their corn on the stalk through the winter, gathering it as needed, and one-third of the crop was eaten up by the wild fowls, but it was scarcely counted a loss. We soon found that the trap was almost as effective as the gun in taking ducks and prairie chickens. The farms, which were open at this time, were either wholly in the timber or on the edges of the

prairies, where there was ready supply of rails and firewood. Miles and miles of prairie spread out, unbroken by any settlement and covered with grass as high as a man's head. My father used to calculate that it never would be fenced, but remain always a range for herds of horses and cattle. There was scarcely any market. No one thought of selling potatoes, turnips or apples. Those who had an over-supply gave to their neighbors. Corn was the only provision which we bought, from the fields during our first winter, and this we got at ten cents a bushel. Sugar, coffee and bacon we bought from the store. We caught abundance of fish out of Shavetail creek, a quarter of a mile from our house. Even in the winter season when we could get a hook into the water we had no trouble taking fish. Most of our neighbors had good homes and lived well. The majority of them were slave-holders and some had very large farms. They got money by the sale of cattle, mules and hogs. The cattle herders of those times bought corn on the stalk in the field, and turned the cattle and hogs in to gather it for themselves. A good cow was worth eight dollars; pork two dollars and a half a hundred.

The moral tone of our community was high. There was not a worthless person in the neighborhood, and the majority of the people were religious. There was less wild revelry and dissipation then than in after years. I call to

mind few young men who were not temperate, industrious and upright.

During the year we lived in Pettis county a terrible tragedy occurred near us. John Raines, a prosperous farmer, coming home at night, found his wife with her brains beaten out with an ax at the woodpile. His little daughter of five years said, "Dennis did it." Dennis was a negro man who worked on the farm. The negro was arrested, taken to Georgetown, tried, and sentenced to death. It was understood that he would not be hanged, but burned; and so, on the day of execution, a mob, or what passed for a mob, took the negro from the jail and burned him at the stake. I hear it often said how that such crimes were not committed by negroes in the slavery times. They were far less frequent than now, but not wholly unknown.

On Sunday, May 10, I heard my first sermon in Missouri. Two circumstances made it memorable. It was the first sermon preached by Rev. William Leftwich, D. D., afterward a prominent preacher and one who served the church for near fifty years; also a snow, three inches in depth, had fallen Saturday night though the forests were then green and the orchards in bloom.

Louisa Porter, our neighbor, had consumption when we came to the state, so the physicians said and continued to say for forty years, until she died past ninety years of age. Her

daughters, meantime, took consumption and died in their early womanhood. The case is worth recording, though I learn from physicians that it does not stand alone.

During the summer and fall of 1853, I went to school to William Westlake, a good Christian man, a fair scholar and an excellent teacher. The moral influences of the school were healthful. The students were the children of intelligent Christian people and had ambition to make the best use of their opportunities. There was not a bad boy or girl among them. The curriculum embraced a common English education, Algebra, Geometry, and the preparatory course in Latin.

The school house was our place of worship, but the people were talking of building a church, and when Mary Porter, a sweet girl, died, and left her five dollars in gold, with request to give it to build a church, the subscription began, and the needed amount was soon secured. A good brick church was built, and Dr. C. B. Parsons, then a pastor in St. Louis, came up and dedicated it. Then I gave my first subscription, ten dollars, to the church, and vowed, like Jacob, to give one tenth of all my income, during my life, to the Lord's cause, and so have I done. There is today, a neat brick church where we built the old Salem church long ago. The old house was much larger than the present one. It used to be filled with worshippers. The country has settled up.

The population has trebled, but the big brick church had diminishing congregations. It was pulled down and a much smaller house built in its place. This is one instance of many. Many of the churches which we built forty years ago are too large for our congregations now. As a pioneer church Methodism leads grandly. Episcopal authority gives mighty emphasis to the Master's "Go ye into all the world"; Under this system many a preacher goes where he would never choose to go. But, as permanent and crowded settlements follow pioneer stages, the churches which are congregational in government become strong competitors with ours. It is not her itinerant system but the soundness of her doctrines, and the evangelical character of her ministry which enable Methodism to hold her place in the great centers of population.

In the fall of 1853 my father bought a farm in Cooper county and moved to it, and there he lived from 1854 to 1888. The farm contained, originally, 214 acres, but was added to by later purchases. Here the family was brought up until the youngest of the ten children—six boys and four girls—was grown. Here, more than anywhere else, were the conditions which shaped our lives, and from this place, as from the old nest, when fledged, we took flight to different lands and climes.

From the age of fourteen to twenty-one my life was spent on the farm in Cooper county,

Missouri, and during those seven years I was never more than twelve miles from the old home. I did every sort of work that farm hands did in those times. Father was not much at home. He generally hired a hand to work with us boys, always requiring of them a pledge not to drink or swear, but as for the rest only to work as we did. Opportunities for going to school were limited to three or four months each winter. We were fortunate in having good teachers, and the schools were of good preparatory grade. They were always taught by men, which I regard as fortunate. There is nothing so important in education as the development of proper ideals of character and the establishment in right principles and aims. One may be well prepared to instruct pupils in text-books, who, nevertheless, ought never to be allowed to teach a school. And I hold that girls or women never can be proper teachers for young men. No young man can think of a lady as a model of character after which he should pattern his own life. Let my son be taught by a man worthy of admiration, and my daughter by a model woman. Our common schools have lost their value in the training of boys because girls teach them, and our young men are going in evil ways more than in the days of our fathers for lack of influential leaders in their school days. The schoolmaster was, in those days, the most influential person in the community, as he ought to be today. He

was a leader of the young men, from sixteen to twenty years of age. During the seven years I had ten teachers, all of them worthy men and most of them good scholars. But I was taught that I must not rely upon the schools for education, but that any one who has the purpose to do so can become a scholar, whether he goes to school or not. There were many examples to confirm this view. Not knowing that I should ever go to college, I secured the college catalogues and followed the college course of study at the plough-handle, going to the field with my Greek and Latin grammars in a wallet, and holding a book in my left hand day after day, as I broke up the fields or ploughed the corn. Evenings and rainy days were employed in study, and what I learned in this way was more than I learned at school.

"Cobbit's Advice to Young Men" fell into my hands during this period and had much influence in shaping my views and fixing my purpose of self-education. William Cobbit was left an orphan in boyhood. He entered the British army as a means of sustenance. He learned to write in the army, using for paper the wrappings of army goods. He became proficient in French and German, published a grammar of each of these languages for English students. All this he did while serving as a soldier. He was afterward a statesman of note and a member of the British Parliament. He never went to school. He insisted that in a

world of books any man of average mind can make himself, in time, an educated man. There is nothing more important in the education of a boy than to be imbued with such views. Schools are not to be disparaged, and the advantages of a good school are longed for by every lover of learning. But no young man should for a moment accept the idea that fate has doomed him to ignorance because he has had no opportunity of going to school. "Learning to read" is a term which expresses all education. All the knowledge which man has gathered in the history of the world is stored in the world's libraries. One who goes through a college curriculum but is not afterward a reader of books is never an educated man. The very aim of school studies is defeated in him. Some of our college graduates can not read even our best English literature. The books on science, philosophy, theology, politics, civilization, art, inventions, discoveries, hold the stores of knowledge which the labor of man has gathered through the ages. These wait to be read, and college studies are to prepare us to read them understandingly. The life-long reading of good books makes an educated man, if the books be read with thought and purpose.

In the fall of 1854 I attended a camp-meeting, held by the Cumberland Presbyterians, half a mile north of the town of Otterville. My father came to me in the congregation and

asked if I would go forward for prayers. I went at the suggestion without a word, and before the service closed felt that all was settled. I had surrendered myself to God's service and my future was well defined. Many Methodists would call this my conversion. I do not regard this as the beginning of my spiritual life in Christ or of my experience as a child of God. I had prayed daily from my earliest memory and had felt, often, that my prayers were heard and answered. I had never fallen into vices of any sort. Indeed, I will say that I never in my life formed a habit which I afterward felt called upon to abandon. I never entered upon a path to turn back. It was not a change of life, or purpose, or will, that I sought at the mourners' bench, but rather a full decision in regard to a call to preach, which I already felt. Would I, who held myself a Christian, and who never thought of being aught else, now consent to turn from the thought of secular employment to that of serving God, as a preacher, anywhere and at any cost? This was the question which I then settled. And yet, under my Methodist training, I had been led to think that a truly regenerate life had to date its beginning at the mourners' bench. But I know now that I was a child of God before the time referred to, and I know, further, that that is the greatest and fullest salvation through Christ which brings a little child to pray and trust daily in the Savior, and sanctifies a life to God's service

from childhood to age. Many of the most perfect Christians have no mourners' bench experience, and can fix no date in their lives when they began to serve God, simply because there was never a time when they served Satan.

In later time I learned that Methodists should especially set forth the doctrine of full salvation through Christ, as salvation from the cradle. Holding that infants are in a saved state, shall we teach that it is necessary that the child should ever fall under condemnation and become of the number of the unsaved? If this is necessary, then there is a point, a period in life, to which the plan of salvation through Christ does not extend, where sin is necessity, condemnation a necessity, spiritual death a necessity. We draw across the path of every child a chasm over which it must pass without even the light of heaven. If we teach this we insist that every soul must, at some time, hang on the brittle thread of life, over the pit, and in a place of utter darkness. Methodism does not teach this. Infants are born into the kingdom of heaven, and the provisions of grace are sufficient to keep us in the kingdom from infancy to age. We are all by nature the children of wrath, but God's plan of salvation is schemed with regard to this fact at all times. We are born in the kingdom of grace. Without the scheme of redemption we would not have been born at all.

After deciding to be a preacher I remained

out of the church a year. I should have joined the Methodists at once, but my views upon infant baptism were not settled. I had heard much preaching against it and almost none for it. This was because the nearest church to our home was a Baptist church and I had attended preaching there more than anywhere else. As a private member the Methodist church would have received me, for the Methodist church examines its candidates for membership only upon the essential doctrines contained in the Apostles' Creed. Of a member the church requires only what is essential to salvation. Of her ministers the church requires the proper understanding of a consistent theology, and capacity to teach it. A private member may believe in free grace, or decrees, in baptism by immersion or sprinkling. He may have his children baptised or not, according to his judgment. The church makes no positive demands and interposes no authority in such matters. It is quite a different matter for the church to accept and commission one as a sound teacher of a consistent and scriptural system of theology. Being entirely convinced, after examination, that infant baptism is scriptural and that it ought to be taught and practiced in the church, I entered the Methodist church without any reservations.

Our home was, in the fullest sense, a Christian home. Family prayers were held morning and evening, generally led by myself or one of

my brothers when father was away. I think all the boys held the family prayers in turn as they grew up. We lived in a Christian community. We knew nothing of the temptations of the towns. Our time was closely employed in needful labor. Hunting and fishing were our only pastimes. The preachers counted on us for active service in the church.

At one time there came to our neighborhood a young man from Ohio, gentlemanly, vivacious, and well educated. We admired his sprightliness. But he made no claims to be religious. One Sunday morning he came, on horseback, to go with us to church. Brother William and I went with him. He entertained us on the way with laughable stories, mostly about droll happenings in church. We arrived a little late and had to go to the front seat. At the close of the service the preacher asked my brother to pray. He requested to be excused. As we returned home our vivacious friend was silent for some time. At length he said to my brother: "Will, do you ever pray in public?" "Sometimes," was the answer. "Why didn't you do it today?" he continued. My brother was silent. He went on: "I know the reason. I joked with you boys as we were going so much you were embarrassed because I sat beside you. Pardon me this time; I shall never do so again. I wish I were a Christian as you are." This was manly. It did us more good than a sermon. It was an illustration of a truth which

I have known grandly illustrated in later years and upon which a true Christian can always depend.

Eugene Smith was a student in the senior class of the Virginia University at Charlottesville, Va., when Chester Arthur was president of the United States. Mr. Arthur was strictly a man of the world. The president, with some of his cabinet, came to Charlottesville on a hunting and fishing excursion. He met Eugene Smith and found him to be bright, gentlemanly and well acquainted with the neighborhood. President Arthur asked Smith to join their company and go with them into camp. The young man answered: "You gentlemen will be out in camp on Sunday. I belong to the church here and teach a class in our Sunday school. Accept my thanks for the honor of the invitation, but please excuse me. My duties are here." The president asked Smith what were his plans. He said: "I will graduate here this term. Then I will go to work to make some money, and when I get it will take a post-graduate course at Berlin, after which I will return and study and practice law."

So President Arthur and Eugene Smith bade each other good-bye. A few days after Smith graduated, a letter came to him from Washington city. He opened it and found it contained his appointment as vice consul to Berlin from President Arthur. So will steadfastness and noble Christian character always impress noble

men of whatever state or profession. In after years I became acquainted with Eugene Smith in Kansas City.

It was an epoch in a young man's life in those days when he attained twenty-one. Till that time he was expected to serve his parents, and from the day he reached his majority he was just as surely expected to quit the parental home and go out to make his fortune in the world. This epoch came to me August 11, 1859, I took license to preach in September of John R. Bennett, presiding elder, preparatory to entering college as a ministerial student. I had read the preparatory course in Greek and Latin and was reckoned to be especially proficient in mathematics. I had read most of the books in our home library, among which were not only the theological works one may expect to find in a preacher's library, but almost all the standard English poets and such metaphysical works as Cousin's "History of Modern Philosophy," "Essays on the True, Beautiful and Good," and books on intellectual and moral philosophy from various authors. It was not until the first of November that I was ready to go. Then I bade farewell to my boyhood and my boyhood home, to find my own way through the world. Our home had always been sweet and happy and no shadow of death had ever crossed its threshold. There had never been a calamity in our family history, and never a reverse of fortune. My boyhood home and history stand

in thought beautiful as a dream of heaven. I went away strong in faith that "goodness and mercy would follow me all the days of my life."

In taking license to preach I felt that I had settled definitely my life work. I meant to give myself unreservedly to the work of a preacher in the Methodist church, to serve in any sphere that the church might appoint. Being the son of an itinerant who had passed through the roughest experiences of pioneer service, I understood what I might expect. I had no thought of worldly wealth or honor; but I felt I could trust the church to take care of me if I proved efficient and faithful. My faith and consecration I sought to express in these verses:

Here on Thine altar, Lord, I lay
All that I am, and humbly pray
    Accept the sacrifice.
Now the consuming zeal impart,
So shall the homage of my heart
    As grateful incense rise.

Let meekness like Thine own possess
My soul, and keep in perfect peace
    My spirit by Thy love.
On Thee alone may I depend,
Be Thou my never-failing friend,
    While here on earth I rove.

Afflictions may I humbly bear,
And confidently cast my care
    On Him who died for me.
So shall a Father's chastening rod
But bring me closer to my God,
    From sin my soul set free.

O God, as onward still I go,
A pilgrim through this world below,
    Sustain me by Thy might.
And in the straight and narrow way
That leads to realms of Heavenly day
    Direct my steps aright.

## CHAPTER II.

### Tossed About—War Experience.

It required no prophetic vision to see, in the fall of 1860, the shadow of impending war. Yet I turned my thoughts to the completion of my education. The St. Charles College seemed to be the best school available. It had been established by the Methodist church at St. Charles, Mo., in 1838.

I set out for St. Charles College, November 7, taking the train on the Missouri Pacific at Otterville, which was its terminus at that time. I had never traveled by rail before. We reached St. Louis in ten hours. Eighteen miles an hour was counted good speed.

When we reached the city it was dark. Hackmen, bus-drivers and carriage-drivers rushed upon us as free game, and without let or hindrance by police, pulled us this way and that. "This way to Olive street." "This way to the Planters." I took a stubborn stand; told the drivers to let me alone. Soon it seemed I had been taken at my word and left alone. I then stepped to a carriage, handed the driver my check and told him to drive me to the Virginia Hotel. Where the driver took me I could never guess. On and on he went. Street lights flitted by, brilliant show windows were left be-

hind, and still our team pounded the pavement. I began to think St. Louis a very large city. At length the carriage stopped. The driver left it and went away for twenty minutes or more. Then two men came up, opened the carriage door, and one extended his hand and said: "How do you do, Godbey?" as if he had met an old friend. I folded my arms sullenly, and said, "How are you?" "Get out and stay with me tonight." I said, "I have made other arrangements." "Godbey," he said, "I don't believe you know me." "Yes I do," said I; "that is the reason I don't want to stay with you." At this they turned away and I heard one say, "Someone has posted that boy." I now put my head out of the carriage and cried, "Police!" Immediately the driver mounted the carriage and drove away. When I arrived at the hotel the passengers who came with me on the train had taken their supper. I had not been taken by surprise by the sharpers. When the driver left me I knew a trap was being set for me. My name was on my trunk. The driver got it there and gave it to these scamps. These city prowlers are expert in marking strangers. I have lived in St. Louis since this, thirteen years, have gone through every part of it by night and was never disturbed.

I spent one day visiting the city. Twelfth street was then fashionable as a residence quarter. They said that the new Presbyterian church just built on Fourteenth street was too

far out. The pride of the city was the court house, still counted a symmetrical building and having a most shapely and stately dome, frescoed by Bingham, Missouri's most noted artist.

The college did not equal my expectations. The building was a small, two-story brick, with six rooms. The campus was only the space of one block. There was no dormitory, and I found only fifty students in attendance, under the instruction of four professors. But our teachers were men of character and ability, and the students were a choice body of young men.

I took boarding in a pleasant family home and had J. S. Frazier and W. H. Leith for roommates. They were ministerial students, and delightful associates.

My school association was happy, and I entered upon my studies with zest. But college days were few. I recall no incident of especial interest now, while I was at St. Charles, except my first effort to preach, which was at Cottleville, thirteen miles away. I went on horseback through the rain, glad that it was raining, for I wanted the congregation to be small. I found about twenty at church. My chief concern had been to fall upon a text that would enable me to give out all the theology I had learned and to talk half an hour. My teachers said I exhibited great genius in this, and so gave promise of a successful ministry. This was the text: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; who, according to his abundant

mercy, hath begotten us again to a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time."

After the service David Pitman held a class meeting. I refused all invitations to dinner and rode back to St. Charles through the rain. Brother Pitman mentioned this service to me thirty years afterward. I never tried that text again but once, and that was in Otterville, after returning from college. I was told that an old farmer said of the performance, he thought the preacher would "finally never stop." I had gotten more liberty than on the first occasion. I have since learned that the chief danger as to preaching is to have too much liberty. In these times, if a preacher prolongs the church service beyond the limits of an hour his hearers will think that he uses his liberty "as a cloak of maliciousness."

The winter which I spent at college was a time of great excitement and anxiety throughout the nation. The election of a president by the abolition party was taken by the South to be a presage of the end of negro slavery unless an independent government should be established by the slave states. Seven Southern states had passed ordinances of secession before Lincoln was inaugurated, and four others

quickly followed. Actual hostility began by the attack of the Southerners upon the national fortress, Fort Sumter, in April, 1861. None felt the thrill of excitement in the prospect of a great war more than the young men at college. To our enthusiastic fancy the Southern Confederacy seemed a certainty. A steamboat passing up the Missouri river in front of the college, bearing the Confederate flag with a band playing "Dixie," set us wild. At St. Louis, eighteen miles away, a Confederate camp had been established, named Camp Jackson, for Clabourne Jackson, then governor of Missouri. On the 10th of May there was a fight between the soldiers of this camp and the government troops at the Arsenal. This ended, in our minds, the thought of college studies. The faculty dismissed the school on the following morning. Thus began and ended my college days, a brief term, from November 8th, 1860, to May 10th, 1861.

While at the school at St. Charles, I first met and became acquainted with the Rev. Enoch M. Marvin, then pastor of the Centenary church, in St. Louis, and afterward, in 1866, elected Bishop. Brother Marvin had accepted the duty of directing the studies of the class of ministerial students in the college, and came over, occasionally, to meet with us and help us. The simplicity of his manners, his genial spirit, and above all, the ease and naturalness with which he introduced religious instruction into his con-

versations greatly attracted us. One charge which he gave us seemed to me especially worthy to be laid to heart as the guide of a preacher's life. "Young brethren," said he, "for your own sakes, and for the sake of your calling, lose no time and neglect no opportunity of development and progress. Resolve to be all that God and nature have qualified you to be. But never desire to excel another for the honor of excelling. When you have done your best, rejoice for every one who does better, and wish that, for the cause of the Master, every one may be more useful and more influential than yourselves."

President Shields returned to his home in Central Missouri, Prof. Johnson went into the Southern army, fought through the war, and was soon after killed by the accidental discharge of his pistol. Prof. Gaines was afterward state treasurer of Tennessee. My roommates, Frazier and Leith, served faithfully in the ministry till death, the former in the St. Louis and Missouri Conferences, the latter in the Holston and Virginia Conferences.

The breaking out of the Civil War cut off my hope of graduating from college. I spent a few days at home and then went to Independence, where my brother William, who had joined the Conference the year before, was serving the Independence Circuit. It was a two-days' journey on horseback. I had anticipated trouble by securing, as a riding animal, a very small

mule, not fit for army service, and so not likely to be taken from me. It was a wise precaution, as I fully experienced during a few months that followed. At the town of Warrensburg, where I stopped for the first night, I was taken from my lodging and the mule from the stable, and we were both conducted to headquarters of Col. Grover, to give account. The mule had no trouble. He was too small for service and was at once dismissed as having taken no part in the rebellion, although he was in fact a very rebellious mule. I was told that being a Southern Methodist preacher was an unfavorable circumstance in my case, but when some Union men vouched for me as a peaceable citizen I was let go. I spent the summer preaching on my brother's circuit or traveling with the presiding elder, D. A. Leeper, on his district. We were in the midst of war's alarms and dangers. Nearly all the people were in sympathy with the secession and most of the men who were of age for service went into the Southern army at the start. We had the women and children and old men to care for at home.

Kansas had been admitted into the Union as a free state that same year, 1861, by vote of the people, as provided for in the Kansas-Nebraska bill. The contest had embittered the people of Kansas and West Missouri against each other, and furnished occasion for lawlessness and violence, which found further and fuller

opportunity in the war, and within a year reduced the Missouri border to a field of desolation. I was in the immediate sphere of plunders, strife, and murders. Burnings and raids were of daily occurrence. Some of the leaders were afterward known as brigands and outlaws.

A few months before the war began a stranger came to the house of Mr. Walker, a farmer, who lived on Blue river, Jackson county, and reported that the following week a band of thieves from Kansas would come at night to rob his house, and stated that he was leader of the band. He gave directions how the band could be captured or killed. Mr. Walker should place a company of armed men in a little room on the end of the front porch, and another at the back end of the entrance hall, so that men standing on the porch at the front door would be in a cross-fire from these concealed bands. The man said he would order the men to stand at the door until he gave further orders, while he would step into the hall and turn through the parlor door. The moment he cleared the hall the concealed men should fire. His advice was followed and all turned out as he stated. Three men were shot down on the porch. Two escaped into the woods, one being mortally wounded. They were pursued the next day and the man who was guarding his wounded comrade was shot down. The leader of the band remained in the home of Mr. Walker. He said that the

band, whose home was in Kansas, had killed his brother; that to be revenged he had joined it and succeeded in becoming its leader, and that now his work was accomplished. The man was of athletic but rather slight frame. He had light hair and blue eyes. He said Vermont was his native state and that his name was William Quantrell. This was Quantrell's introduction to the Southern people of Western Missouri. He ever posed as one who had an implacable hatred for Kansas and its people. During the summer that I spent in Jackson county Quantrell was regarded as the chief defender of the homes and families of the Southern farmers, who were away in the army, for the people suffered from continued raids of the Kansas "Jayhawkers," as they were called, led by Col. Jenison, Lieut. Col. Anthony, and Capt. John Brown, son of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame.

I have seen in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch an account of the origin of the name "Jayhawker." It stated that there is a bird, common in West Missouri and Kansas, called the jayhawk, because it resembles the jay in appearance, but is very formidable as a hawk, preying upon mice and small birds, and that Kansas marauders were called "Jayhawkers" because they simply made a predatory warfare for the gain of pillage. But one of Jenison's own party told me that they first called their leader the "Gay Yorker," and that they heard

him called "Jayhawker" by a Missouri farmer, by mistake, as they supposed, but thinking it a fine joke on Col. Jenison they called him ever after that the "Jayhawker."

I could fill a volume with my experiences in Jackson county from May to December, but will only record a few incidents illustrating daily occurrences.

I was sitting with Dr. Leftwitch, the stationed preacher of Independence, in the office of his church, one morning, when Mrs. Leftwich stepped in and said, "The Jayhawkers are coming." We went upstairs to the auditorium, and from the windows saw about six hundred soldiers entering the town on the Kansas City road, and a number of houses in flames in their track. As soon as they reached town they set guards upon the streets and began to arrest all the men and march them to the public square. Dr. Leftwich suggested that we go up to the cupola, from the windows of which we could have a better view; but his real motive was to find a hiding place. We went up, climbing over the cross timbers, and seated ourselves astride one of the beams, face to face. We saw everything and recognized many acquaintances as they were marched up the street. The stores were broken into and wagons were loaded with goods. An elegant residence near by was set on fire. A woman, sick of typhoid fever, was carried from the burning house to the house of a neighbor.

Thus hours passed. The men of the town were all before us under guard on the square. But when we had kept our places astride that beam from 9 till 3 o'clock, the situation became irksome. At length Dr. Leftwich said: "Godbey, I believe these soldiers mean to camp on the square all night." I made no reply. Half an hour later, he said: "Godbey, these fellows are likely to stay in town a week." I remained silent. Directly he said, "Godbey, what had we better do?" I said, "Let him that is on the house top not come down." But soon the soldiers came and began to batter the door of the church, saying they would burn it. Then we came down, faster than Zacheus from his sycamore tree, but not so joyously. We were arrested and joined the company of our friends. The purpose of the Jayhawkers was only to put the men in a situation to be helpless while they robbed stores and houses and took jewelry from the women. Jenison made a speech to us on the public square, instructing us in the duty of loyalty. He said he would leave an enrolling officer to enlist every man able to fight under his service, and return in a week and burn out every man who refused to enlist. Near sunset the bugle sounded and the Jayhawkers withdrew.

When the sun went down upon our little city, said to be the most beautiful and aristocratic in the state, every one was in deep sorrow. An old Presbyterian lady, who had always said to

her neighbors, "Be patient, the Lord will bring all out right," was standing in her door looking down upon the pavement. A friend, passing, stopped and said: "What do you think of things now?" She answered, "The Lord says, 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay.'" Then breaking into tears, "But it looks to me like it's mighty near time he was getting at it."

No people ever believed more firmly that they were on the right side than our Southerners. At the close of a Sunday service at a country church I called on an old man, Col. Cogswell, to pray. He prayed: "Lord, stop these men that are hawkin' up and down this country. Stop these Jayhawkers. Lord, thou knowest we are right; thou knowest we Southern rights men are right. Lord, give us the victory." Col. Cogswell was about sixty; too old for war, but a red-hot secessionist, of whom we shall hear something later. Brother Bowman, the old ironside Baptist preacher, said in his sermon: "Ain't we in a fix? Here we are, fightin' one another like all fury; the North against the South, and the South against the North. Well, I know one thing, whichever side the Lord's on will whip. But I'm a secessionist, anyhow."

A brother preacher told me he was taken out of his pulpit while preaching one night and threatened by the soldiers. When they left him he called his indignant congregation to order and asked a Dutchman to pray. After

praying about other things, he came to the war trouble in this style: "Now, Lord, we dues have a few dings to say bout dese malishies. Dese malishies do awful develment. Dey rest our breacher and dey dries to break up our meetin's. Now, Lord, you shust done let 'em do dat. You shust show your hand and show 'em how much good you can do in spite of all der meanness.

"Lord, dey steals mine bacon, and mine sheep ram, and mine wife's finetooth comb. For dat I dues tank de, 'cause me tink he need it. If it will be any means of grace to him, shust let him keep it. Now, Lord, I dink you knows all 'bout dese tings, and I better vind dis brayer a leetle up. But, Lord, here are dese Nort Methodists and dese Sout Methodists and dese Gambellites and dese Baptist, and dey's all quarrelin' mit each oder, and dat is awful bad. Now, Lord, you shust have mercy on de whole Capoodle. Amen!"

Almost a week had passed since Jenison's raid on Independence. The enrolling officer had gotten many names on his list, for the men knew that they periled not only their homes but their lives by refusing to enroll. Meantime, it was learned that Gen. Price, in command of a Confederate army, was at Wilson's creek, and the people began to hope for relief. One evening a lythe young man rode to the enrolling office, walked to the desk and asked the officer to show him the roll, which he did. The

man took the roll in his left hand, drew a revolver with his right, walked backward out of the house, mounted his horse and rode away, saying the list belonged to Price, not Jenison. The young man was well known to most of the citizens. His name was Jesse James.

During the summer of 1861 Quantrell and Jesse James were considered our defenders against Jenison and his subordinates. Almost every man in the country able to fight held himself subject to Quantrell's call. When the Jayhawkers came into the county they were generally in force of three or four hundred. They made a camp and plundered and burned in all directions. Quantrell would send runners through the country, notify his men to meet at a certain place, make a night attack, rout the camp, and by sunrise his men would have hidden their guns and gotten back to their homes. No company of soldiers ever found Quantrell or his men, or knew who his men were.

The St. Louis Conference met in Arrow Rock, September 25th, 1861. I went to the conference to enter the itineracy. The Conference then embraced all the state of Missouri south of the Missouri river. Not more than thirty preachers attended. There was no bishop. Gen. Price had just captured Mulligan at Lexington. The Conference called D. A. Leeper to the chair. The session was no sooner opened than Dr. William Prottsman moved to adjourn to Waverly, that we might be near the Confed-

erate army, and more secure from molestation of Federal soldiers. Rev. Nat. Tolbert ridiculed such exhibition of cowardice and the motion to adjourn was laid on the table. An hour or two later the sight of a boat approaching up the river created a panic. Dr. B. T. Kavanaugh called for the motion to adjourn and it was adopted in a twinkle, and a resolution of regret to "kind friends of Arrow Rock." A few minutes later the Conference, in buggies and on horseback, was performing a "hegira" to Waverly. My brother, L. F. Aspley and I had sent our horses to pasture and were the last to get away. We were much amused by the excitement of negroes on the road, of whom we asked questions regarding the strange crowd of people who were sweeping on before us. I tried my poetic gift in some impromptu rhymes on the subject, which Aspley insisted on my repeating several times on the trip.

Next day we proceeded to business at Waverly. I was examined for admission by Dr. Prottsman. He asked me but one question. That was: "Do you know as much as your brother?" This I answered in the affirmative. Prottsman knew us well, and meant to inquire if my literary attainments were equal to William's, who had entered the Conference the year before. But when my case came before the Conference the next day, Prottsman took me by surprise in the statement that I had prepared a literary production to be read to the

body. The chair had evidently been informed of the scheme and called for the reading of the paper. As I had written nothing I waited in wonder the proceeding. Dr. Prottsman arose and read the doggerel which I had composed on the flight of the Conference. Aspley had gotten it by heart and given it to Prottsman:

September twenty-fifth, in sixty-one,
The St. Louis Conference was held on the run.
Prottsman's motion to adjourn
At first excited but little concern.

But soon the approach of a Federal boat
Assisted the brethren to cast the vote;
So friends of Arrow Rock, to you
The Conference bade a hasty adieu.

Tolbert, who first opposed the plan,
Now in retreat was found in the van,
While other brethren, less subject to fear,
Covered the flight and brought up the rear.

Dr. Kavanaugh led the flight
Until the approaching shades of night;
He stopped at a farm house by the way,
And there awaited the approach of day.

He found no rest upon his bed;
Visions of Federals filled his head.
At early dawn he seized his saddle,
Mounted his steed and began to skedaddle.

Kind friends of Arrow Rock, to you
Our warmest thanks are ever due,
And much do we regret, indeed,
That your Conference was a grand stampede.

A great round of applause greeted the reading of these rhymes, because Tolbert and Kavanaugh had posed as very courageous, but proved extra good runners in the flight. The reader will think the Conference was sadly demoralized to have indulged in such fun-making. But I have observed that in their most miserable plight men are readiest to seize upon the grotesque and ludicrous, and to seek, in such diversion, to mitigate their sorrows. The brave and consecrated missionary, Bishop Hannington, as he lay dying of fever in his tent in Africa, said: "That is the howl of a hyena; guess he wants to eat a missionary."

At the Conference I was appointed to the Independence circuit. Thus I returned to the section where I had spent the summer and which was to be one of the most severely scourged by the miseries of war. Regular warfare would have been far better than the promiscuous and retaliatory pillage and murder to which the people were subjected.

For a few months I filled regularly nine appointments scattered over nearly all of Jackson county. Nearly all the men had left the country or were in the army. People were afraid to ride to church lest their horses should be stolen. The best horses were hidden in the woods. Women who had been used to wealth went into the woods in the snow and chopped and carried in wood. But they came to church as much as they could, and they loved the

preacher who stood by them in their distress. Our worship was very fervent. We had much to pray for, and much to make us feel that Christian faith was the only consolation left us. By mid-winter affairs had grown so desperate that I left the charge.

My last appointment was at Young's Chapel, four miles south of Independence. The Jayhawkers had come into the neighborhood of the church at the first of the week. On Sunday I rode to the church through the snow, arriving at the time of service, but there was not a footprint about the house. The beautiful residence of my friend, Dr. Samuel Hobbs, had been burned. I learned that the soldiers carried out the piano, and told the daughter, thirteen years old, she must play for them while the house burned. She played "Dixie," brave girl, then turned away and wept. A mile away an old man was taken from his house and shot down in the yard and the house burned.

I went to David Castell's, half a mile from the church, where I found Mrs. Hobbs and her daughters. The soldiers had come to burn Mr. Castell's house, but spared it because of an old lady who was very ill. They had given the family a day to have her moved, but their camp being attacked by Quantrell at night, they retreated to Kansas, and their purpose to burn the house was not carried out. We had service at Brother Castell's with the distressed people gathered there. It was a pathetic service and

the last that I held on the Independence circuit. I had no thought of quitting the field until the older people urged me to go.

I had boarded at Anderson Medder's, a mile from Independence. His older sons were in the army. But he was a generous helper of all the distressed about him. He told his negroes that they would certainly be freed as the result of the war. So he provided them good clothing for the winter and sent them away to Kansas, his own son hauling the women and children in a two-horse wagon. When Mr. Medder's horses were taken from him by the Jayhawkers, he went to Lawrence, Kansas, where there was a weekly auction of stolen property, and bought his horses again, in hope that he would be permitted to keep them.

The good man died during the winter, of pneumonia, contracted from working in the snow to get wood for a sick Union neighbor. He had always disliked any reference to death, and would not sing songs about dying nor believe that any person was willing to die. But when Thomas Wallace, an old preacher, told him his time of departure was come, he heard the announcement with a smile and said: "Did you think I was afraid to die?" The little brick church near the house was called Medder's Chapel. Often did he go alone to the church to pray on Sundays when there was no service. Peace to his soul! His life was noble, and the

memory of it has been a blessing to me through all after years.

While my home was at Medder's, there were other places on the circuit where I often stopped for several days. One of these stopping places especially agreeable to a young man, was Judge Stith's. The judge went into Price's army as a commissary. His family consisted of the wife and three daughters. Two of them, Susan and Nettie, were young ladies; Rosa, the youngest, was a miss of thirteen. The judge was considered well-to-do. When he left for the army he took with him all his negro men except Uncle Tom. Tom was regarded as most worthy to be left in trust of the home. It was a touching scene when old master gave him his parting charge and bade him good-bye. "Tom, my old fellow, you have always been a true man to me, and I know you want to go with old master, and that you would die for me; but I know more than that, Tom—I know you would die before you would allow anybody to harm Missus and the girls. You know what war means, Tom. I may never see my wife and children any more. Take care of them, Tom; take care of them." Tom wept, but could not speak. Long did master and slave clasp hands in silence. At length the master loosed his faithful servant's hand and faltered "Good-bye."

As the autumn days passed and the winter set in I was often at Judge Stith's. Tom al-

ways told me everything and asked my advice. The Jayhawkers were not only robbing and burning houses, but taking away the negroes by force. It was this last that most troubled Tom. He was ready to die for Missus and the girls, but he could not bear the thought of being carried away. One night the Jayhawkers came and robbed the house and took away the horses, but Tom escaped them.

In connection with this incident, the taking of the horses, Miss Sue, a winsome young lady, and not unconscious of the fact, gave proof of her power. The soldiers had brought the horses from the barn to the front yard, a fine lawn shaded by locust trees and covered with blue grass. Miss Sue came out on the porch and called for the captain. He came forward, a fine, gallant looking lellow. "Captain," she said, "I know you need these horses, and you know that papa is in the Southern army. But there is that old mare; she's too old for your use, and she is mama's mare; the only horse mama will ride. We are so lonesome here, anyhow. But if mama can't get out to see the neighbors she will almost die." The captain said to a soldier, "Take that mare back to the stable." "Oh, thank you, so much," said Sue. Presently she began again, "That horse is mine. He's a fine fellow; you'll never get a better. You don't know how good he is. It will break my heart to lose him, but I reckon you must have him, captain." The captain

said, "Take that horse back." Then throwing up his hands, "All of you take these horses and move on, or this pretty beggar will get them all back."

About the middle of January we set out on horseback to go home to father's, in Cooper county. Brother William had come from Harrisonville to join me. We started to return through Harrisonville, but finding the town filled with Jayhawkers, turned aside to the house of Rev. Sam Colburn, a local Methodist preacher. Colburn was hiding in the woods. Mrs. Daugherty was with Mrs. Colburn. Her husband had been hiding out. Meantime her little girl had died. She made a box of boards and buried the body in this coffin, digging the grave with her own hands. About the same time Mr. Daugherty passed through Harrisonville, walking behind a wagon to which he was tied with a rope around his neck and his hands tied behind him. He was not heard of afterward. The women at Colburn's expected a night raid on the house and entreated us to sleep out, and we went into the cornfield and crept into corn shocks. We were innocent of any participation in the war, but it was rapine and murder, under the cloak of war, that we had to deal with. That we were Southern Methodist preachers was pretext enough for any cruelty on the part of the Jayhawkers.

We were off from Colburn's before day, riding through a mist of fine snow to the north-

ward, across a wide prairie. About 9 o'clock we met a covered wagon in which were the daughters of Judge Stith—Susan, Nettie and Rosa—under protection of the faithful negro, Tom, and Col. Cogswell. Mrs. Stith had decided to stay at home and send the daughters to the father, then with the army in Texas. We learned after the war the history of this trip. Col. Cogswell had acted as scout and guard. When soldiers were on the road the wagon was driven into hiding till the way was clear. The trip to the army in Texas was made safely, and the proudest day of Uncle Tom's life was when he delivered his precious charge to his trusting master.

In our home neighborhood we were comparatively secure from danger and annoyance. Soldiers in the regular service were often encamped on the railroad near our home. They took from us poultry, pigs and corn without saying, "By your leave." The farmers provided against such loss as far as they could by letting the corn remain ungathered in the field and the pigs run in the woods, so that the soldiers could not easily come at either.

Shortly after I reached home I took up a school and continued teaching through the spring and summer. Exposure to which I was subjected during the winter and spring brought on a cough and some trouble of the lungs from which I suffered ten years or more.

About the first of November I received a call

from Dr. T. M. Finney to come to St. Louis and take charge of the Asbury church, situated on Fifteenth and Gay streets. The other pastors of our church in the city at that time were: Dr. F. A. Morris, First church; G. W. Horn, Wesley chapel; W. M. Prottsman, at Mound church, afterward called St. Paul's; Joseph Boyle at Centenary.

We had no Conference in the fall of 1862 and these appointments were made, not by the bishop, but by Dr. T. M. Finney and the provost marshal, Jas. O. Broadhead. Rev. E. M. Marvin had been at Centenary church. He left it to go into the Southern army. The provost, regarding this act of the pastor as just cause for closing up the church, proposed to do that, but at the entreaty of the congregation agreed that if Dr. Boyle, who was on the district, would take the church he would permit the work there to go on. So Dr. Finney, who had been agent for the Central College, took the district, and what was done on the St. Louis district from 1862 to 1865 may be recorded as "The Acts of Dr. Finney." he always taking counsel of the provost. It was a fortunate circumstance of my life that I was brought to St. Louis at this time. It enabled me to continue in the work of the ministry during the war, when most of our preachers were forced to suspend their work. It also placed me in the society of the most influential ministers and most intelligent and devoted laymen of the church.

I found in my own charge sufficient appreciation of my work and some most helpful supporters. Mrs. Marcus A. Wolff, who in later years founded the Wolff School for Cuban Children, was a member of my charge. She was then young and beautiful, thoroughly consecrated to the Master's cause, sound in judgment and full of energy. She was efficient in any kind of church work which might be trusted to a woman's hands.

Martha Wharton was an English lady. She had heard John Wesley preach. I deemed it a privilege to have her a member of my charge. I never realize so much the wonderful growth of Methodism as when I remember that Wesley and I have preached to the same person.

During the year 1863, Rev. W. M. Patterson came from the Southern army to St. Louis. He was arrested as a spy, confined in the Gratiot street prison and afterward condemned to be shot. The preachers of the city prevailed with Provost Broadhead to commute the sentence to imprisonment in the penitentiary during the war. Patterson was afterward superintendent of our Mexican Mission. He died at Caracas, Venezuela, in the service of the American Bible Society.

The ways of life in the city were new to me. I found many families living in elegantly furnished homes, who were in debt for their furniture, and to whom sickness of the husband and loss of a month's wages meant inability to

meet their rent and store bills. I found others in miserable surroundings who were holders of large property.

One widow in my charge I found in a little brick cottage, with furniture old, and dirty, and broken, and all things betokening extreme want. She soon gave me to understand that she was not able to do anything for the church, and in the course of her talk told me that she had thirteen houses without tenants.

I held class-meeting every week after the old fashion, calling the roll and taking the weekly contribution of each member, and hearing their excuses for absence from the former meeting, which excuses were often that they had not the usual contribution at hand and were ashamed to come without it. As I remember very well the best talkers in the class-meetings and love feasts, there were very few among them who did much for the Master but talk, and often those who professed most were found to be very unworthy people. I do not regret that the church is today putting less stress upon profession and more upon work. The Master did not say, "By their talk ye shall know them," but he said, "Not every one that sayeth unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven. Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name done many wonderful works, then will I profess unto them I never

knew you, depart from me ye workers of iniquity.'' Heart purity is the vital thing in religion, but no man is known to be pure in heart simply because he professes to be so. He who prays, ''God be merciful to me, a sinner,'' is nearer to God than one who boasts of his own righteousness.

Social customs have somewhat changed since I was at Asbury Church. We were less tolerant of dancing and theater-going then, but more indulgent as to the matter of drinking. There was scarcely ever a wedding without champagne, and many of our preachers regarded it as impolite to refuse a glass of wine on such an occasion.

I went out calling on New Year's, as was the custom, visiting many of my leading families. I found in almost every home a table set out with cake and wine, or egg-nog, for callers.

I found in Rev. G. W. Horn, who had charge of Wesley Chapel, a very congenial an dhelpful associate. He was a young man about my own age, and a very brilliant and promising preacher. We were both unused to the city and we used our opportunities eagerly. We heard all the leading preachers, Protestant and Catholic, and also all the distinguished lecturers that came to the city. We were conscientious and docile learners in any school where we might better prepare ourselves for the work of the ministry. The church gave us much encouragement. We were frequently invited to fill the pulpits of larger churches.

Brother Horn attended the first Ecumenical Conference of Methodists in London. He served some prominent churches and acquired a reputation as a writer after the Emersonian style. He died in 1884 of tuberculosis, greatly loved and lamented.

One of the most noted preachers of the city was Dr. Berkeley, rector of St. George's Episcopal church. It was as a reader that he was most distinguished. Strangers crowded the aisles and vestibule of the church to hear the morning lessons, and went away when he had finished. From the time I heard this great reader I placed a much higher estimate upon the opening of religious services and the careful preparation which should be made for it.

During the early sixties I had the privilege of hearing two orators of reputation in all English-speaking countries. These men were Henry Ward Beecher, the preacher of the Plymouth Tabernacle, Brooklyn, and Wendall Philips, the great abolition agitator. Beecher was in person large, and finely proportioned. His manners were easy, his countenance benignant and radiant with intelligence. He required no pulpit or desk. From head to foot, as one viewed him on the rostrum, he was the impersonation of ease, grace, naturalness and self-possession. His voice was rotund, clear, and musical, and he spoke in conversational tones to the largest audiences. It was impossible to hear him and not feel that he was a pro-

foundly sincere man, gifted with an imperial intellect. He made few gestures, but his gesticulation was natural as a child's and wonderfully forceful. He drew his lessons largely from daily life. He studied the human heart and touched its sympathies with a master hand. The common verdict is, that Henry Ward Beecher, taken all in all, has never been equalled in the American pulpit. I have often heard men capable of loftier flights and more brilliant paragraphs, but for the charm that could hold the hearer pleased and almost spellbound from the beginning to the end of a sermon or oration, and could maintain its hold upon the same audience week after week for years, Beecher was easily the greatest preacher of his age.

Wendall Phillips was tall, well formed and had a commanding figure. His manners were easy, but one would have judged him an aristocrat by his bearing. He preferred to talk with men of brains. His manner and speech told you that. He was more logical than Beecher, and yet surprised you in the manner of presenting his conclusions. While his conclusions seemed irrefragable, he did not urge them vehemently and triumphantly, but as one who, having overwhelmed you with his proofs, gently and modestly says, "That is the way it looks to me, so I must believe, with the lights before me, and so believing, by God's help I will do as I believe."

The Lyceum Bureau has degraded the public

lecturer of our times. Formerly, the man whose soul was fired with a great idea, or who sought to rouse public interest for a great movement, came upon the rostrum, addressing the men of thought and action; but now the public lecturer is a hireling sent out to entertain the masses and draw admission fees. The lyceum hires him and takes its risks upon him, and if he fails to get paying houses his occupation is gone.

My health continued poor during the year 1863. The lower part of my left lung was pronounced to be hepatised and I had a very bad cough. I was put on the use of codliver oil and other medicines for the lungs, and advised to go to the country and take exercise on horseback. I had no one to consult in regard to a change of appointment but my presiding elder, Dr. Finney.

The preacher in charge of Meramec circuit, St. Louis county, W. F. Compton, had gone to California, and about the first of December, 1863, I was put in charge of that work. I took boarding at Philip Tippet's. He and his wife were alone. Their only son had gone into the Southern army and they greatly appreciated my society in their home. They were old and the events of the war made them sad. Their faith was simple and sincere and they were devout in spirit. Religion was precious to them. Sometimes we had special services in their house, to which the neighbors came.

There were four appointments on the circuit.

These were at Allenton, Eureka, Lewis Chapel, near Glencoe, and one over on the Missouri river, which bore the singular name of Wildhorse. It was a small stone church which an old veteran of the Conference, Wesley J. Browning, had built with his own hands. I did not continue the appointment at Allenton. There were but three families of Methodists there. They were what we called Union people, and they desired to know if I sympathized with the rebellion. I told them I was a Methodist preacher, devoted to the one work of saving souls, and did not propose to be a partisan in their political strifes; but that they knew that nine-tenths of our preachers and people sympathized with the Confederacy. They thought, if I would not declare myself a Union man, they would be obliged to look out for another preacher. This they did; engaged a Northern Methodist preacher, and joined the M. E. church.

There was a strong German population in the section and our congregations were very small. It was due to the devotion and liberality of the Tippets on the Ridge, the Browns at Eureka, and the Lewises at Glencoe, that work on the circuit had not been abandoned when Brother Compton left it.

The following summer I taught school in the Lewis neighborhood, both to aid the good people there and to supplement my salary.

My sympathies were with the South, chiefly,

no doubt, because I was Southern born and bred. Yet I thought the action of the first states that seceded, hasty. I deplored a dissolution of the Union and believed there was not sufficient cause. Moreover, I expected the Southern Confederacy to fail, and had no disposition to fight for it. Still less was I disposed to fight against it. I knew the people of the South, and knew that with the purest motives of patriotism they had enlisted in their cause. The Southern people were brave and true. They were not hirelings. They believed they were fighting for constitutional rights, and that they had suffered wrongs. When the contest was once joined the Southern people felt that they had staked everything on the issue. My kindred and friends were of the South. The people I served were, with rare exceptions, secessionists. I desired most of all to pursue my work as a preacher without interruption, but I was resolved, if this could not be done, that I would not fight against my people. As the war progressed the pressure to recruit the Union army became very great. Once and again my name had been enrolled with the men from whom recruits should be drafted. By good luck I escaped each time. Leading members of the church had arranged to hire a substitute in case their preacher's name should be drawn.

At length I decided to leave the country, if opportunity should offer. During the year

1864 a movement was made in St. Louis to organize a colony to go to Brazil. I was solicited to become preacher and pastor for this company, and consented. Bishop Kavanaugh released me from the work and appointed me missionary to Brazil. But the leaders and organizers of this colony movement abandoned the enterprise. Thus I missed being the first missionary of our church in Brazil. When I saw this door closed upon me I bought gold for the passage to Liverpool, paying for it $2.30 per dollar in "greenbacks," the legal tender United States money.

I wrote to my father that I should be off to Europe in two weeks. My older brother, who was on the St. Louis circuit, also prepared to leave. Father came promptly to see us. He was distressed at the thought that the family should be scattered in such a way as to be no more united on earth. He proposed that all go together to Nebraska. I was ready for anything, and went home at once. After a week at the old home we started to Nebraska. Brother had gone before us. I with his family and a neighbor followed, taking boat at Arrow Rock. Father was delayed with the rest of the family. His notices of sale were torn down by his neighbors, and they protested that he must not leave. On our way up to Nebraska City we heard the news of General Lee's surrender at Appomatox and knew that the war was over. Father never left his farm.

## CHAPTER III.

### When the Cruel War Was Over.

The knowledge that the war was ended, and that I might now lay plans definitely for the future, determined me to make my stay in Nebraska brief. I had to wait till fall, however, to enter regular work again in the church, so I concluded to spend the summer there. I took a school three miles from Nebraska City, and boarded with Mr. Dressler, a farmer, who had spent many years gold mining in California and Australia. Leaving Australia with $40,000, he had taken a company to search for gold on the Amazon until his money was exhausted; then, discouraged and weary of romance, he had come to Nebraska, married a widow with four children and settled down to farming.

My school developed no incident of interest except that, for giving an unruly pupil a flogging, I was arrested and tried for assault and battery. I did not employ defense, but took care of my own case, and not only came clear, but managed to so develop the character of the pupil before the court that the judge said I ought to be fined for not doing more thorough work. Flogging was not according to my ideas of moral suasion, but I was dealing with primi-

tive conditions. The parents, when I sent the children home, sent them back with orders to "thrash" them. A lawyer of Nebraska City was so favorably impressed by my ability at the bar that he offered me a partnership in his business.

As to the country, I hardly had a chance to judge it fairly. The mosquitoes were intolerable. About the first of June the caterpillars came. They stripped the leaves from the orchards and from many of the forest trees. They were crushed on the railroad tracks until the car wheels slid and trains were stopped. They came into the houses and in spite of the broom brigade were crushed on the floor or climbed upon the tables. We had also myriads of grasshoppers. I suppose it was an exceptional season for these pests, for the exclamation, "I never saw the like," was often heard from the oldest inhabitants.

I spent Saturdays and Sundays in the city while teaching and soon formed the purpose, if possible, to establish a Southern Methodist church in the place, for I preached several times in halls and churches and developed a good congregation of our Southern people who were ready to join such a movement.

There were several Methodist preachers in the place who were refugees from Missouri. All seemed to think that the Southern Methodist church would never regain her former strength. I wrote to Bishop Kavanaugh, reporting the

situation and expressing the view that conditions were favorable for organizing our church in Nebraska City. He answered that, as we had not entered that territory, he thought it hardly advisable to do so at that time. After consultation it was agreed to organize a Cumberland Presbyterian Society. I secured a place for preaching—a large hall, for which I provided seats and an organ.

We wrote to a Presbyterian preacher in Missouri to come and organize a church. Brother Compton came, and preached Sunday morning, and I preached in the afternoon. About thirty influential people joined the church that day. I was advised by Methodist brethren to take charge of the congregation, for they solicited my service, offering to give me a horse and buggy and a good salary. But I had determined to take work somewhere in our own church when the Conferences met in the fall. A few years after the time here referred to our church was organized in Nebraska City. But the opportune time had been lost. The best Southern Methodist families had gone into the Cumberland Presbyterian fold.

Soon after the war the Legislature of Missouri enacted that no man should preach the gospel or solemnize the rites of matrimony without taking an oath which they prescribed, called "the test oath." It required a man to swear that he had never taken part in the Rebellion, or sympathized with the rebels. I felt

sure that the act was unconstitutional, and wrote to Dr. T. M. Finney, of St. Louis, that if the preachers were ready to act together and refuse to take the oath, I would return and take my lot with them, else I would go to Kentucky, my native state, and enter the work there. Dr. Finney assured me that the preachers would stand together in refusing to comply with the requirement, and so I returned from Nebraska the first of September.

Our Conference met in St. Louis. The provost sent an officer to administer the "test oath," which we called "Drake's bitters," because a member of the Legislature by the name of Drake was its author, and because there was extensively sold at the time a patent medicine of a very nauseating character called "Drake's Bitters." We all refused to take our bitters. We told the officers that nearly every preacher had at some time taken the oath of allegiance to the government of the United States, but as to swearing that we had held no sympathy with our people and kindred in the Southern army, and that we had not desired the success of the Southern cause, we could not do it. But, beyond all that, we insisted that the state had not given us a license to preach, and could not, constitutionally, deprive us of them; that we would not recognize the right of the state in the premises by taking any oath, no matter of what character it might be. The officer withdrew and left us to our own sweet will.

My appointment was Labadie circuit, in Franklin county. This was in September, 1865. I went to the circuit directly and engaged board for two, in the home of Aunt Frances Brown.

When I went to Nebraska City I left my heart, as I might say, in the keeping of Mary Holloway, daughter of one of my Methodist families on the Meramec circuit. Yet no marriage engagement had been made, for then the cloud of war hung heavily over the land, and no prudent man could calculate upon the future. So I went away with a burdened heart, and left Mary to sing, "When this cruel war is over." But when the war was over truly, plans for the future were shaped rapidly. I had called upon Mary as soon as I returned from Nebraska and we had fixed the earliest expedient day for our marriage, which was November the second, and on that day, ever after a happy anniversary in our lives, I was married to Mary Sarah Holloway, daughter of William S. and Elizabeth J. Holloway, of St. Louis county. Their home was perched upon a bluff which overlooked the Meramec river, on the south side, and many a time had Mary guided a skiff or canoe upon the clear bosom of the beautiful stream, or crossed it when the tide was angry and full of floating drift. Mary was a country girl, a farmer's daughter, used to the free air of the hills, and a skillful rider.

She was fairly educated, a sincere Christian, and had a cheery, contented spirit.

Since our marriage we have ever cherished the memory of Frances Brown. She was a widow, who was in good circumstances financially, and whose home was on a farm near Labadie, Franklin county. Aunt Frances, as she was called, gave us board for two years without charge, and paid forty dollars a year for our support, and for many years afterward remembered us often with valuable presents. We have had many friends, but never any whose love was more constant than hers, or to whom we owe more love and gratitude.

She had passed through deep waters of sorrow. First, her husband, then her two sons—all her family—had passed away before we knew her. The Christian faith sustained her, and the Christian spirit inspired her ever. Long has she slept by the side of her loved ones under the cedars in the garden of the old farm, and we, who are old and gray-haired now, and closing the fortieth year of our married life as I write this, remember fondly our first home with "Auntie Brown."

The circuit paid us $800 and we received $300 more, cash, in fees and presents, and as we had a delightful home and no board to pay, our voyage in the hymeneal boat opened with fair winds and placid seas. The second year the salary was $900 and the cash recipts full $300 more than the salary.

I never served better people, or more appreciative, than those of Labadie circuit. They were cultivated and generous. They loved their church and their preacher.

We secured the building of a new church at Gray's Summit, worth $2,500, and one near Labadie, taking the place of old Bethel, at a cost of $5,000, which we called Salem. We also put the church in good repair in the town of Washington. I also added a new appointment at Pacific. The order in which I served the appointments was to preach at Salem church every Sunday morning and at two other appointments in the afternoon and evening, thus requiring three sermons every Sabbath, and travel, on horseback, of twenty miles.

Often I had not time to take dinner between the morning and afternoon service, and I generally rode home from Washington or Pacific after the night service, either place being ten miles away. I enjoyed those night rides, for I felt fresh and buoyant in the realization that the day's work was done and I had no longer to keep my mind on my sermons, but could give free range to my fancies.

Besides my regular Sunday services I preached in neighboring school houses nearly every week, and so got acquainted with the people, attended their weddings and funerals and drew them to our established churches.

I made no regular appointments at these outside places, nor did I encourage a demand for

organization or pastoral service, being convinced that we often weaken work by encouraging small societies, and thus separate neighborhoods which ought rather to unite. By increasing small societies we increase the work of the pastor and diminish the value of the public services. The benefits of the church are largely social; that is to say, God has ordained that the effectiveness of Christian faith shall be strengthened by Christian fellowship. A church which cannot support a pastor, and has not material for prayer meetings, Sunday school, Epworth League or Missionary Societies hardly deserves to be called a church.

Economy and effectiveness demand that we make individual churches as large as possible. We can destroy our churches by undertaking to carry the gospel to every door. On the other hand, a preacher should hold himself the servant of all the community, and reach, by his personal influence, all the people he can. He will be paid for his service very much in proportion as he shows in his labors and zeal that his conscience will not permit him to be idle.

I was often called far beyond the limits of my own work to attend marriages and funerals, for at this time, half the territory of the St. Louis Conference, as now bounded, had not more than five itinerant preachers in it. I received liberal compensation, generally, for these services. A pastor should not receive compensation for funeral services from his own mem-

bers or from the poor, but when people who are well to do freely offer such compensation it is proper to accept it. I found that the German people never thought of receiving any service of a preacher without paying for it. The Catholic and Lutheran churches have taught them this.

The Lord greatly blessed my labors during the two years I was on the Labadie circuit. We had substantial growth at every point.

While we boarded at Aunt Brown's our first child, Alice Maud, was born. Sister Brown ever cherished Alice as tenderly as if she had been her own daughter.

During my pastorate here some excitement was occasioned by the efforts of the authorities to enforce the "test oath," already referred to. Preaching the gospel or solemnizing marriage without taking the oath was a felony, punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary. I had preached and married people without taking the oath. First, a Catholic priest, whose church was near us, was put in prison. He refused to take the oath, or to give bond. A Baptist preacher was also arrested. I was indicted and the sheriff was sent to arrest me. I was holding a protracted meeting in Washington, four squares from his house, but he went ten miles into the country to Mrs. Brown's, and not finding me, reported that I could not be found. Judge Jeffries, my neighbor, was at the court

when the indictment was read. He gave me what he claimed was a copy of it:

"State of Missouri versus John E. Godbey.

"The indictment setteth forth and showeth that John E. Godbey, of malice aforethought, without the fear of God before his eyes and instigated by the devil, did on.....preach the gospel of Jesus Christ, contrary to the peace and dignity of this Commonwealth," etc.

I cannot vouch for this as a correct copy, but it is as Judge Jeffries reported it to me. I was not arrested. The prosecuting attorney declared his conviction that the law was unconstitutional, so the Catholic priest and the Baptist preacher were turned out of prison.

In due time the "test oath" was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court, and then the preachers "Took their joyous way along, along."

At the close of one of my services at Union Chapel, a Northern Methodist preacher arose in the congregation and said: "I will preach in this church next Sunday if I live." We did not meet personally. I sent him, the next day, a note giving him the names of the trustees and telling him that Edmond Brown carried the key. "That there may be no confusion," I said, "get permission from the trustees to use the church, else, if you enter it without their permission, I will call you to account for an act of trespass." He made no further effort to use the church.

The church building at Washington had been seized and used as a hospital by soldiers under command of Gen. E. C. Pike. I went to see Gen. Pike, then in St. Louis, and got a subscription from him, and from one of his colonels to repair the damage, and with other help put the house in excellent order.

In the fall of 1866 Bishop Marvin came to see us, and spent three days with us at Aunt Brown's. I had written him, requesting that he preach for my people at Labadie, who were still worshiping in the old Bethel church. The new church, Salem, was not yet built.

The bishop preached on Saturday, on the healing of the daughter of the Syrophenician woman. I had never heard him before, and resolved to preserve the attitude of a critic and discover, if I could, the elements of his great power. But I soon forgot everything and was weeping like a child. I heard the bishop twice in after years preach this sermon to great audiences. His treatment was then more elaborate and more instructive, but by no means so masterful in pathos. On Sunday morning "The Development of the Kingdom of Heaven" was his theme. The people at Washington sent down conveyance to take him there for a night sermon. When I told him of this he said: "Use me for any service you think best while I am with you. You are in charge of this work." So we went up to Washington, which was ten miles away, for the night service.

In after years it was my good fortune to be often in Bishop Marvin's company, and in his home. I heard him preach under a great variety of conditions, and on many occasions. There was a peculiar fascination in him. He had the gift of expressing great thoughts in simple but appropriate language. He was deeply moved by his own thoughts, and in his most moving moods seemed rapt and oblivious of his hearers. He had a philosophic mind and was strongly logical, but all his discourses were rich in spiritual suggestion, not in the least forced or artificial, but the outbeaming of a soul to which the spiritual realm was ever an enchantment. In his mind things temporal were the adumbration of things eternal. Seeing more than ordinary men, it was sometimes manifest that he was voyaging into misty realms. He was not a stranger to doubt; yet he was a lover of truth, brave and adventurous, whose thinking commanded confidence, sympathy and admiration. He was not fettered by any masters or methods in his thinking or his faith. What he believed he believed not conventionally, but personally and sincerely.

Bishop Marvin never challenged criticism by a performance. The art of the orator, the studied grace of the rhetorician were not suggested by his manner or diction. Tall, loose-jointed, with long hair and dreamy aspect, careless in manner, he disarmed criticism from the start. The hearer was before a man who spoke

from the heart to the heart, was absorbed in his theme, and forgetful of his audience. His high thought, simple sincerity, fervent spirit and freedom from conventionalities were the elements of Marvin's power.

At least one of our preachers fell a victim to the partisan hate expressed in the "test oath." When Bishop Kavanaugh read the appointments of the St. Louis Conference, in the fall of 1865, he said he feared he was sending some of the preachers to their death. This proved true.

Samuel S. Headlee was appointed to Springfield district. He went to preach on Marshfield circuit, at Pleasant View church, Webster county, July 28. W. H. McNabb, a Northern Methodist class leader, went through the neighborhood, Friday, the 27th, and raised a mob to prevent his preaching. Armed men, about twenty in number, appeared upon the scene and forbade Headlee to preach. He asked McNabb under what authority he acted. He pointed to his armed men and said, "That is my authority." Mr. Headlee asked if he might go to a grove, about a mile away, and preach. No objection was offered. On his way some of the mob galloped up behind him, and Bill Drake drew his pistol and shot Headlee three times. The preacher rode to the shade of a tree, dismounted, pulled off his gloves and said: "Friends, I am a dead man.

Those bad men have killed me. Lord have mercy on them." He died a few hours later.

At the Conference of 1867 I was appointed to Washington station. The town of Washington is situated on the Missouri river, fifty-four miles west of St. Louis, by the railroad. It had been an appointment in the Labadie circuit during the two years that I served that charge. I had found there of what had been our former house of worship little more than the walls and roof. The windows were out and the pews had been burned. I succeeded in getting the house repaired as before mentioned. There were but five members of our church there, but several had joined while I served the circuit, and so at the Conference of 1867, the society at Washington requested to be made a station, on condition that I would serve them, and the appointment was made. At that time the town had about three thousand inhabitants, nine-tenths of whom were Germans.

Soon after taking charge of Washington station I opened a private school for the instruction of the children of my own members. They disliked to put their children with the Germans in the public school. My school developed beyond my expectations. My friends on the Labadie circuit desired to send their children. A boarding department was arranged for girls, and boys were boarded in private families. One, two and at length three assistant teachers were required to meet our increasing needs.

A building was bought, at a cost of $6,000, for my use, and I paid on this $420 rent per annum.

The General Conference of 1866 had extended the pastoral term to four years. I held the Washington station four years, after serving it two years in the circuit, making a continuous pastorate of this charge for six years. We had very little material with which to build up the church, but I had the sympathy and support of all the American people of the town, and of many of the Germans. I was the teacher, in English, of the Lutheran preacher, and when he built a new church he had me to preach at the dedication. Several Catholics sent to our school, and a number of them contributed to my support.

Our second child, and only son, William Russell, was born at Washington, March 7, 1868.

During my pastorate Father Garishee, president of the St. Louis University, came to Washington and delivered ten lectures on "The Infallibility of the Pope." This was soon after the decree of infallibility had been passed by the Council convoked by Pius IX. The American bishops opposed the decree, but as obedient sons came home to establish the church in the new faith.

I attended these lectures, took notes of them, and answered some points in my Sunday morning sermons. Several of the Catholics came to hear.

Father Garishee's interpretation of papal in-

fallibility, however, could hardly be objected to. I doubt if Catholics in general accept it fully. Here it is:

The Ecumenical Council, called by Pius IX, brought together bishops speaking almost every language. They found on assembling that they could not discuss the questions before them in any living language which all could understand. It was, therefore, ordered that discussions be held in Latin. But now, it developed that, because of differing pronunciations, no one could be understood by all the assembly in Latin. It was then ordered that the discussions be in writing. But Latin was found to be a poor vehicle for the communication of the modern facts and ideas. Thus the great Ecumenical Council was a farce. It was clear that the functions of the Ecumenical Council must cease. The Council had been the supreme authority in matters ecclesiastical in all the past. It could no longer hold this authority. Therefore, the Council delegated its authority to the pope, and decreed that, "In matters ecclesiastical the Pope of Rome is infallible."

This infallibility of the pope is thus conventional. It began with the issuing of this decree. Popes were not infallible before. The church did not hold them so; but now, since this Ecumenical Council has declared the pope infallible, he is infallible, so far as the decree can make him so; and it makes him so simply as the

final arbiter or supreme adjudicator of certain questions.

If the pope should write a book on theology it would stand on its merits and have no especial authority or importance from the fact that it came from the pope. And so, if he should write on church law. But in "matters ecclesiastical," in a case to be adjudicated, the final appeal is to the pope. His decision may not be just, yet it can not be appealed from. It is infallible, in that there is no authority which can review it or set it aside. Such a supreme and infallible head is essential in all government. The Methodist church has it in the General Conference, the Presbyterian in the General Assembly, the Catholic church had it formerly in the Ecumenical Council, and has it now in the pope.

I had frequent interviews with Father Garishee, and found him a very shrewd defender of his church. One day, after a long argument about doctrines, I said: "Father, it seems to me that the Protestant people of this country are better than the Catholics morally." He answered: "That is true. I often wonder that you get such good results out of a system which seems to me so faulty, theoretically. But I don't believe that you can take our Swedes and Italians and make such people out of them as your people here. I think our system is best for the people we handle." I spoke of Mexico and said: "What have you done for the Mexicans?" "Little enough," he said,

"but do you go down into Mexico, and make those people like your people here, and come back and tell us how you did it." I spoke of the preference of England, and America, and Germany for Protestantism, and that Pope Pius, in his call for an Ecumenical Council, had stated that, while the Catholics outnumbered the Protestants, the Protestants were exerting far more influence in literature, philosophy, government and the progressive civilization of the world. Father Garishee said: "I grant that the Protestant movement has taken hold on the best blood and brain of the world." Such an admission is a confession that Protestantism makes its most effectual appeal to the people who are most influential intellectually and morally.

The school at Washington engaged much of my time. My head was in the school all day and the school was in my head all night. I generally wrote my Sunday morning sermon in extenso Saturday, and sometimes sat up all of Saturday night to complete my work. I frequently wrote the Sunday night sermon in full on Sunday afternoon. I did not need to read the sermon after writing it, provided I had to preach it the next day. I delivered it substantially as written, without manuscript or notes. I have always written my sermons, and have at this time more than twelve hundred in manuscript, which might go to the press without correction or revision.

The school taxed my strength more than was best for me, but as I look back upon its fruits, I feel that it was the best work that I did during my four years at Washington. It was first of all a means of sustaining the church, which was unable to support a preacher, and, in the second place, it gave religious bent to many young lives. R. A. Holloway, J. W. Johnson and James B. Rice took license to preach as the result of the influences of the school. J. W. Johnson lost his life while pastor of the church at Parkersburg, W. Va., from an accident that occurred while he was being initiated into one of the Masonic degrees. Rice gave to the itinerant ministry many years efficient service in the St. Louis and Missouri Conferences. Holloway preached in the regular work in Missouri, Florida, Arkansas and Texas for forty years, and is now a superannuate, living at Austin, Texas.

In the year 1870 the St. Louis Conference was held at Boonville, Bishop McTyeire presiding. At this session it was resolved to divide the Conference. Dissatisfaction had arisen in the Western section chiefly because of the manner in which our churches were managed in St. Louis. The leading city churches were, for the most part, served by transfers who often disappointed expectations. When their terms expired in the city they were given the next best places in the Western section—such stations as Boonville, Lexington, Kansas City and Inde-

pendence. These stations were not pleased, nor were the preachers pleased who were sent to them, being put upon a lower grade of service. Also the preachers who regarded themselves as to the manor born, did not endure with good grace to have their best appointments used as a convenience for strangers, whom some regarded as disappointed place-seekers.

The committee appointed to divide the territory kept their work secret until the appointments were read, lest there should be a scramble of the preachers to determine on which side of the division line their lots should fall. When the line was announced I and my brother William were in the St. Louis Conference, and our father in the West St. Louis, afterward called the Southwest Missouri Conference.

An incident of this Conference made a deep impression.

B. was the son of one of our leading preachers. He was brilliant and finely educated. He had fallen into intemperance in his college days. But he professed conversion and through the prompting of friends, as much as from his own conviction or inclination, took license to preach, and was admitted on trial into the Conference. His first appointment was the Warsaw Circuit, as junior preacher. He was very popular, but sometimes fell under the power of his old habit. The year following the war began and he joined the army and served until peace was made. He came home a drunkard. Friends rallied to him,

and after a year he was relicensed as a preacher. He went to Kentucky and filled the pulpit of our church at Stanford, as a supply, and from there he came to the Conference recommended for readmission. We all felt profound interest in the case.

B. was appointed by the Committee on Worship to preach before the Conference. There was a great crowd to hear him. His father and mother sat before him. He took for his text:

"*By this time he stinketh.*"—John 11:39.

The sermon outline was as follows:

There are three examiples in which Jesus raised the dead.

The first was that of the ruler's daughter, a sweet girl, just coming to womanhood. Death rested on her like a peaceful slumber. Jesus said: "She is not dead, but sleepeth." He took her hand gently. Gently He spoke to her, "Damsel, arise." She awoke, arose and went about the house as before. So there is a spiritual death which, as yet, is no more than sleep. The young, unbound by chains of vice, not yet given over to bad purposes, but without a positive spiritual aim or life, are thus dead; but we love them still for their gentleness and beauty. A gentle word, a loving clasp of the hand will win these for the Master. A loving call will awake them. All about us are such as these.

The next case was the son of the widow of Nain. Here was a more advanced case. None questioned he was dead. They were on the

way to bury him. His mother followed the bier, weeping. Here Jesus spake with more emphasis. He commanded to set down the bier. They must not yet bury the man. He speaks in commanding tone, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise." The man arose and was restored to his mother. Thus there are those about us whom all think surely dead. None hope for them. Mothers weep while we would push them aside, declare them dead and bury them out of sight. But Jesus saves such as these. We must put forth more effort; we must meet these cases with stronger faith. We must not let them be buried. There are some such about us, but Jesus saves such as these.

The last case was of a man dead, buried, decaying. His own sister said, "Don't go about him. By this time he stinketh." To her Jesus says, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me though he were dead yet shall he live." He commanded to roll the stone from the sepulchre and let the light of heaven shine down into the charnel house. He cried with a loud voice, "Lazarus, come forth." Death, affrighted, let go his prey. So there are some whom the world counts utterly hopeless. They are dead and buried. They are a stench to their friends. Their nearest kindred tell you to give them up. "Don't go near him; by this time he stinketh." Yet Jesus challenges our lack of faith, "I am the resurrection and the life. He that liveth in me, though he were

dead, yet shall he live." Yes, Jesus can save to the uttermost. He can call the dead out of their graves. "Whosoever believeth! Whosoever believeth!"

The sermon was recognized by every one as an adroit plea by the preacher for charitable dealing with his own case on the part of the Conference; yet he made no direct reference to himself. The discourse was delivered with deep but well-controlled emotion and deeply affected the audience. B. was admitted to the Conference without a dissenting voice. That night he was at church very drunk. The Conference the next day reconsidered its action in the case.

The poor man went back to Kentucky. He still preached for a time as a supply. He tried various treatments for alcoholism. They did not avail. One morning the boarding house keeper found B. dead in his room. The relentless, unconquerable power of a habit recklessly formed in the hilarious association of youth, dragged down to ruin a nature that God had endowed for a high and happy career.

I have observed that the effects of strong drink are especially terrible upon men of the best mental qualities. The gross and beastly man takes his whisky as the swine his swill, and lies down to sleep. The highest intellectual activity is a joy and a consciousness of life and power far above physical enjoyment. One who is thus gifted feels far more wretched than the man of sluggish brain, when the wonted

stimulus of nerves and brain is withheld. The most talented and brilliant men are thus the most hopelessly enslaved, when once the drink habit has been formed.

In the fall of 1871 I was appointed to the Labadie and Meramec circuit, and L. W. Powell was assigned to serve with me as junior preacher. It was common at that time to appoint two preachers on large circuits. It was an excellent plan. The two preachers followed each other in their appointments, divided pastoral duties and united their efforts in protracted meetings. The senior was responsible for the administration and aided the junior in his studies. Brother Powell was a good man, very clear and logical in mind, humble and sincere in spirit, devoted to his work, and quick to detect shams. He was such a man as would have sustained himself for a lifetime in the same charge and grown stronger every year. But Powell was never taken for a preacher among strangers. This was because of his personal appearance and dress, for his manner was quiet and dignified. On one occasion I sent him across the river to Marthasville to fill the Sunday appointment of J. H. Pritchett, afterward missionary secretary, while Pritchett assisted me in a protracted meeting at Washington. Powell rode up to the church, tied his horse, and seeing but a few women in the church and some boys lying in the shade outside, he lay down with them and listened to their talk.

"Shanks," said one, "how long have you been coming to this church?" "About two years," was the reply. "Did you ever see any stir in this old church?" "Not a bit, and I have seen Pritchett do his durndest to raise one." The boys were somewhat abashed when they found that Powell was to preach that day and that they so freely expressed themselves upon the state of Zion in that charge. When Powell returned and reported what he had heard, I told Pritchett that had I sent Powell over beforehand I would hardly have engaged him to conduct a revival. I often teased him in after years by telling the Marthasville story.

Powell and I had a delightful year together and the Lord blessed the work. The good brother was greatly loved by all the churches he served. But his service was short. He entered into his reward thirty years ago. His character was pure gold.

During this year we boarded at the home of Ben Perkins, near Boles, or Augusta Station, and here our third child, Mary Lizzie, was born, June 29th, 1872.

At the Conference of 1872 the Washington station was returned to the Labadie circuit, and my appointment was Labadie and Washington. We moved to Washington and kept house. I added an appointment at the town of Union, ten miles away. I preached there on a week night, almost always returning home after service. My regular work on Sunday required

me to preach at three churches and travel twenty miles. I always went on horseback. The minutes show that I was paid $900 salary, but we had $200 more given us in fees and presents. We were among old friends. It was my seventh year's service at Washington and my fourth on Labadie circuit.

In 1873 the St. Clair circuit, which embraced three appointments, was added to my former charge and the appointment went down on the minutes as the Washington and St. Clair, but Labadie circuit was included in it; the entire charge having eight appointments. Rev. C. E. Devinney was my assistant. He lived at St. Clair and I at Washington.

Devinney was a man of pure character and excellent spirit, but impractical and helpless as a child. His preaching was mere declamation of pretty sentences. He liked such texts as, "There was a rainbow about the throne." I used to tell him it were better to take a text from the almanac than to take a Scripture passage and put on it a merely sentimental meaning. He was fastidious in dress and knew not, or pretended he knew not, how to work. If anything was needed about the parsonage he had to refer it to the stewards. He kept them bothered, and, besides, made them inspectors and critics of his style of living. We were visiting together one day in the country. The farmer's wife proposed giving Brother Devinney a turkey. "Dress it," he said, "and send

it by express." I saw that he had blundered. "And won't you give me a turkey?" I said to the good woman. She pointed to a big gobbler. I instantly threw off my coat and chased the turkey over the hills till I caught him. I took him to a woodpile and cut off his head, tied him to the back of my saddle and carried him home, twelve miles. I meant this as an object lesson for my young friend. I captured that community and Devinney "lost out." It doesn't do to be delicate and fastidious among the farmers. In truth, only society women in a city station will tolerate our delicate, fastidious, kid-gloved preachers. Devinney saw that he was not a favorite and it grieved him, but there was no resentment in him. He was melancholy, constitutionally so. He took lots of medicine, thought he had all the diseases he read about, consulted physicians, and at length became insane. Poor man! No doubt that disease had its grip upon him, for melancholia is a disease. Stern, relentless, progressive, it bears its victim into a realm of imaginary foes, a world of misfortune, and on into darkness, sullen, silent and awful.

The church at St. Clair had gotten up a great row over an organ. Some genteel folks from St. Louis had come out and put in their membership. The daughter thought herself a fine performer on the organ, and the parents put one in the church. The other members wouldn't have any "stuck-up city folks" run-

ning their church. They wouldn't pay for the organ. They had the organ and anti-organ wing. Such was the state of things when I was appointed to the charge. The people watched to see which side the new preacher would take, whether he would use the organ or not. Before my first appointment the organ was taken out of the church and sold for debt—I had instructed the music dealer in St. Louis to sell it at once. I met no organ difficulty when I came to St. Clair, and the church did not know that I had taken any part in the controversy. I like an organ in a church, but I do not like a row. Often a preacher must use bold measures, shoulder all responsibility and bear all the blame, so that the community may be left in peace. When a thing has to be done the preacher's duty is to guard the future peace of the church by keeping families out of a quarrel rather than pushing them into one to protect himself. Serving the church does not always mean getting the good will or support of the people we serve. However, as to this quarrel about the organ at St. Clair, which was the cause for adding that work to my former charge, for the elder had said, "Godbey can manage it," I heard not a whisper from the time I came to my first appointment there, only that the organ had been taken out of the church and sold for debt. The leading families would have torn the church to pieces rather than sur-

render on either side of the quarrel, but they were all glad to have it ended.

The year developed no especial incident or experience in which the reader would be interested. By its remembrances, however, it suggests a word about dead-heads in the church. Some are found in every pastoral charge, and it is the habit of preachers to waste much time on them—a thing which I early learned not to do.

N. was a farmer who had considerable means. He had average natural ability and information. He knew the history of the church for thirty years, and often spoke of the pious old brothers and sisters who had crossed over Jordan into the land of Canaan. He revered their memory, and said the times had greatly changed. There were none in the church to take their place. Indeed, "pure religion and undefiled" had died with them. There were men of less means who gave four times as much to the church as N., but he was consistent, he didn't believe the church should be run for money. "It didn't used to take so much money to run the church." He would not teach in Sunday school nor engage in any active service, but was always anxious to have the preacher at his home, that he might talk to him of "the good old times." My predecessor had tried to manage this man. He had made him a steward and had visited him often. He had attended with deference to his wise comments

on the past, for N. was like Solomon—at least in this, that "he praised the dead that were already dead more than the living that were yet alive." But with all his shrewd management my predecessor had made not one whit of improvement in the life and conduct of this man. He was "established," and all such as he are established and not to be taught. They are teachers, divinely illumined, and their especial function in the church is to be critics, and to point out the faults of others. They assume to be God's elect, but they are worshipers of mammon, and their souls are shriveled in selfishness. There is meanness even in their professed conscientiousness. They are alarmed at the tendency to build fine churches. They distrust that the preachers are serving for money. They condemn fine clothes and take no interest in missions. And it is all to gratify their own stinginess, while they add new farms, and houses, and stocks to their worldly wealth. I soon disposed of Brother N.; lifted him out of the board of stewards, never visited him, nor paid the least attention to his sayings. I let him take his proper place, as belonging to the past—to the church as it had been. When a man thinks all the good people are dead but himself, it is high time that he, too, had joined their company.

Brother M. was an old Methodist, living within gunshot of the church, but never attended service. He said he would not hear a preacher

who wore a standing collar. I wore a standing collar. Standing collars had lately come into fashion. He spoke of the sinful extravagance of the sisters who wore plumes on their hats and bonnets. But he sat by his wood fire and chewed tobacco from the beginning of the year to the end of it. To my knowledge he did little else than chew tobacco, and debate the question of holiness with his neighbors.

Now, I would say to all my brethren in the ministry, as my personal opinion, that the less time they waste on this class of people (I mean all sorts of dead-heads) the better, and I especially advise that they never put them into official places in the church, or think to make them better by humoring them. Some people are made to be of no account, I suppose, to try the patience of their betters. Imbeciles and cranks are to be dealt with as such. Picked material, and well tried, if it is possible to secure such, is the only sort we should put into official positions in the church. Official members should be examples of sound judgment and consistent piety, men who aid the pastor in giving the church the best moral and spiritual tone. Too often financial considerations have preeminence, and rich men are pandered to in order to obtain their patronage. In any such course the church is made more worldly. It is degraded even in the estimation of worldly men. But preserving a worthy officiary is a matter in the hands of the preacher. In the polity of our

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church the preacher nominates all the official members, and has the chance of making changes every year. The preacher has no right, therefore, to complain that official members are not religious, consistent in conduct, and devoted to the church, unless, indeed, such men are not to be found in the charge. Proper attention to putting pious men rather than rich men into official positions will soon tell favorably upon the spirit of the entire congregation. By such a course alone shall we rescue the church at large from its increasing worldliness.

## CHAPTER IV.

### On Salem District.

The St. Louis Conference for the fall of 1874 was held at Caledonia, Bishop John C. Keener presiding. At this Conference I was appointed presiding elder of Salem district. The district extended from the Missouri river to Howell county on the southern border of the state—about one hundred and twenty miles. It had but eight pastoral charges and these embraced all the work we had in Franklin, Crawford, Dent, Texas, Phelps and parts of Maries, Gasconade and Washington counties. The district embraced, also, the Washington and St. Clair circuit, which I had served the year before. This had five churches. There were but two churches belonging to us on the other seven charges. These little frame houses, which could have been built for $200 each, were all the houses of worship that we owned in seven counties.

My old records show the number of farms in these counties, horses, cattle, taxable wealth, population, native and foreign. I tried to get acquainted with the state of the country in respect to material interests so as to form some conclusions as to its future. Beginning my work in September, I traveled over the country

on horseback, and after one round moved my family to Salem, where my father-in-law had gone and established a store. We built us a little cottage there, the place being almost central for my work. This cottage was the first home that we owned and it was very dear to us.

The minutes of 1875 show that I received only $230 for the year's service from the district, but I had a missionary appropriation of $600. We found living very cheap. There was abundance of game, fruit and vegetables. Venison hams were five cents a pound; quail, thirty cents a dozen; wild turkeys, twenty-five cents, and apples of the first quality twenty-five cents a bushel. We lived well, kept a girl to help in the housework, and saved $500 a year during the three years I was presiding elder.

Frank, my riding horse, was a noble animal. He was never broken to harness and was high-spirited, swift and intelligent. He was a fine swimmer. Had it not been so, I should have been cut off from appointments many times by the Meramec and Current rivers. I sometimes took greater risks swimming these streams than I knew. Once, going from Sullivan to Salem, I asked at Cuba if the Meramec river could be forded. I was told that it could not, but I went on, for I was anxious to get home. When the river was reached I saw there were no tracks going to the ford since the rain. I had never crossed there before, and could not see where the road came out on the opposite side. Directly across

was unbroken woods. I took my saddlebags on my shoulder, got on my knees on the saddle and rode in. Frank swam from the start, but I managed to get across safely, drifting down a little. Emerging on the other side in the woods, and searching for the road, I found it a hundred yards above. The ford followed the right bank of the river and passed under a railroad bridge, coming out above it. Later, passing over the bridge, I observed that the place where I crossed had swimming water at the lowest stage, and that there was a dead tree lodged in the middle of the stream. I think my horse swam right over the obstruction. I was a good swimmer then, and trusted to my ability to escape if thrown off my horse. But in this case I knew not the risk I was taking.

The country was romantic. The mountains and pine woods never lost their charm for me. I seldom stopped to take dinner or to rest at noon. Forty miles a day was about my rate of travel. I often rode that distance when the mercury was below zero, and once I rode all day, not stopping to get warm, when it was fourteen degrees below zero. Camel's hair underwear, buffalo overshoes (moccasins of buffalo skin with the fur turned in), heavy fur gloves and collar, a good overcoat, and a blanket thrown over the saddle, hanging down to the stirrups and drawn back over my knees when mounted, completed my outfit for winter traveling. The blanket was indispensable. It

was often needed for my bed at night. Up to the time of this writing, in 1906, I have never been confined to bed from sickness since I was a boy, but I was puny and nervous when assigned to Salem district, and no work contributed more to my health than this.

The habits of the people in most of this mountain region were quite primitive. A school house in winter and a brush arbor in summer were all the people deemed needful as a preaching place. There was light enough if the preacher had a single candle or a lardoil lamp to read by. I remember coming in to hold a quarterly meeting among strangers and reaching the preaching place after dusk. It was a school house and the congregation were waiting in the dark. Some old sisters were smoking by the stove and talking about the great meetings they used to have before folks got so stylish. The preacher in charge was sick, so no one knew me. I came in and sat down in the dark with the rest. At length a tall young man got up and stood in the door, probably looking out for the preacher. Then he said, "If there's anybody in this crowd that understands grammar, he may now get up and explain himself." I took this as a call to begin. I arose and said to the young man, "I am the preacher, but I am waiting for a light. Will you be kind enough to go to the house across the field there and see if you can get a candle?" He went, and brought a candle, but there was

no candlestick, nor any place to fasten the candle where I could use it conveniently. So, lighting it, I handed it to the young man, saying: "Will you please stand by me and hold it?" He held it all through the service, and I told him that I thought all the people were obliged to him, as the service would have failed but for his politeness and kindness.

The people generally had great faith in noise. They thought a meeting that did not raise a shout was a failure. It was one of my first quarterly meetings. I preached Saturday morning and called for penitents. Ten came forward, fell down at the front bench and began to make a great outcry. The church members rushed forward, and by their efforts to encourage the mourners increased the confusion. No one was converted. At night I resolved to prevent such doings. I talked in a conversational tone. I said at the close of my sermon: "There were ten persons here seeking religion this morning and not one professed. If they are sincere, and mean to come to God truly, they will all come now and sit down on this front seat. We will not sing. Come right along now and sit down here." They all came. I continued: "That was not a good meeting this morning. None of you obtained peace. It ought not to have been that way if you are true seekers. But I think I know the reason. We allowed too much noise. We repeated to you the promises of God, but you were making so

much noise you did not hear us. We tried to instruct you, but you did not hear what we said, just because there was so much noise. We prayed for you, and wanted you to hear our prayers and make them your own, but you were making so much noise you could not hear us. We believe in prayer, but if you do not hear our prayers here we will go home and offer them there. Now, let us all kneel, everybody, and engage in a silent prayer." Presently I called on the preacher in charge to lead the prayer. He tried to be quiet, but he was almost ready to explode with emotion, and before he rose from his knees he had raised a storm over the whole house. I knew he was really pleased that the storm had broke loose. A good sister was heard to say when we dismissed that night: "That presiding elder may be a pretty smart fellow, but he's got no religion." I held on for some days, working for a quiet meeting. I succeeded in getting decent order. All the penitents were converted. In two or three days the people were saying it was the best meeting they ever had, and that they liked the way the elder managed it. I have recited this incident as an example of the work I felt called upon to do in most places. Clearness of conviction and strength of purpose are only other terms for faith and consecration, which are the foundation of all consistent religious life. The emotional type preponderates as the intellectual type declines. What was most needful for the

people of this mountain region was to build houses of worship, and organize churches with Sunday schools and prayer meetings, and a more carefully prepared and decorous form of worship.

The history of our work in the earlier days of Methodism recorded many great revivals, and large ingatherings to the church, year by year, with little increase of strength, because the losses were almost equal to the gains. The church was not domiciled or organized, and, without this, it was not possible to direct new converts, either into ways of useful service in advancing the Christian cause, or even to establish in their minds right ideals of Christian life or duty.

During the three years that I had charge of the district we secured the building of six churches, but they were by no means costly, yet their erection called for greater effort and larger liberality than many of the splendid temples that are the pride of wealthy communities. I obtained help from abroad even for the erection of these little log or frame houses.

Soon after I was appointed to the district, while visiting in St. Louis, I was riding in a horse car on Washington avenue, and had taken a seat by an old gentleman, a stranger. Dr. T. M. Finney, so well known in the history of St. Louis Methodism, sat opposite. He introduced me. "This is Mr. Robert A. Barnes," he said. Then continuing, he added: "Mr. Barnes, if

you want to invest money for the aid of poor, honest people, give it to Godbey. He is presiding elder of Salem district in the Ozarks." Mr. Barnes turned to me and said: "You see, I have not long to give money anywhere." Impressed by the serious remark, I said: "Shall I call and see you?" "Call at my office," he replied, and gave me the number. The next day I called. Mr. Barnes at once introduced the matter of my work by asking how many counties were represented in my district, how many churches we had, and their probable value. I told him that in six counties we had but two churches, neither of which was worth three hundred dollars. He seemed much interested in my representation of the conditions of our church in this mountain section, and told me that wherever I could start a church building, to be worth as much as three hundred dollars, with a subscription from him for the first fifty, to put him down for that amount. Through the aid which Mr. Barnes gave me on the district he became known to our preachers as a helper of our church, and when, after my service on the district, I was stationed in St. Louis, he was accustomed to send all applications from our preachers to me for answer, as he said he neither knew the men nor the communities soliciting aid. And he gave in every case as I advised. On one occasion Mr. Barnes desired me to draw the papers for a donation to Central College of certain lands and bonds.

I reported this to Dr. Hendrix, then president of the college, and asked him to take up the matter and shape the donation to the best result. The outcome of this was the gift of $45,000 to the school for endowment of the Martha Barnes professorship.

Mr. Barnes was not a Methodist. His wife was a Catholic and he gave much to Catholic charities. He talked to me of his desire to see a great Protestant hospital in St. Louis that would be superior to any Catholic institution. He said the Protestant church was not sufficiently active in this kind of work. At his death Mr. Barnes left the bequest of about one million dollars on which the great Barnes Hospital was erected. Mr. Barnes had the missionary spirit. He said he gave gladly to the Methodists and Baptists because of what they were doing for neglected sections.

I went from the office of Mr. Barnes and reported his offer to Brother Samuel Cupples, who duplicated it. Brother Cupples afterward extended his offer to every new church in the bounds of the Conference.

We built some very good churches with a hundred dollars cash, for the people furnished material and labor free. The cash was required only for glazing and hardware. The story of the revival at Houston, the county seat of Texas county, and how a good church building resulted from it, will show the conditions of pioneer work in the Ozarks and how we got

decent houses of worship with but little money. There was no house of worship in the town of Houston, and but one in the county. The Campbellites had several members in the place; we had but three. The court house was used for all religious services.

It was in mid-winter when I made my first visit to Houston. I got lost in the pine woods, because, thirteen miles from the town, by the direction of a boy, I undertook to make a cut-off of three miles by leaving the main road and turning into a horse path. It was about sunset, and there was a heavy snow on the ground. After dark I lost the trail and wandered for an hour in the dreary, pathless forest, finding nowhere any sign of human habitation. I looked to find an old log, or some kind of wind-break or shelter where I might venture to lie down. I had ridden all day without stopping. I was hungry and cold, and poor Frank was very tired. But it seemed running a great risk to sleep in the woods. There was not only danger of freezing, but of being attacked by wolves. At length I found a path which brought me out into the road near town. It was about eleven o'clock when I rode into Houston. There were no lights. The people had all gone to bed. I called at a house, and after some time a man came to the door. "Can I stay all night with you?" "No." "Is there a hotel in town?" "No." "Is there any place where I can stay?" Pointing to a two-room shanty near by, he said:

"There is a place where they starve people." That was not comforting to a man who had eaten nothing since early morning, but I turned to the little house, dismounted, and knocked at the door. A man in his night clothes opened it. "Do you lodge travelers?" "Yes." "Can you keep me tonight?" "No, I have but one spare bed and two men are in that." "Can you keep my horse?" He said, "Yes," and when he had dressed I went with him to the stable and saw Frank well fed. I rubbed down the noble fellow with straw, and, in intelligible horse talk, he told me how grateful he was. After attending to my horse the man said: "There is another place in town where they keep travelers. I will take you there." We started, and after going a little way, came to a hilltop from which we saw a light. "That is the place," he said, and I went on alone. This house was larger than the other. It had four rooms. A couple of late travelers were still sitting before a glowing fire. They had just finished supper. The table stood before the fireplace. There was abundance of food on it, still warm from the pot—boiled turnips and pork, biscuits as big as teacups, and hot coffee. I sat down and helped myself. No king ever had a repast more to his taste than this supper was to mine after that day's fasting and fatigue. I sat by the fire an hour meditating on my beatific state. I went to bed in that same room, the coals still glowing on the hearth. I heard

the wailing wind; the light frame building shook and creaked. But care, and fear, and shivering cold, and aching limbs all had passed, and security and peace, satiety and sleep wooed me to the land of dreams.

I began to preach in the court house the next day. A lady by the name of Weaver joined the church. I asked her when she would be baptised. "When you come again and the weather is warm," she said. I knew that the Campbellites had taught all the people that they must be immersed. "I will not be here again this year," I replied. "My next quarterly meeting on this circuit will be eighteen miles from here. I will attend to the baptism tomorrow morning after service." So I announced at night, "After preaching tomorrow morning I will baptize Sister Weaver at the usual baptizing place in the creek." That a Methodist preacher should go through the snow to immerse a woman in the creek, when it was frozen, seemed to be something of a sensation to the people and there was a great turnout the next morning. I made no allusion to baptism in my sermon, but went to the creek and baptized Sister Weaver as announced. I had no place to change clothing and my outer dress was frozen before I started back to town, but I suffered no injury from it. The meeting went on and increased in interest. Next day five persons applied for membership. "After preaching tomorrow," I said, "we will baptize these appli-

cants." By this time the Campbellites, who thought they had possession of the town, were intensely interested and came out in force. At the close of my sermon I called the candidates for baptism to the front and proceeded:

"You join the Methodist church today, and it is proper that I tell you what Methodists believe about baptism. There is much disputing about the mode of baptism, as you know. The Methodists have no part in that quarrel. We baptize by sprinkling or immersion. We do not think the validity of baptism depends upon the mode in which the water of baptism is applied. If one declares that I was not baptized at all because I was not immersed, and that, not being baptized, I am not in the church, then I claim the privilege of insisting that he is mistaken, and of showing him the reasons why I think so. But I do not attack him and tell him he has not been baptized just because a different method of applying the water was used in his case. The true baptism is of the Holy Ghost, and what we call water baptism is only a symbol of it. This ceremony, or sacrament, which we call baptism, is the initiatory rite of church membership. The minister meets you at the door of the church and says, "To be a member of Christ's church truly you must be regenerated, cleansed, and made anew by the Holy Ghost." So we accept, as the children of God and as belonging truly to the Church of Christ, all who have sincerely consecrated themselves to the

service of God, and we do not quarrel with them about forms. None of our preachers or people are going about telling folks that are humbly and prayerfully following Christ that they are not Christians because they were not baptized by this mode rather than that. If people have, in sincerity, taken public vows of repentance, faith and obedience, and have sealed them by baptism, whether by sprinkling or immersion, they have done what, in their hearts and according to their faith, they sought to do—have entered into the visible church by entering publicly into covenant relation with God. Do you ask, "What is the scriptural mode of baptism?" we answer, "There is no scriptural mode." It is not in accordance with the teachings of Jesus, in form or spirit, to make any observance of any outward ordinance, much less some specific mode of observing it a specific duty, or an essential in religion to be dignified by perpetual Scripture injunction. The idea of a specific mode of administering baptism is not inherent in the word baptize, any more than the idea of specific method in washing is inherent in the word wash.

But you ask, "How was baptism performed in the early church and what is the Scripture record?" The first we read of baptism is in the third chapter of Matthew, which tells us of John the Baptist, baptizing in the river Jordan, and that Jesus being baptized, came up straightway out

of the water. But here our translators were dealing with Greek prepositions of indefinite meaning—the preposition "*en,*" which they might have translated *at—at* the river Jordan—and which they do translate "*with*" in the eleventh verse; I indeed baptize you *with* water —He shall baptize you *with* the Holy Ghost. And, as for the word "*apo,*" translated "*out of,*" where we read, "And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway *out of* the water," the real meaning of the word is not "*out of,*" but "*away from.*" But you are not Greek scholars, and I only say that the Greek prepositions in this case do not settle anything as to the mode of baptism, nor does the Greek word "*baptidzo*" settle it.

Again, the baptism of John was not the Christian baptism. We turn to Acts xix—"And it came to pass, that, while Apollos was at Corinth, Paul having passed through the upper coasts, came to Ephesus; and finding certain disciples, he said unto them, Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed? And they said unto him, We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost. He said unto them, Unto what then were ye baptized? And they said, Unto John's baptism. Then said Paul, John verily baptized with the baptism of repentance, saying unto the people, that they should believe on him who should come after him, that is, on Christ. When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the

Lord Jesus." Here is proof that John did not baptize in the name of the Holy Ghost, and that Paul baptized again those who had received John's baptism. Four examples only are recited of baptism by the Apostles: The three thousand at Pentecost, in the city of Jerusalem, in which case immersion seems unreasonable; the baptism of the jailor and his household, which being within the prison and at night, immersion here seems improbable; the baptism of Lydia and her household by Paul contains no suggestion of immersion. The baptism of the eunuch by Philip is the only one of four examples of Christian baptism upon which exclusive immersionists even attempt to build an argument. The effusionists think they have strong support in the other three.

As respects church history, baptism by both modes has been practiced in the church as far back as church history can be definitely traced. Men whose views and customs came to them immediately from apostolic times baptized both by sprinkling and immersion. So the Methodist church stands upon Scriptural grounds, and upon the very ground occupied by the early church, in baptizing either by effusion or immersion, and making no issue as to the mode. The Scriptural position is one of indifference as respects mode. A Methodist is more concerned about the spiritual cleansing which the water of baptism symbolizes than the manner of applying it.

Know that God has cleansed your hearts, then do not trouble yourself about the mode of baptism; nor trouble others. Our church practices both modes. While accommodating the preferences which people have, because of previous instruction or association, she requires of her ministers to be above such prejudices as may trammel them in the high calling to which God and the church has called them. Individual members may have narrow views and prejudices which would disqualify them as teachers, but do not shut them off from the grace of personal salvation, and we will welcome such into the church without attacking their views or trying to change them about non-essentials.

Finally, you tell me you are converted. You have found pardon and peace in believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. He has accepted you. Will the Methodist church accept you? If God has forgiven your sins you are God's children, born of the Spirit into His spiritual kingdom. You belong to the church spiritual already. You now come to the door of the church visible, asking admission. Shall we receive you, or shall I now meet you with some prejudice or fancy of my own, a thing about which the children of God may differ, and do differ, and demanding that you accept my notions which may not be yours, close the doors of the church against you? Then I shall be in this dilemma: Acknowledging you are born of God, I shall debar you from God's

church; owning that you are in the spiritual kingdom, I shall still refuse to recognize you as entitled to membership in the church of Christ. That would be to own that I represent a church which is too narrow to hold God's people, and that true followers of the Lord Jesus are excluded from it. If I ever find that the Methodist church, by making issues about non-essentials, is too narrow to hold the true children of God, born of His spirit, then I shall quit the Methodist church and go in search of a broader and more evangelical platform upon which to stand as a preacher of the Gospel of salvation through Christ. But I know of no broader platform. The motto of our founder was, "In essentials, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity." On this ground alone can all believers in Jesus stand, and on this ground may we all keep the unity of spirit in the bonds of peace.

And now, let us attend to the substance, to that which baptism signifies—let us turn to our vows and covenants before God, and our own consecration to His service. Our ritual is intended to present these to you in most appropriate and impressive form. The ritual is dignified and solemn. It can not be well performed in the rain or snow, or in the mud or ice at the bank of a creek. It calls for a quiet hour and an orderly assembly. Stand up, then, and we will propound to you the vows of baptism and receive your covenant promises, and

offer our prayers here, so we shall not be detained too long in the cold at the creek."

They stood up. We attended to the ritual deliberately and with such explanations as were needful, then offered prayer. "Now," I said, "we are ready to adjourn to the creek, but if any of you prefer to be baptized here, I have a pitcher of water and can baptize you at once." All came forward promptly, kneeled down and received baptism by effusion.

When I baptized Mrs. Weaver in the icy creek, I was, in military phrase, skirmishing for position, clearing from the people's minds any idea that I might be afraid of cold water.

On another occasion, in midsummer, after baptizing several persons in the church at Newport, I went three miles to the creek with others who wished to be immersed, and there made such a talk as I did to those at Houston. They, every one, afterward asked to be sprinkled. It was the absurdity of exclusiveness—refusing to receive into the church visible those whom we acknowledged to be in the church spiritual, that especially struck them.

After this long episode the reader will want to hear how we finished the campaign at Houston and built the church.

The revival meeting went on for a week or more, marked by some incidents characteristic of our work in rude and unorganized societies. A young man attended by the name of Hammil —Mac Hammil he was called. He was such a

character as generally gets the appellation of "scapegrace" among the preachers. Hammil would respond to the preaching at times in very sanctimonious style, and break in on the prayers with "amens" and various ejaculations. There was a Mrs. Steffins, in the congregation, a genteel and intelligent lady, but by no means religious. Mac Hammil's performance exicted her indignation. One evening when we were praying for penitents, Mac Hammil was more than usually frequent with his "amens," which were meant only for annoyance. Mrs. Steffins could bear it no longer and called out: "Mac Hammil, you'd better be praying in earnest about that bacon you stole at Rolla." Hammil, who lisped, answered, "That'th too thin." A boy put in and asked, "You mean the bacon?" In spite of this interruption I held steadily on with my prayer, and, like Deacon Jones, "drove straight down the furrow."

Next day Mrs. Steffins went to see one of the church members, Mrs. Geiger, much broken up in spirit and deeply penitent. "Just to think that I should be so indignant at Mac Hammil, when I am not religious myself, and have rejected my Savior as truly as he, only I have had more self respect." She would have Mrs. Geiger pray for her at once. She was converted and joined the church and became one of its most active members.

It was through the leadership of Mrs. Steffins that the church was built. She awakened a

thorough enthusiasm in the movement, and schemed the job from first to last. She had the capacity for putting everybody to work. She had the ladies go out and serve dinners in the magnificent pine woods for men who would give their services to cut the logs and haul them to the mill. The mill sawed the lumber for one-half of it, and men volunteered to haul it to town. Thus we got the lumber for the church without expending a dollar. The carpenters gave their labor and put up the house. The hundred dollars which I was able to secure from Barnes and Cupples, in St. Louis, paid for the hardware, the window sash and glass; also for the bell, for we had a cupola and bell, a vestibule and gallery. This was, in the estimation of many people, a very fine church.

## CHAPTER V.

### Memories of Work in the Ozarks.

Throughout the Ozark region I found the custom prevailed of getting supper after returning from church, and, as the family generally went in the farm wagon over bad roads, it was often after ten o'clock when we got back from the night service. The cooking had to be done in pots, in the fireplace, and it was never a scanty meal. Pork, turnips and potatoes had to be cooked; also the great pone of corn bread and black coffee, which they used without sugar. It was often nearly twelve at night before supper was ready. I never had a touch of dyspepsia in my life. I could eat anything, and as much as I wanted, at any time. So I got along well enough with this order of things in the winter, for the big fire was comfortable, and when the meal was ready I had a keen appetite for it.

I was put to a severe ordeal in the summer. The people lived in cabins and cooked, ate and slept in the same room, and a big fire made sleeping conditions almost unbearable.

I had gone home with a family, after a night service in August. As usual, the supper was cooked in the same room in which we had to sleep. There were two feather beds in the

room. I resolved to keep out of bed as long as I could. The cabin had but one window, with four small panes. I took a chair after supper and sat out in the yard. In a short time the whole family had come out to be sociable. I tried to be entertaining so as to defer bedtime. It was about twelve when the brother said, "It's time all honest folks were in bed." I insisted it was too early for bed, and set out to tell a long-winded story. A stranger rode up to the gate and called, "Hello!" "Hello yourself," was the answer. "Can I stay all night?" "Yes." So he dismounted, and I supposed I should have to take a bedfellow. The stranger's horse was fed, and then he sat down with us and we talked half an hour longer. Our host finally said, "We must all go to bed." The traveler walked out in the yard, picked up a ladder and laid it across the rail fence, from corner to corner, put a board on it, and stretched himself on his back for the night's rest. I turned into the feather bed in the hot cabin. Sleep was impossible. I envied the traveler his bed out in the cool air on the top of the fence, and felt that I needed to take lessons from him in the way of accommodation to the customs and conditions of the country. I relate this incident, not because it was singular, but as a fair illustration of the conditions that I met with continually.

Wesley R. Craven was the son of a local preacher at Licking. He was devout and intel-

ligent and had a good English education. We gave him license to preach. I took him out on the district and he preached his first sermon at some place I never saw before nor after, on the south side of the Houston circuit. I think the stewards voted the Quarterly Conference there to do some missionary work. We reached the place, on a great pine flat, about half past eleven, Saturday morning. Somebody had been there on horseback and gone away. We followed the track and found the home of a church member. He sent out a boy to tell the neighbors, and a dozen people came out that night. The meeting place was a school house, built of pine logs, with door broken down, stick chimney, a hole in the floor big enough to put a barrel through, and two or three broken benches. It was early spring. Near the corner of the house there was a small pond, made by digging mud to plaster the stick chimney. This pond was alive with frogs. I told Craven he must preach. He was a modest man and spoke in a weak, childish voice. The frogs drowned his voice in the prayer, so I went out to whip them into silence. The slashing of a brush in the water stopped them, but in five minutes they would be in full chorus again. I staid out and kept the frogs still while Craven preached, and I missed his sermon. He was glad of that.

Craven was very zealous and as pure spirited a man as I ever knew. He wanted me to give

him work until Conference. Then he would get an appointment. I suggested "Sinful Bend," on the Gasconade river, as a good field. It was fifty miles from his father's home, but it was far-famed and he knew something of it. He went to the section at once, and, supposing it to be his duty, visited all the people and prayed in their homes. He told me his experience. His first call was at a log cabin. A woman had a bucket of potatoes and was peeling them. Two children were in the house. Craven told her that he was a preacher come to take charge of the neighborhood as their pastor. She said nothing. Presently, he asked if he should have prayers. She answered, "For all I care." He knelt down and prayed. The children stared as though he were crazy and the woman continued to peel the potatoes. But when he left, the woman directed him to a certain place for dinner, where, she said, they would be "awful glad to see him." He went, and found the man "awful glad," indeed, to see a preacher. For he had not been accustomed to living in such a place as that, and he just couldn't think of staying in such a country if they were not to have preaching. They must have a church, if he had to build it himself. When the dinner was announced, the children made a plunge for their places at the table, but the father was prompt, and motioned them to keep their hands off the food and be still. Then turning to the preacher, he said, "Say the

benediction," and Craven asked a blessing on the meal.

The young preacher was as timid as a girl, only his sense of duty made him persevere. He would have done anything that he thought a preacher should do. Yet Craven made little impression on "Sinful Bend." He found no place to preach. His enthusiastic patron did not build a church, so he retreated upon the adjoining circuit and began a protracted meeting at a school house on Lane's Prairie. There were a few very faithful Christians there. They rallied to his aid and a great revival was the result. The young preacher's heart was filled with joy at this testimony that God was ready to own and bless his ministry. I have deeply impressed upon my memory an hour spent with Craven when I met him returning from the revival at Lane's Prairie. I knew the boy's heart was full and that he had a story to tell. So we dismounted, sat down under the shadow of a great oak, and he told me of the events of the last month, his discouragement at "Sinful Bend" and his victory on the Prairie.

I made no other attempt on "Sinful Bend," but some years later it was invaded and conquered by one of our preachers. This is the story they told me about it: A young man who had been something of a rowdy was soundly converted and entered the ministry. Among his earlier appointments was the section of "Sinful Bend," and, as the people in the Bend

had built a new school house, he thought the way was open to establish an appointment there. At his first visit the people came out in full force. The sermon dealt very plainly with the wickedness of the community. That greatly displeased some of the leaders in wickedness, who foresaw, from the spirit and courage of the preacher, that there might be a turn in affairs that would diminish their influence. At the close of the sermon, they took the preacher aside and told him to come no more; that he would be soundly thrashed if he returned. The preacher had made an appointment to be back in four weeks. He came and found a crowd awaiting him. He entered the school house, sat down, took from his saddlebags his Bible and hymn book, then a pistol, and laid them together on the table before him. He sang and prayed, then arose to begin his sermon. Taking up the pistol, he said: "Some of you may not know why I brought this. When I was here before some men told me they would whip me if I came back. I am just beginning, just learning to preach, but I know how to shoot—shooting is my old trade. If I have it to do, I shall feel more at home in the business than in preaching. I am going to preach to you. I think God has called me to do that; but I don't think he has called me to take a whipping from any man." After this introduction the preacher delivered his message, reasoning of sin and righteousness and judg-

ment. As soon as he had finished, several young men gathered around him and told him he was the sort of a preacher they needed; that they would stand by him, and if anybody undertook to whip him they would "see him through with it." The preacher said he was obliged to them. He thought a preacher who was kind to everybody and only sought to help people to do right would find friends anywhere. No menaces or suggestions of violence were made that day, and the preacher went away in high favor with many. At his next appointment he was told that a young man would say a few words at the close of his sermon. The sermon ended, the young man's name was called. He rose and came forward. He said that some of the people were much pleased with the spirit and pluck of the preacher, and that, as a testimony of their appreciation, they had bought him a new and elegant pistol, which he had the honor to present. Then he produced the pistol and handed it to the preacher. The preacher accepted it graciously, saying, as a token of esteem of the young men of the community, he would value it highly. Continuing, he said: "For my use this old pistol is all right; I would never lay it aside for a new one if I had to shoot. But my wife can use a pistol as well as I can, and if you gentlemen will allow me to take this pistol as a present to her she will appreciate it very much, and so will I." All were delighted at the suggestion. The thought

that the preacher's wife, whom none of them had yet seen, was such a helpmeet to her husband in the church militant, raised their enthusiasm to the highest pitch, and thus it was that the preacher captured "Sinful Bend."

Our Methodist itineracy furnishes, in time, the man to solve every problem. Among men who are equally devoted to the Master's cause we see "diversities of operations, but the same spirit." Let no one despise the gifts of his brother.

Two campmeetings come before me as among the things especially characteristic of the work on Salem district.

At the third Quarterly Conference of Rolla circuit it was suggested to have the fourth at Big Spring, near Ozark Iron Works, and make the occasion a great campmeeting. All the stewards were enthusiastic for it. They said the place was ideal—a great spring and fine open woods. Bob Porter was sure he could kill deer enough to feed the camp. Fifty families would be glad to camp. The season of year—the latter part of August—would bring cool evenings. The forest scene, among the spurs of the Ozarks, would be enchanting. So it was resolved to have a campmeeting at Big Spring. I had my misgivings; I had heard these mountain people talk before; but the preacher in charge, S. A. Dyson, was confident and enthusiastic.

I prepared for a great occasion; wrote Dr. J.

W. Lewis and Dr. W. V. Tudor, pastors of St. John's church and of Centenary, St. Louis, to leave their fashionable, critical, drowsy congregations and their pastoral drudgery, and the heat and dust of the city, for a week at Big Spring, amid mountain breezes in the majestic forest. "Come and eat fish and venison and preach to the mountaineers—a people who believe they have souls." They both promised to come. Meantime, since quarterly meeting, I had not been within forty miles of Big Spring nor heard a word about how the preparations for the campmeeting were progressing.

At the time appointed, Saturday, I mounted Frank and set out for Big Spring. I rode all day, not stopping for dinner. When night began to darken the forest I called at a cabin. A woman came to the door. "Do you know anything of a Methodist campmeeting to be held in this part of the country?" I asked. "Yes, about four miles from here, at Big Spring," was the answer. "How can I get there?" "Just keep this road; it don't go to the place, but near it. If they are having much of a meeting you will hear it and know where to turn off."

About half past eight o'clock I thought I heard a campmeeting. The sound was regular, as of a man preaching, and came across a deep valley on my right. The road was on the edge of a bluff. I found a trail, made by the cattle, and led my horse down to the valley. There

I was involved in a thicket of hazel, wild plum and other bushes matted with vines, and I had at times to cut the vines to get my horse along. The preaching had ceased. But when I finally emerged from the thicket a fine forest of oak was before me, and I saw the campfires near by. I had found the camp ground. The camp consisted of two shanties built of poles, one for the preachers, one for a camper, a small brush arbor and split logs for seats.

The next day was Sunday, and Drs. Lewis and Tudor were to be there. They would come to Rolla Saturday night and a carriage would bring them over some six miles—such arrangements had been promised me.

Sunday morning came, fair and cool. By nine o'clock hundreds of people had gathered in. Some of them from homes many miles away. Eleven o'clock, and a great and eager congregation still waited. No preachers from St. Louis—many inquiries—but I only knew they were not there, and I inwardly hoped they would not come, for how should I entertain such dignitaries in my tent of poles, with a dirt floor? We held the morning service and announced another meeting for three o'clock.

About two o'clock a spring wagon drove in with Dr. Lewis and one of his rich laymen, Nathan Coleman. Dr. Tudor did not come. No one met Lewis at the depot, so he and Coleman had to arrange for conveyance. Their driver did not know the way and got lost. They

had been six hours making a journey of six miles.

Nathan Coleman was a fine exhorter, an old man whose experiences connected with pioneer Methodism. He had come to St. Louis many years before, a poor man, and his small investments had made him rich; but he had the simplicity of a child, the heart of a Christian, and the zeal of early years. He was then nearly sixty and a widower.

We had Coleman take the three o'clock service. All thought him a great city preacher, and we told them no better. Coleman soon had full control of the audience. He talked religion straight, and the honest people responded heartily. We put Coleman in charge and he conducted the meeting successfully, and enjoyed it greatly.

As night drew on we saw that there would be a heavy rain. I told a young man to take Coleman to a cabin down the valley. Lewis came to me, much troubled about Coleman. "It will kill Coleman," he said, "to spend the night here. Is there no house near?" I knew Lewis was looking out for himself. I said, "Coleman is provided for, and you will stay here with me."

About fifty people had come for the night service before the rain began. A dozen men took off their saddles and brought them into our tent. It rained and rained. They staid all night with us. There was no bed except the

straw on the ground. Lewis accepted the situation with gloomy forebodings. He lay down and was soon fast asleep, and did not awaken till the sun was up. Upon waking he said, with evident surprise: "I don't believe I have taken any cold. I feel well." Coleman came back in the morning and said he had spent a fine night, but when asked how many people spent the night in the cabin he said eighteen. They had turned in there out of the storm, as they did in our tent.

Coleman unquestionably enjoyed the experience. He was virtually manager of the meeting. We put him in the lead. Religiously, the meeting was a success; how much a success to Coleman it is romantic to relate.

There was a Mrs. Rodgers, a widow, who came out from Rolla to attend the meeting. She was young, pretty, cultured, and well related—of an aristocratic Virginia family. She took the eye and won the heart of the Methodist exhorter. They were married at Rolla a few months later and the boys gave them a charivari.

The most unique character at our Big Springs meeting was Ballard Hudgin. He was the only man that camped on the ground, and probably the only one of the official members of Rolla circuit who made no promises about the meeting. Hudgin was a local preacher. He was reared a Campbellite. No other denomination held service in his neigh-

borhood. But a Methodist preacher had gone out from Rolla and preached at the school house and several persons were converted, Hudgin among the rest. No class was organized and no regular preaching service established, so Hudgin continued to worship with the Campbellites. One evening, at the close of a harrangue on baptism, the preacher said: "After all, baptism won't save you; in fact, it won't make you any better." Hudgin arose and said: "I have been on the fence for a year. I didn't know whether to be a Methodist or Campbellite. I get off of the fence tonight. I am sorry I have not been a straight-out Methodist for the past year. I have heard every sermon you have preached here, and you always preach about baptism. Now you say baptism won't save us. Why don't you preach about something that will save us? You say baptism won't make us any better. Why don't you preach about something that will make us better. If what you say about your own preaching is true, it's like the slop that my friend, Hiram Yates, feeds his old sow on." He put his hand on the shoulder of a boy beside him and continued: "Hiram's father gave him a sow and he's trying to fatten her. She drinks lots of slop, but don't get fat. I was over there yesterday and Hiram said, 'Mamma, I tell you the reason that sow don't get fat. You put a few crumbs of bread in the bucket and fill it chock full of water, and that old sow just has

to bust herself drinkin' water to get a few crumbs of bread.' "

Hudgin sent for a Methodist preacher to come and organize a church and when I came on the district the Methodists had the field at Point Bluff and Ballard Hudgin could say, "I am monarch of all I survey."

At first I was greatly mortified at the style in which I was compelled to entertain my distinguished visitors, but in the sequel felt that no apologies were needed. "All's well that ends well."

We held another campmeeting at the Taylor Camp Ground, twelve miles north of Cuba. I came to the camp the day we were to begin. I found a good number of old log tents, all, as yet, unoccupied. But the grounds had been cleaned of leaves and brush, the shed put in order, and seats arranged. Only one man was at the shed—a long-haired, long-bearded old man who had medicines to sell. There was a man at the spring who had a lemonade stand. A photographer had his tent on the hillside, and a Flying Dutchman, or merry-go-round, was ready for business a little way from the spring. I saw that the devil had pre-emption rights and his agents had sent out the invitation, "Come, for all things are now ready."

At night several campers drove in with straw and bedding. Many came the next day and all the old tents were filled and some new ones put up. The day following I began business. I

called the owner of the land and took a lease on forty acres for twelve days. Armed with this lease, I called upon all intruders and ordered them to leave the grounds. The lemonade stand, photo gallery and all cleared out at once. We had a fine meeting at night, but there were some drunken men in the crowd. This meant that somebody was selling whisky near by. Next day I called Tom Taylor to my tent. He was a young man who knew all the rowdies, but who belonged to an excellent family. I said to him: "Tom, you are not a bit religious, but your mother and sisters are religious, and are camping here to worship God. No family supports religion in this community more strongly than the Taylor family. You don't intend that your family and these good neighbors of yours camping here shall be disturbed if you can help it. Somebody is hid near us and is selling whisky. Do you think you could find him?" Taylor answered that if anybody could do it he could. I produced a bottle and said, "Go and buy a bottle of whisky and bring it to me." In two hours Taylor returned with the whisky. I said, "Are you ready to tell where the man is and to be a witness?" He said he was. The whisky seller was arrested, brought to the camp ground, tried, and convicted on three counts, viz: selling without license, disturbing religious worship, and selling whisky on Sunday. We got through with all the devil's crew dur-

ing the first three days and had, thereafter, an orderly meeting and a great revival.

My most efficient helper in this meeting was Brother J. W. Robinson, then preacher in charge at Salem. I did most of the preaching; he did most of the personal work with serious persons. One evening as we sat alone he said: "Godbey, you are a splendid shot, but a poor hunter." "Explain," I said. He went on: "When I was a young man I was a splendid shot with a rifle, but I never had hunted deer. Some hunters took me with them one day, and depending on my marksmanship and steady nerve, gave me what they said was a choice stand. It was behind a tree by the big road, where the ridge, along which the road ran, closed a long hollow which extended two miles to the right. The hunters 'beat' the hollow and soon I heard the hounds in chase; then I heard the deer. I leveled my rifle down the road and stood perfectly calm. The deer sprang from the bushes full into the road. I touched the trigger. I thought my sight was good, but the deer bounded away without a halt. I put down the gun in disappointment. The hunters came up. 'We heard your gun. Did you get him?' 'No,' I said, 'didn't touch him.' 'Did you go and see?' 'No.' A hunter ran down the road, then called out, 'You've got him—blood in the road.' The deer was found by the experienced hunter not three hundred yards away. We preachers must follow up our sermons with per-

sonal effort if we succeed. Some of the best marksmen only shoot deer for the buzzards." I believe there was never a juster criticism. It pointed out a defect which I have long striven to remedy, yet, I fear, with little result. The criticism of Brother Robinson may profit some reader of these pages.

One of the converts at this meeting was Miss Ella Kinsey, daughter of Judge Matthew W. Kinsey, of Lane's Prairie. Miss Kinsey had just returned from school. The encampment in the forest had for her a weird charm. She listened with deep interest to the preaching and was soon among the seekers for soul-rest at the altar. Her seeking was answered with a flood of joy. She became from that time a happy and a zealous Christian. By her efforts a regular appointment for preaching was established at a school house, near her home, and I and John W. Robinson often preached there. In a short time Miss Kinsey's parents joined the church, and a class was organized at the school house, which Miss Kinsey served as steward. Later it was my pleasure to unite Miss Kinsey in marriage to Dr. William Bowles, of the same community. Dr. Bowles was not a member of the church when he was married, but shortly afterward became a Christian, through the influence of his wife, and built a church near their home which I dedicated as Bowles' Chapel. The good doctor passed to his rest many years ago. Mrs. Bowles now lives at Kirkwood, Mo.,

and is the mother of a noble family of children grown to manhood and womanhood. Her devotion to the Master's cause has been rewarded with heaven's continued blessing.

To me and my wife, now far advanced in age, the memory of our little home at Salem, Mo., comes as one of the sweetest and saddest recollections of life. It was the first we ever owned, and, though quite humble—a cottage of five rooms—it satisfied all our ambitions and for the first two years we were willing to live there always, for all our neighbors loved us, and the community was pure and true. There our children were all with us, beautiful, loving and full of promise. What care we gave the little plot of ground, sufficient for a vegetable and flower garden, and a grove of trees. Often, when returning from my visits to distant parts of the district, riding till late in the winter night, I saw the light of my home from Simmons' Mountain, and would involuntarily exclaim, "There's a light in the window for thee." That light told me that Mary was up, waiting my return, keeping a warm fire and a warm supper for me.

In the fall of 1876, at the close of my second year on the district, Mary and I took our four children and started for the Conference, which was to be held at Washington, our old charge. I held quarterly meeting on Meramec circuit on the way. There two of our children had fever and sore throat. We called a physician

and he said there was nothing serious. We went next to Labadie and stopped with Aunt Brown. By this time all the children were sick. The disease was diphtheria. On the 4th day of September, a little before day, Nannie Holloway, our youngest, died in my arms, as I walked the floor. Our baby was two years old. On the 15th, Alice, who, like the little woman that she was, seemed to think she must take care of the other children, but had been growing weaker every day, though never complaining, lay down on the couch and in two or three hours fell asleep to all the beauty of this world, always so beautiful and joyous to her. Alice Maud had just passed her tenth birthday. The two sisters were buried, side by side, at the Salem church, near Labadie. We have not looked upon their graves for nearly thirty years, but the memories here recorded awaken yearnings of the heart which can not be put into words.

Aunt Brown's was only ten miles from Washington, and I attended Conference from there, going daily on horseback.

Bishop McTyeire appointed me again to Salem district. We had gone out from our little cottage with four children. We returned with two. Our home was beautiful no more; our garden and grove of trees no longer gave us pleasure. But the little birds brought us a message: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear ye not, ye

are of more value than many sparrows." God cares for little birds. The sparrows that built their nests under the eaves of our cottage, when the first winds of winter came, flew away to a warmer clime. With returning spring they came back to their old haunts. They fluttered joyously about the old nest. God had guarded them from danger; He had guided them safely in their far flight and return. They follow the instinct which He has implanted, prompting them, and their obedience to instinct was obedience to God; it was trust in God. So God speaks to us in the yearnings of our hearts, and in our instinctive faith of a future life. That faith we will follow. It is God's voice in the human soul. An instinctive faith is evidence of things not seen; it is proof of immortality.

> "Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
> Thou madest man, he knows not why,
> He thinks he was not made to die,
> And Thou hast made him, Thou art just."

We ask not, we seek not, special proofs of God's love and care. He is in the darkness as much as in the light. We will trust and go forward whatever befalls us.

We took up the old lines of work on the Salem district. I took my rounds on horseback as before, keeping me away weeks at a time. When returning, I still saw the light in the window. A mist gathered before my eyes as I thought of the darlings who would greet me no more.

Tears were in Mary's eyes when she gave me the welcome kiss. She said the cottage was very lonely; she hoped the bishop would give us another appointment at the end of the year.

Before passing from Salem district love constrains me to make record of one of the dearest fellowships of my ministry.

Rev. John W. Robinson was a local preacher at St. Charles, in my boyhood days. He had then a large family and was fairly prosperous in business. His sons and daughters grew up to maturity, were well educated and all, but Julia, the youngest, were married when Brother Robinson was received into the itineracy. Seldom is so old a man admitted into our Conferences, but not once in a generation does any one of our Conferences find such a man applying for admission. He was an excellent preacher, a pastor unsurpassed in fidelity and good judgment, a soul-seeker always. Brother Robinson had charge of Salem station. Julia married soon after. Then Brother Robinson and his wife, Dorcas, lived alone. They were happy in each other's society. Nobody in Salem kept so nice a cottage as Sister Robinson. No one prepared such dainty meals. No man was more tender and chivalrous toward his wife. Nothing that would give her pleasure was neglected. When separated, a daily letter passed between them. Next to God, in heaven, the two loved one another.

How tenderly they ministered to us as we

passed through our first shadow of bereavement! They lived to celebrate their golden wedding. Their children, prosperous and happy, came upon that occasion to complete their joy. Soon after this Dorcas went home. Brother Robinson superanuated, traveled about for a year or two, visiting his children, and during the session of the St. Louis Conference, held at St. John's church, St. Louis, 1900, he fell on sleep September 23. He had served as an itinerant more than twenty years. No member of the Conference had been more beloved.

## CHAPTER VI.

### At First Church, St. Louis.

The Conference of 1877 convened in annual session in Centenary church, St. Louis, September 5, and was presided over by Bishop E. M. Marvin.

There were in the St. Louis Conference at this time a number of men whose names will abide in Methodist history.

David R. McAnally had come from the Holston Conference to St. Louis in 1852, being elected editor of the St. Louis Christian Advocate. This position he had held from that time, except for a few years. He was arrested for seditious utterances during the war and confined in a military prison, out of which he still for a time wrote editorials for the paper and sermons which were read on Sunday mornings to the congregation which he served in South St. Louis. This gave him great popularity with all those people of the state who especially sympathized with the Southern cause. For a time the paper was suppressed, but resumed publication shortly after the war closed; and, after a few years, during which time it was edited by Dr. T. M. Finney, McAnally was again placed in editorial control, and so remained the rest of his life.

Dr. McAnally was a brave, true man and one of the best thinkers of the Conference. His word often determined the vote of the conference when important questions were in debate.

As an editor McAnally was one of the Horace Greeley type. He gave much advice, made many sage predictions, and his comments upon passing events seemed very wise to the common people. He was not popular in the city. To the city churches he seemed to be too much of a critic, and as he often wrote in semi-ironical vein of their style of doing things, they did not like him. He seldom went to the country, but when he did the people gathered in great crowds to hear him. In his preaching he dealt with fundamental truths, as one who had unfaltering faith in them. It may well be said that he strengthened the brethren. Fault-finding, stubborn, self-asserting old man that he was, McAnally still stood forth a rugged mountain, unshaken by storms, with the sunshine of heaven on its head. All in all, no man through a third of a century influenced the development of Methodism west of the Mississippi as did David R. McAnally.

Thomas M. Finney, D. D., was born in St. Louis, of Methodist parents who had grown wealthy while he was yet a boy. He was educated first in the Jesuit University of St. Louis, and afterward graduated at Yale. His association from youth was with the aristocratic people of the city. But Finney's devo-

tion to the ministry was most sincere and fervent. His mind was not speculative. His creed was what the church taught—Methodism as he learned it from the writings of the fathers. His personal faith was simple and strong. He had a commanding person, a genial spirit. I think he loved all good people, and people who were not good he loved as much as most men. Yet Dr. Finney was not a popular preacher. He never handled trifling themes in the pulpit, nor dealt carelessly with great themes. His order of thought was logical, and his language classic; but he was heavy, tedious and unimpassioned. He would lead us through reasonings not needful, in order to make logical connections, which he would better have trusted the hearers to supply, and his preaching was unadorned with metaphors or embellishments of fancy. Often have I seen bishops who did not know him well try to hasten him in his speeches on the Conference floor. The only effect was to make him go back and begin the whole story or argument again. One who knew him never interrupted him. If he was presenting some interest or claim to you personally, your wisdom was quietly to hear him through. If you interrupted him, he would fix on you a blank stare for a moment and go over his ground again. When Bishop Granbery came to make his home in the city he asked me, "Who is the best man here to accomplish things?" I said, "Finney." The bishop was

surprised. He had met Finney and received first impressions. Afterward the bishop referred to this in a public speech at the laying of the cornerstone of a new church. He said: "I was told Finney could do things. It took me some time to understand the reason. But I find Finney is like a turtle; he will not let go till it thunders; even worse than that, he is deaf and can't hear thunder."

Joseph W. Lewis, D. D., was of aristocratic family and had enjoyed good opportunities. He had been educated at Princeton. He was fat enough to be good humored; very friendly and hospitable. He loved to have the brethren in his home. He was not abundant in labors. He liked good fare and good company, and took the world easy. He served all the leading churches of the city in course of time, and also the St. Louis district. He was a man of fine judgment, and understood well the interests of the church. Men of wealth aided his plans. He was a social favorite and a good pastor. He was a pleasant but not a forcible preacher. He was always practical. He had no vagaries or hobbies. He was thoroughly a Methodist. He had a noble wife, a genial and happy family. It grieved him to think that any one felt unkindly towards him. His brethren took pleasure in honoring him. He was for many years the most popular man in the Conference personally, though often those who loved him most spoke of his love of ease and good living.

John G. Wilson, D. D., entered the Conference at this session by transfer from Alabama. He had been president of the Huntsville Female College. Wilson was an aristocrat in tastes and temper, but he was no lover of ease. He had much iron in his blood and was strenuous in his habits. He was never idle, nor was he careless about anything. He was full of nervous energy. Restless, impatient, often irritated, despising shams, he at times complained that the "fool killer" was neglecting the functions of his office in the churches of St. Louis. Dr. Wilson was a versatile man. He loved literature; was a student and a fine critic. He was also a fine preacher, bringing forth in all his sermons fresh material, glowing with the fervor of conviction and devotion, but was stiff and austere in style, very positive and dictatorial in speech. He was conscientious and preached as well to twenty hearers as to five hundred. From the time he came to St. Louis until he entered into the heavenly rest I was almost daily associated with Dr. Wilson. He served St. John's church and the St. Louis district. There was no braver, purer spirit among us than he.

Dr. W. V. Tudor was considered the most eloquent preacher in the city. He was then at Centenary. His sermons were full of lofty thought. His rhetoric was fine, his fancy brilliant, his delivery impetuous. His arrangement and method had respect to oratorical ef-

fect. His discourses were ever a rushing torrent, now flashing in the sunshine and reflecting rainbow hues, and now mantled in dark clouds and sending forth the muttering thunder.

The bishop appointed me in charge of First church, St. Louis. I had previously understood, pretty well, the state of this church, and was not without opinions as to what ought to be done with it. I understood that all the problems of a downtown church were upon my hands, and that there were two lines of work to pursue; the first to take care of the church as it was, the second to shape up matters for removing it to another place.

I found the work somewhat loosely organized and the members in a restless state. But there were some good points in the situation. The Sunday school was large. The superintendent was J. H. Chambers, a successful book publisher, and a competent and resourceful man. He was supported by an excellent corps of teachers.

Dr. J. H. McLean, then known throughout the United States as a great "medicine man," was president of our board of trustees; also leader of the chair and teacher of the Bible class. McLean was worth a million and had an income of more than a hundred thousand dollars yearly. He and his wife, a very religious and intelligent woman, attended all the meetings.

Edward Nenstiel, a German, the proprietor of a music store, was our organist, and reck-

oned the finest musician in the city. He was a thoroughly religious man, and his wife was every way a fit associate and helper.

We had four classes, which met weekly; one known as the preacher's class; one under charge of Chambers; one under charge of Nenstiel, and one, called the general class, or the Holiness class, under charge of Father Wickersham.

The church collector was Gus. Conzleman, ready for all work; a young man, secretary of my board of stewards. He could do more work and make less fuss about it than any man I ever knew. Conzleman collected all the money.

We had a leaders' meeting every Monday evening, in which the stewards and class leaders met to consider the work of the church and report the attendance at the prayer and class meetings, inquire concerning the sick and poor of the church, and any that "walked disorderly," and to receive the treasurer's report and pay to the pastor his dues.

So far the church was well organized. But I soon found points to correct. Almost as soon as we were settled in a rented house, an entertainment for our benefit was advertised at the house of Dr. McLean. In taking charge of a church I always assume that things are just as they ought to be, or that the people mean them to be so, which last supposition generally proves correct, and so only a hint from time to

time will be needed to keep everything right. The entertainment at McLean's was elegant, and I had no disposition to criticise it. But when, a few days later, I received a check for a handsome sum of money, raised by this means for ourselves personally, I returned a note of thanks, saying we were much obliged and were sure all parties concerned were Christian people, who only meant to do what was best for the church, but thereafter we preferred that money for our benefit should come only through the regular channel of church collections, lest the regular financial agencies of the church should be confused and weakened. I did not desire to encourage the raising of money by entertainments, but of that said nothing directly.

My young people had a Literary Society. I had never attended it, but they had me announce a public entertainment in the church. I went to the entertainment. I found a crowded house, but was mortified at the performance. The elocutionists and parlor-theater troupe in a city are a very irresponsible set. They are always eager for an engagement. They are ready with their specialties of recitations and songs. The performers on this occasion gave their own selections. We had little that was becoming a church or a religious assembly; but as there was a great crowd, and ticket receipts were large, the society reckoned it a grand success and the newspapers puffed it.

I called the officers and most influential members of the society to meet me in my office. I commended their effort to promote literary studies among the young people. I told them I would depend on them as my helpers; that we must have all our work in harmony, and religiously planned, and asked them to make it a rule of their society that before announcing any entertainment the full programme should be submitted to the pastor for his approval, "For what is done by our church societies," I said, "must be worthy to represent the church." The society very kindly adopted the resolution, and I did not wonder that I never heard them propose another entertainment. But without the least friction the church was relieved of a discreditable situation.

We took monthly collections for the poor. I soon became aware that a few tramps had their eyes on this collection and were very desirous of joining the church that they might become beneficiaries. I had sometimes very plainly to shut them out. There was a noted "deadbeat," an Irishman that the boys called "Red-top," because of a red tuft of hair at the top of his forehead. He had annoyed many of the churches. One Sunday morning, as I opened the doors of the church, this man walked up the aisle and gave his hand. Almost everybody knew him. I held his hand and said, so all could hear: "John, I'm not going to take you into this church." He, in a voice as loud,

answered: "Do you think I will go to the devil?" I replied, "I think so, John." Why did I allow this scene? Because, had I allowed John to pass with even this appearance of joining the church, he would have been out the next day with a subscription for something, claiming to be working in the interest of First church. He worked this scheme on the churches to replenish his pocket.

At another time a man came forward to join the church. I took his hand, but read him at a glance. He handed me a church letter five years old. After I dismissed he said I must go home with him. I said, "No, I will call tomorrow at nine o'clock." I called. The man was out. It was bitter cold. I found a woman there and a little girl. She said the girl was her daughter, but told me she had never been married. She said they were to be put out of the house that morning. I asked who owned the house and was answered, "The saloon-keeper on the corner." I went to the saloon. I said to the man: "Don't put that family at No. — on the street today." "They are no account," he said. "They had a woman there that could make the rent, but she's gone." I said, "Wait for a warm day." He laughed and said, "Dot ish pizness." I said, "Let me pay you for a month's rent from this date." He agreed and wrote a receipt. I handed it in to the woman and said, "Tell your father when he comes home that we cannot take him into the

church." I might give many instances like this. The sinful and the utterly helpless seek to throw themselves for relief on the church, in their extremity. Such as come in penitence should not be turned away. It is sad to reject any, but many seek not salvation but bread. Neither are they penitent, and the help which they obtain they attribute to their own cunning.

A man whom I had intimately known fifteen years before, but had not seen for many years, came to ask me to go and see his son, who was at the point of death. I went. The young man had gotten in from Mexico. It was clear he had but a few days to live. When I asked if I should read and pray with him he said that he did not want any Bible reading or praying about him, and he had not sent for me. He spoke in the bitterest terms of the churches and the professors of religion. The preachers cared for nobody but the rich. I asked about his history. His mother died and left three boys. They were taken care of by their grandfather. The old man was very religious and held prayers in his family. He would not come in to prayers, but ran away. He had been many years among the cowboys. If his old grandfather had had a little more sense and not quite so much religion he thought it might have been better with him. I asked about the other two boys. "Did they go in to prayers?" He said, "Yes." "Where were they and what

were they doing?" They had married and were doing well. "Were they Christians?" "Yes, they belonged to the church." I went away without offering prayer, reflecting on the blinding influence of sin and the Master's words about casting pearls to swine.

I went to see a family that had taken a house near our own. Only the lady was at home. She said I was the first preacher that had ever called on them. I said, "Then you don't go to church and invite the preachers to call." She said, "No, we never go to church." I said, "I called because you are a new family coming into our neighborhood, so you can count my call as neighborly, not pastoral," and I rose to go. She said, "Would you pray for us?" I knelt and prayed. She was moved to tears. "I'd just as well tell it," she said. "I and husband used to belong to the church. We were both raised Methodists, but we went to balls and theaters, and mother said it was all wrong; but we both thought we would have a good time, and one day I just took the Bible mother gave us and burned it up. Do you reckon I'll get forgiveness?" I said, "It was a very bad thing to do." But would she let the children go to Sunday school. She said she would, and I told her my wife would come and take them. The woman was so nervous and excited I almost feared her mind was unbalanced. Mrs. Godbey took the children to Sunday school. Soon the parents began to attend the church. I called

again; Mrs. Williams said: "We were so moved by the singing, 'Come Ye Disconsolate.' When we came home I and Mr. Williams tried to sing it, and we both cried." These people joined the church and made us good members. I often wondered how persons brought up in the church as they were, and so gentle of spirit, could have drifted away. But many young people who have been reared in Christian homes, when married board in hotels or at fashionable boarding houses, where nearly all of their associates are of the worldly, pleasure-seeking class, and presently they are drifting with the tide, away from the sweet influences of home, away from the church and the hope of heaven.

I undertook to do some missionary work among the very poor. The Ashley house was the largest tenement building in the city. It had about three hundred rooms, and there were generally more than a hundred families in it. I rented one of the largest rooms for our use, and we held services there every Sunday afternoon. A sufficient number of my members went with me to sing and pray. We had our work well advertised through the building. All were respectful towards us, but not twenty out of several hundred occupants of the house took any interest in the meetings, though we continued our efforts for some months.

But the Ashley house revealed much in regard to the condition of the poorer people. I found

many peculiar characters there. A woman who crept miserably about the streets with two crutches under her arms, begging, I found in the Ashley house, and learned that when her day's begging was done she had no more use for crutches, but ran up the stairs as nimbly as a rat.

I found in one of the rooms a man whom I had heard, a few weeks before, addressing a large audience in the Mercantile Library Hall, at a temperance mass meeting. He was introduced as Captain O'Neal, of Detroit, a reformed drunkard. He claimed to have been captain of a ship and that drink had ruined him. He seemed very earnest, but was not accustomed to public speaking. His speech was nothing. He was soon lost sight of. I found him here, at work, he said, to produce a new baking powder which would bring him a fortune. A victim of drink and opium, his temperance career had been very short.

Adventurers, victims of every form of vice, with now and then an honest man, driven to shelter here by some sudden stress of want, were the people I found in this great tenement building. In the slums of the city I sometimes found families that claimed to be utterly out of their element and said: "We can not go to church, and do not want the church people to visit us. We must get away from here and get better surroundings before we make acquaintances."

The owners of tenement houses, where the poor are crowded together in helpless want and hopeless misery—too often the result of their vices—are frequently spoken of as heartless men, who live upon the very blood of the weak and the innocent. But these tenement houses are not desirable property for greedy landlords. They do not bring the owners as good incomes as the cozy residences uptown. Many of these squalid tenement houses were built at first in good residence sections. Conditions have changed. The property is not in demand for homes, nor for business. The owners cease to repair it. Possibly some business enterprise may claim the ground ere long; meantime, the houses are rented out in rooms to the very poor. The landlords who own this property are often more truly in sympathy with the poor than those people who are wrought up into fervors of indignation by reading in the magazines of the crimes of capital, or even those preachers who grow eloquent in advocating the cause of the poor, and complacently read their fulminations in the Monday papers, but would, themselves, resent it as an intended humiliation if they were appointed to any other than rich churches.

We opened the doors of the church every Sunday at the morning service, and called for penitents at our evening services and prayer meetings. I found it best to require applicants for membership to meet me in class meeting four

times, Sunday afternoons, before receiving them. Some under this examination confessed that they were not prepared to assume the bonds of the church and so withdrew their applications.

We had a class which met at the preacher's office to study the doctrines of the church. Among its members was William Towson, a clerk at Nugent's dry goods store. He became deeply interested in theological studies, decided to become a preacher, went to the Vanderbilt University, and after graduating entered missionary work in Japan, where he rendered the church valuable service for many years. He has returned lately to the home land.

Miss O. came to me, desiring to be employed as a missionary in the city. Her mother was a widow and she did much of the household work. I thought she was restive under the situation. I said: "The work you wish to do is much needed, but can your mother spare you?" She said: "Oh, Brother Godbey, I must do something for the Lord." I said, "Maybe you do something for the Lord helping your mother." She replied with spirit, "Do you think I serve the Lord washing dishes?" I answered, "Yes."

What notions we get about serving the Lord. Carpenter says, "Uncommon religion is a failure in this common world." If needful and useful employments demand our care, the best religion is that which fits us most sweetly to

them. Religion is meant to sanctify this common life with all its needed service. If a woman can not serve the Lord washing dishes, and looking after household duties, then religion is a failure, or common life is a failure. If a man can not serve God ploughing in the field or working in the shop, then we must confess that there is no religion for men in the ordinary lot of life. "Holiness to the Lord" may be written over the door of the home, the store, or the shop, as well as over the door of the church. A man who is not serving the Lord while at his daily toil is not serving the Lord when attending a prayer meeting. "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

Our general class, or Holiness class, deserves notice. Years before the time of my pastorate, "The Guide to Holiness," edited by Degan and Gorham, Boston, had a good many readers in the First church congregation. A number of wealthy and influential ladies were great admirers of Phoebe Palmer, of New York, who wrote considerably on the subject of sanctification for the "Guide," and held meetings in her home with a select coterie. They organized a parlor meeting for the promotion of holiness. So far, all went well, but those people, without the consent of the pastor, engaged Mr. Inskip, of New York, a noted advocate of sanctification as a distinct and separate work of grace, to come to the church and hold a meeting for them. A Holiness society was formed,

and it was given a place for regular meetings in the church. At first it promised to quicken the spiritual life of the church, but its members soon developed a self-righteous and dictatorial spirit, and thought themselves wiser than their spiritual guides. J. W. Lewis was pastor when Bishop Marvin held a series of meetings in the church. The holiness party did not like the bishop's preaching and signed a request that he change the character of his sermons and call the church members to seek the "second blessing." The bishop replied that he had given his life to the ministry, always seeking to discern the truth of God and the needs of the church, and to be guided of God's spirit in his work, and he could make no change. The petitioners drew off from the meeting, held meetings of their own, and had for leader a man, a comparative stranger, a Mr. Smith, of New Orleans, who was not a member of the church, and who, it was afterward learned, had been expelled from the church for adultery. But profession and not service had been made the "shibboleth" of the movement; hence it tempted arrant hypocrites.

I found the general class attended by sixty or seventy persons, of whom not more than half were members of my charge, the others being from other churches, many of them of no church at all. I never failed to attend this class, and Father Wickersham always asked me to speak at the close. I urged full consecration to God,

but said we must understand that sanctification means being set apart for God's service, which must be the case of all real Christians, and that holiness means every-day, common-sense religion, to be tested, not by an emotional experience, but by the abundant fruitfulness of our lives in all good tempers and works. I hoped all would seek perfection. So long as we see in ourselves any shortcoming, we must be resolved to overcome that sin or neglect. Yet, I insisted that to profess perfection was not well; first, because we were known by our fruits, not our professions; and further, I insisted that "perfection" can never be witnessed by a man's experience. We may tell an experience, but perfection can never be witnessed by experience. Love is an experience, and one may confidently declare that he loves; or if comparison is made, one may be assured that he loves this more than that. He is still within the range of a conscious experience. But how can one, out of a present experience, know that the love which he now has could be deepened or strengthened? This is impossible. I showed further, that while a servant ought to obey his master perfectly, it was not his privilege to say, "I do obey perfectly," because the master, who lays down the law, is alone the judge of its perfect fulfillment. I also inquired what were the conditions of obtaining what they called the "second blessing." All replied, "Laying all upon the altar." I asked if the church did not teach

that it was necessary to offer ourselves to God without reserve to obtain the first blessing, or regeneration.

Once I was aware that a carefully prepared attack was to be made on me at the next meeting, and that all the clan were to be there in full force. There was a large gathering. A Brother McIntyre, a Presbyterian, the most careful and shrewd of them all, led off as follows:

"I am no theologian, but according to the best lights I have been able to obtain, have tried to live a faithful Christian. I was converted at such a time, and knew that I felt the joys of pardoned sin, and the turning of the very streams of love and desire in me from earthly to heavenly things. I know what regeneration is. But a time came when I did not find joy in the Lord. I was glad of an excuse even to stay away from church, and the duties which I knew I ought to perform hung heavily upon me. I at length felt I was in bondage and was saying, 'Is there no freedom?' In this state this doctrine of full sanctification was commended to me. I sought and I obtained the blessing. Since that day not a wave of trouble has rolled over my spirit. I say I am no theologian, and I have no theories to urge. But I have given you my experience. I know what regeneration is, and I know what sanctification is, and I know that the last is far more than the first."

Several others followed cautiously upon the

way thus laid open, until Father Wickersham spoke; told when and where he was converted, and how for twenty years thereafter he lived in a realm of slavery, "sinning and repenting, sinning and repenting"—an expression he seldom failed to use when describing what he regarded as simply a regenerate state. But he had escaped from these low grounds of sorrow into heavenly light. He then called on me to close the meeting.

I said: "While you all claim to deal only with experience, I think your great concern is to establish a 'shibboleth' of false theology. Your theology is that there is a work of grace which makes us the children of God, and another and distinct work, instantly wrought, which is called sanctification, which eradicates depravity from our nature. I deal not with your experience, but your theology. I will speak to Father Wickersham. He represents you all, is a good and sincere Christian, and a member of this church, so I speak to him and he will answer me.

"Brother Wickersham, in the hour you were converted, were you happy?"

"Oh, very happy."

"Did you then feel that the service of God would be a burden?"

"No, I was glad to serve."

"Do you believe God forgave all your sins in conversion?"

"Yes."

"After that, you were 'sinning and repenting.' Do you hold that it was necessary to sin?"

"No, I cannot think it was necessary."

"If sin had not returned and the joy of the Lord departed you would not have needed a second blessing?"

"It does seem so."

"It was so," I said. "None of us could do better than stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ made us free, and be no more entangled with the yokes of bondage. In so far as we have failed to do this we have lost time, and halted in the way, where we might have run swiftly. I rejoice for every one who has escaped from a sense of bondage by obtaining a 'second blessing,' but happier are they who have never needed it, and there are many beautiful Christian lives before us who have not known your despondency and so have not known this second rising of the sun of righteousness on the soul."

I was careful to keep before the class the fact that, as to the doctrine of sanctification, it was a doctrine of the church, and accepted by all the preachers, who rejoiced at any advancement of the membership in practical piety. The greatest obstruction to the promotion of holiness in the church is in counterfeit, which sets before the people false theories and false standards of holiness, an idea of holiness which, instead of quickening people to higher activities of serv-

ice, turns them rather to measure their spiritual attainments by their emotions. There could be no greater slander of our ministers than the charge that they do not desire their members to live holy lives.

Perfect love casteth out fear, but perfect presumption will do the same thing. Godly fear is very wholesome in its influences upon Christian life, and we are charged to serve the Lord with reverence and with Godly fear. One may rebuke and deny his fears, and make it a point to destroy them, and succeed in doing it. But, when he has succeeded, it is not his fear simply that he has conquered, but his conscience. I urged the members of the class to become leaders of the church in patience, charity, helpfulness and loving oversight, especially of the weak and faltering.

Thus I eliminated the special professions and excessive views and speeches of these people, and turned their thoughts toward goodness as the highest ideal of Godliness.

Some would-be leaders who, fortunately, were not members of my church, became very much chafed in mind when they found their fire and fury were being substituted by practical views and daily duties, and from time to time attempted to create an uprising against my control. On one occasion a tall, nervous man, with deep-set eyes, rose in the meeting and said:

"A great work has been arrested in this church. There has not been a sanctification

in our meetings for a month. We used to have sanctifications every time we came together. I'll tell you what's the matter. You are afraid of your preacher. You are afraid to profess sanctification in the presence of that preacher. I'm not afraid of your preacher. *I'm sanctified!* I'M SANCTIFIED!! I'M SANCTIFIED!!! I guess they heard that three squares." I suppose they did, for he certainly shouted with all his might. I waited my time. When asked to close the meeting, I rose and said: "The Lord told the Pharisees to get down from the top of the house and go into their closets to say their prayers. They got on top of the house where the people could see them a mile. They stood on the corners of the street, where people could see them from every point of the compass. The Lord told the Pharisee to get down from the top of the house, go into the house, get into his closet and shut the door, and pray to his Father in secret. If one of these Pharisees had obeyed the letter of the Lord's commandment, gotten down from the house top, gotten into his house, gone into his closet and shut the door, and there yelled his prayers loud enough to be heard three squares in the city, the Lord would have abandoned the case in disgust; the last state of that man would have been worse than the first."

I saw from the faces of all present that the shot had gone through the sail of the brother

aforesaid. We missed him at the meetings thereafter, which was a secret joy to me.

At another time, an Englishman, who had a very oracular style of speaking, moved by something he had heard in the morning sermon, I suppose, arose in the meeting and said: "The Bible is the word of God. Inspired men wrote it. Inspired men read it and understand it. A man that is not inspired don't understand it. When God gives the gift of inspiration to a man he never takes it away." Having made this deliverance he sat down, and none who spoke made any allusion to what he had said. It was a shot at me and I could look out for myself.

When I was asked to dismiss, I took up the Bible and said: "Yes, the Bible is the word of God. Inspired men wrote it, and God gave to all the men whom he inspired proof of the fact, in the power to perform miracles, as a seal of their testimony. Moses could go and tell the people God had sent him. But they would require the proof. Moses performed miracles; the prophets performed miracles; Jesus performed miracles; the apostles performed miracles. So, if you find a man that claims to be inspired, demand of him his credentials. If he can not produce the credentials in the performance of miracles, call him a fanatic, an imposter, a fraud." After this the oracle was dumb.

At length, in the mid-summer of the second year of my pastorate, Father Wickersham,

whose patient soul was weary of my checks, resigned charge of the general class and it was discontinued, or rather reorganized in a way to end the special sanctification movement in the church—a piece of diplomacy for which I gave myself some credit, for thus it was:

Henry Wickersham deeply sympathized with his father, and was of the same mind. He was the only man whom I feared would make trouble. So I wrote him a letter appointing him class leader, instead of his father. The result was what I anticipated. He expressed surprise, inasmuch as I knew he did not agree with me on the subject of sanctification. I answered that I understood his views, but he was not expected to teach the class theology. The pastor was the only man who had authority to teach in that sphere. He had accomplished the course of study required by the church of its ministers. He was under appointment of the church to teach her doctrines. No other person was held responsible to the church for the right instruction and guidance of the society. I was not surprised at his letter, I said. A sensible and conscientious man, a man of honor, would not accept an appointment to official position from his pastor and then use that position to undermine and weaken the pastor's influence. A few days after I received a letter from the brother, stating that I had called his attention to facts that he had not duly appreciated before; that he would accept the appointment, and do me

faithful service. So the so-called Holiness Society, or General Class of First church, went out of commission, and there was no resuscitation of it for half a score of years, till the pastorate of B. Caradine. I have dealt at greater length with this matter, because I deem it an example of what many preachers are called to meet. I got through it without the loss or disaffection of a single member. I had learned as an important rule for a pastor, "When a poker falls out of the fire, never pick it up by the hot end."

## CHAPTER VII.

### Further Experiences in a Down-Town Church.

In the spring of '78 the Rev. George Muler, of Bristol, England, preached for us a week at First church. Muler's faith and his great work for the Master are known to the Christian world. Much more noted than even the work of J. Hudson Taylor, founder and leader of the China Inland Mission, is the orphanage and missionary work developed by George Muler out of unsolicited contributions, which have come to him in answer to his prayers.

We found Muler a very plain and practical preacher. He said: "If you want to be sensational, preach the straight, unadorned gospel of salvation through Christ. I think it would strike many congregations as quite new." He told us how he had learned to preach to the people as a prophet of the Lord, instead of preparing essays to be read to the church. "I was wont," he said, "to write every sermon carefully. But I felt that I must do some missionary work among the poor of the city. So I secured a hall for an afternoon service. I thought I would find it easy, as I expected to repeat the morning sermon. But I was dismayed when I got up to preach to recognize sev-

eral persons belonging to my church, who had heard the morning sermon, so I just talked to the people, as I could, impromptu. As I continued I had more hearers from my morning service, and was forced to hold on to the extempore talks. At length my members began to say my afternoon sermons were better than the morning sermons. So I learned that people will think any preaching good which is aimed at their consciences, rather than the exposition of a theme."

I find in my scrap-book this note: "April 6th, 1878. I called to see Rev. George Muler, at the Planter's house. I told Mr. Muler that I had read his book, 'The Life of Trust,' and knew him to be a Calvinist of rigorous type. 'Give me,' I said, 'the most concise statement you can of the character of your faith.' He replied: 'I believe that God Almighty foresaw from all eternity that in the year 1878, on the 6th day of April, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, in the United States of America, state of Missour, city of St. Louis, one of His children, George Muler by name, would have need of certain things, and would ask for certain things; and that He provided these things in His grace and providence, subject to George Muler's call.' I then said: 'You are aware, Mr. Muler, that the doctrine is gaining ground that all things are under the dominion of law, both in the material and spiritual world, and that there is a law of causation in all that trans-

pires.' 'Ah,' said he, 'that is the fatalism of materialism.' 'But,' I continued, 'are we to choose the fatalism of materialism or the fatalism of decree?' I further said, 'I confess that I am disposed to regard all the experiences of spiritual life as results of the operation of immutable laws, as I regard material phenomena.' Then he asked the question which I aimed to call forth, 'How, then, can you pray?' This was, in substance, the answer which I made: 'I regard prayer as a force applied and in nature competent to bring the result I seek. My child does not need to be a philosopher, or to understand the laws which govern the case; but his prayer to me is, in the nature of things, a force applied, and competent to bring from me the response which he desires, so far as it lies in my power to help him. So, if you allow that we have a Father in heaven, infinite in resources and unfailing in compassion, I shall think that the cry to him of his children in their need is a force applied in the spiritual realm, and as truly a means to an end as the lever to lift a stone. This being the order which God has established, we are still dealing directly with God. I have all the more faith in prayer when I regard all desires of the human soul as active forces, calculated, according to the nature of things, to bring results of the divine favor or displeasure.' Mr. Muler made no answer, and the conversation turned to the spiritual state of my church as I understood it."

Surely no one would have thought to teach George Muler how to pray. The work which he accomplished, relying upon prayer as his only resource, will stand in the history of the church a monument of victory—a mighty Ebenezer. Our prayers are answered, not according to the correctness of our theories about our prayer, but according to our faith and the righteousness of our purposes. One who uses all he has for God may expect all he needs of God. George Muler was a faithful steward, and God freely gave into his hand. His theory as to the manner by which God governs the world had no bearing on the efficacy of his prayers.

I have never failed to aid the cause of temperance when I could. Every society and every measure which gave promise of checking what I regarded as the greatest evil of the land rereceived my hearty support. I had been a member of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars, and before the lodge had urged a more public movement. I said that temperance reformers must come forth from their lodges and inaugurate an educational campaign to continue until, by vote of the people, the sale of liquor should be prohibited.

A great tidal wave of temperance was sweeping over the country. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union had been organized in 1874; the National Temperance Union in 1877. The temperance wave struck St. Louis

about the first of the year 1878. Rev. C. E. Page came to the city as an agent for the National Union. He began his work in the lecture room of First church February 18. The room was crowded. Seven or eight preachers from the city attended and one hundred and twelve persons took the Murphy temperance pledge. We moved the meetings to the auditorium, which seated twelve hundred, and continued a week. This place was too small, and we went to Library Hall, and held evening meetings a week. We needed more room and changed to the skating rink, where the meetings were held for three weeks. Thousands took the temperance pledge and put on the Murphy badge. One evening while addressing the audience at the rink I was interrupted by a man in the crowd who cried out, "Why don't you take the pledge and put on the badge yourself." I answered, "I and all Methodists have taken a stricter and more solemn temperance pledge. It was in these words, 'I renounce the devil and all his works.' " The answer was greeted with general applause. The church is ever the strongest and most efficient temperance society. Other societies do little but line up our church members for various characters of temperance work, appealing to them on the ground of their church vows. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union would be a dead thing if the word Christian and all it implies were stricken out of it.

When I became fully acquainted with the financial conditions and outlook at First church I saw that the most important thing to do was to get things in order to sell the property and move away.

Our house of worship stood on the corner of Eighth street and Washington avenue. Eighth street runs north and south, parallel with the river. Between Eighth street and the river, through the entire length of the city, we had only eight members, and they were living in the cheapest rented rooms. The membership was all west of the church, and were yearly getting further away. The wealthier ones were going into other churches near them. We had some men of means who were disposed to oppose any move, and to reproach those who, for better society, did move. But I saw that not one of these men had any children to care for, which was the reason the social question did not affect them, and that they did not understand themselves in their zeal for the poor. A man of means, who has educated sons and daughters, will seek to have his children under influences which will impress them with the highest respect for their own church, else he will presently find them going into other denominations, or leaving the church altogether. The very men whom I refer to, McLean, Nensteil, Chambers, Sutton, Ketchum, would, every one, have gone into other churches of our own denomination to secure better social conditions for their

families, if they had had sons and daughters entering upon adult age. But must the poor of the city be abandoned by the church? When they first abandon the church, in spite of every scheme to hold them, when a great church is seen to dwindle both as to finance and membership, year by year stern facts tear down sentiment and theory.

In a large city populations gather by classes into different sections through natural affinities. There are large populations who are to be regarded, not as people who have no opportunities, or have had none, and to whom the preaching of salvation through Christ would be a gospel indeed, a proclamation of glad tidings, but as people who have resolved to keep as far from Christian influences as possible. Now and then, by personal influence, conquering prejudice, a soul is won and led out of this darkness and pollution. But the same care would have won a score in a more healthful field. Besides, as to building up churches in such fields, it is impossible, because, whenever people are converted in such sections, they, for the sake of their families and for their own sake, if they have no families, leave the place. The field is one for mission work, and rescue work, but not one in which a church, according to our ideas and rules for church support and government, can be built up.

The City Mission, the institutional church, the Woman's Refuge, the Salvation Army, are

dealing with this problem of the "submerged tenth," and the regular churches, the "aristocratic churches," as some reproach them, are really doing the work by furnishing the means by which it is done. No doubt they should do more.

My predecessor at First church, Dr. Thomas M. Finney, whose heart was always right, had devised and carried out a scheme for fortifying First church against the necessity of moving, and for holding it permanently as a downtown church. The building, as first erected, stood on a lot of 100 feet front by 150, and was about sixteen feet from the street line in front, on the avenue, and on the east side toward Eighth street. The trustees had borrowed $36,000 and built up this space to the street, making half a dozen small stores with roofs up to the sills of the auditorium windows. The rent of these stores was to be permanent income upon which the church was to be supported in the future. A more miserable blunder could not have been made. Our Sunday school and class rooms had all the light cut off from the east side, and, whereas, they had been light and airy, had now to be lighted with gas on cloudy days, and were damp and dreary. The east windows of our elegant auditorium were begrimed with smoke from the stoves used in the stores, and as to the income, there was a rapidly enlarging debt. The stores were too small for any use except for confectioneries, tobacco stores, news stands,

barber shops, etc. All such things run on Sunday. Should the church run such business? Excluding these the rooms rented low for offices, and some were always vacant.

The increase of fires put up our insurance to a very high figure. We had also to pay a tax on secular property. These charges, with the interest on the loan, which we had to pay semi-annually, required over $3,000 yearly. The rentals did not pay it. The parsonage, which stood on the west side of the church, was given up to help carry the debt, but the $600 additional, which it brought, did not suffice to wipe out the balance on our debtor column.

Before I had been in charge of First church two months I was clear in my mind as to what should be done. The church must be sold and moved west. There was nothing else to do. The $36,000 improvement had ruined the church and was financially a dead loss. It would force us to sell and the property would not bring a dollar more.

To sell and re-locate a great church in a city is no easy task. The situation inevitably develops parties and strifes. Some would sell at once, feeling that the work of building up is effectually barred from the time that sale is discussed. No preacher can build up a church with a sale board on the door. Therefore let us not sit down and wait, but get to a new field at once, where the work may go on successfully. These are the busy bees of the hive. Some say,

"Let us stand by our consecrated altar. Ah, what refreshings from the Lord have we had here. Everything about this place is sacred." Thus, out of mere sentiment, they would hold to the old temple as a casket in which sacred relics are stored. These think themselves the only truly devout souls left in the congregation, but they are drones, every one. Some say, "Let us wait. No doubt we will have to sell, but property is advancing every year. We make $5,000 a year by holding on. Business is coming this way." Mr. Worldly-wise-man is the leader of this party. He is rich, but hopes, if a new church is to be built, we shall finally manage to get enough for the old property to save his pocket. The pastor grows impatient with this fellow and asks, "What am I here for? To save souls? Or am I preaching and praying to realize an advance on real estate?" Again, if we move, where shall the new church be located? Influential men have their preferences—persistent preferences, not without personal interests involved.

The whole congregation had been educated to the idea of staying where we were. Dr. Finney's scheme required that. The Quarterly Conference and Board of Trustees had to be brought into the scheme fully in order to borrow the money and do the work they had done. It had just been finished and celebrated with a great flourish of trumpets. To bring the official members of the church to confess the

whole thing a ruinous failure, and to prepare to sell out was my task.

I went quietly about my pastoral work, not speaking of the sale of the church to the members, but I labored with the official board, man by man, until I brought nearly all to my view, yet said nothing to the one man who ruled all. This man was Dr. McLean, and this is the way he ruled the situation: Our deed was a deed of gift. In consideration of $1, to him paid, etc., John J. O'Fallon deeded to certain trustees named the property, for the use of the Methodist church, etc. Dr. McLean had consulted a lawyer, who said the property could not be sold. Therefore the bank that managed the loan declined to accept the signatures of the trustees as security, but would have McLean's individual endorsement. He was very rich and was also president of the board of trustees. No matter, therefore, what the opinions or desires of the rest might be, the doctor was always able to carry his point, with this argument: "Brethren, you know I am individually responsible for the debt of this church, and really, I trust you will not force us into conditions which are contrary to my business judgment." The doctor spoke very often of the great burden which he bore for the church, but secretly enjoyed the situation. Having won the rest to my way of thinking, I had gotten matters to a pass when I saw the key of the situation in filling two vacancies on the board of trustees. The

vacancies were of long standing, and Dr. McLean opposed filling them.

The fourth quarterly conference for my first year's pastorate was at hand. I felt that McLean must be gained. I sent Nenstiel, his most intimate friend, to interview him on the matter of filling the board. He reported that the doctor would not hear to it. I determined to take up the matter myself. On the evening the conference was to be held I went to McLean's to tea. After tea we went out to the front porch. I brought up the matter of our debt and spoke of the service he was rendering us in carrying it. He said it was a heavy burden for one man to assume. I continued, setting forth the fact that it involved moral obligations as well as financial. In the estimation of our own congregation and of all our churches in St. Louis one man was responsible for the management of affairs at First Church, a condition which one could not well afford to endure. He acknowledged that he felt it, but saw no relief. I mentioned filling the board of trustees. He said there were no men in First church who could divide financial responsibilities with him, and he would not like to have irresponsible men obstruct needful measures by their votes. I stated that we were not confined to First Church in our choice; that the time had come when we ought to have the counsel and help of our other churches in the city in managing First church. I would have a leading man from Centenary

and one from St. John's on my board of trustees. He asked what man I would have from Centenary and I told him W. C. Jamison. Jamison was a wealthy man, and a lawyer. I wanted a lawyer for reasons already suggested. I also knew Jamison and McLean were close friends. I was then asked whom I would have from St. John's, and I named Samuel Cupples. McLean fought long against the scheme, but I insisted. At last he closed with me abruptly, saying: "I never allow another man to manage my business, and I see you don't propose to change your plan. It's your business to nominate men to fill the board. Have it as you like. I will say no more. The responsibility is on you." We started down the street together to the quarterly conference. As we walked leisurely along I said: "Doctor, you have accommodated me very much; let me ask one thing more. Everybody asks, when anything is done at First Church, 'How does Dr. McLean like it?' All our people are gratified if you approve measures. Let me wave my right to nominate Jamison and Cupples and ask you to make the nomination. You are president of our board, you know. If you make the nominations the church will know that all is harmonious, and the two new trustees will understand they are your choice." He agreed, and it was so done.

I now saw the end of troubles. Jamison declared that under the title we could sell the

property, but we might clear all difficulty by neglecting to pay the semi-annual interest and allow the church to be sold at public auction, for the loan. We could incorporate the membership and buy back the property for the debt. This was done, and so our title was made clear, if it was not clear before. Our quarterly conference then directed the trustees to enter upon their records that when the debt reached $40,000 the property should be sold. This was a compromise to harmonize those who said the rents would improve and carry the debt, and those who had no hope of improvement. We had borrowed just $40,000 to bid in the property, and after paying off the old debt had about $2,000 on deposit in bank. I knew it would be exhausted in two or three years and that the church was sure to be sold. This was the condition in which I left First Church at the end of my second year's pastorate.

I have noted chiefly these incidents and experiences during my pastorate at First Church, which were out of the ordinary course. The great majority of the members were consistent Christians, socially of the middle class, comfortable and happy in their homes. My pastoral association and labor were daily very pleasant. I had excellent congregations and my work as a preacher was well appreciated. I took no vacation from labor except to attend the General Conference at Atlanta. I was only an alternate delegate and, having no duties,

returned in two weeks, stopping for a day at Chattanooga to enjoy the scenery of Lookout Mountain and the fine prospects over portions of five states which may be had from its summit. I took a carriage from Chattanooga and the driver was at my service alone. It was a day of high communion in thoughts and feeling with Him who is "the Life and Light of all this wondrous world."

November 26, 1877, an event occurred which sent a wave of sorrow over all our church. Bishop Enoch Mather Marvin ended his labors among us and entered into the saints' everlasting rest. He had preached at Centenary, Sunday, the 18th, at 11 a. m., from the text, "Blessed are they that do his commandments that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." He went to Kirkwood in the afternoon, where he held his last service. He was at the preacher's meeting Monday and was chosen to preach the annual Thanksgiving sermon on Thursday of the following week. This writer was chosen as his alternate. Tuesday evening he had a severe chill, the beginning of pneumonia, which ended his life Monday morning, the 26th, at 4 o'clock.

My house was near the bishop's home. At daylight Fielding, the bishop's son, called to tell the sad news. I went immediately to the house of mourning. Miss Marcia, the eldest daughter, met me weeping, and said:

"Brother Godbey, this is so strange." "Is it strange a man should die?" I said. "No, no," she replied, "but strange he should die so soon." "Was he not naturally of feeble constitution?" I asked. "Yes." "Did he not live longer than the average term of life?" "Yes." This may have seemed cold, but in the tempest of sorrow that sweeps over our spirits, when our best beloved are taken from us, we can best stay ourselves by viewing calmly the facts which bring our own experiences to the level of all the millions of earth who are one with us in this affliction of bereavement. Seeing how we are only borne downward upon the current of God's immutable laws, and confessing those laws ever wise and gracious, we say with resignation, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

On Thursday, November 29, at the hour that Bishop Marvin was to preach our Thanksgiving sermon, Bishop McTyeire preached his funeral at Centenary church.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### At Page Avenue.

The St. Louis Conference for 1879 was held at Fredericktown. Bishop George F. Pierce presided. He was sixty-eight years old and had been bishop twenty-five years. I was well acquainted with Bishop Pierce; had often heard him preach, and seen him direct the business of conferences. He was a gentle spirited, brotherly man, who assumed no official airs. His exortations to devotion voiced his own experience and went to the hearts of the preachers. In his earlier ministry he was reckoned the most eloquent preacher in our church. His celebrated Bible speech, delivered in New York, was declared by Macauley the best specimen of English that he had ever seen from an American speaker or writer. His style would now be considered florid and rhetorical. In his later years he set less value upon oratory. But he was ever a great preacher. His thought was upon a high plane; his diction smooth and flowing, his manner graceful, and his sermons dealt with great themes and were inspired with the fervor of zeal and faith.

Dr. Alpheus W. Wilson, our missionary secretary, was there. His address and preaching

made a deep impression on the Conference. As a speaker he was slow in the beginning, and seemingly indifferent. But the logical movement and cumulative force of his thoughts soon riveted the attention of his hearers. As he developed his theme his fervor increased, but he ever seemed to have his thought upon his subject rather than his audience. In this respect his preaching was like that of Bishop Marvin. In his prime, and for many years, our church had no greater preacher than Wilson. He was elected to the episcopacy in 1882, and no one has filled the episcopal office more satisfactorily.

I was appointed from this Conference to Page Avenue Church, St. Louis. Benjamin F. Key, son of Bishop Key, had served the charge the year before. His Conference report was twenty members; paid preacher $50; value of church property $500. Of the members, all were Sunday School children but four. The house of worship was a board chapel, on a leased lot, two blocks west of Grand Avenue. It was reckoned an important mission field, but I had gone out there a few months before, when Bishop Marvin preached, and the evening was fair, and found only seventeen hearers.

The city people are shy of a mission movement. Who will carry the financial burden? It costs much to buy a lot and build a good church. The poor cannot do it. The rich are members of good churches, convenient enough. The

question of a new church is one of conquest for the Master—church extension. Will the men who have all they desire for themselves in their elegant churches lay their money on God's altar in erecting proper houses of worship, and supporting preachers of new congregations, solely to advance the cause of Christ? Fortunately for our Methodism in St. Louis there were such men in our church.

The Page Avenue appointment had a well concerted plan behind it. It was believed that I had the hearts of the people of First Church; that the sale of that property must come soon, and that it could be safely landed at Page Avenue, and so a great church would be built. Samuel Cupples and R. M. Scruggs agreed to aid my support by contributing $1,000. They were both members of St. John's Church.

I went to work at Page Avenue, feeling that I could plan for something worthy of my best efforts. The Sunday school was all we had—this, and a healthful, hopeful field for work. I changed the time of Sunday school to the afternoon, and had my quarterly conference elect R. M. Scruggs superintendent. He was already superintendent of the school at St. John's. He now added the Page Avenue school to his Sunday labors. He was a fine superintendent. Our people loved him for his self-denying service, and he loved the people. The school grew rapidly. Our chapel was spliced at one end to make room for our infant department. Mrs.

Seneca Taylor, an Episcopalian, had charge of it. A better teacher of little children, or a more conscientious one, I never knew. Once, during four years, she asked me to teach the lesson in her stead. She had found something in our lesson literature not in accord with Episcopalian views. She would not teach contrary to her creed, nor would she teach contrary to ours. So she was true to her conscience and to the trust she received from us.

A Baptist lady took a class of girls just beginning to be interested in society. Their former teacher, a very devout Christion, was wearied with their lightness and frivolity, and asked to be relieved of the class. The new teacher won, from the start, and presently had a model class, and the girls became thoughtful and prayerful. "How did you do that?" I asked. She scarcely knew, but told me it was her custom to invite all her class, occasionally, to spend an evening with her, and after some social entertainment, she took the girls into a private room and said, "I hope you have all had a pleasant evening, and I am so glad you came. Kneel down now, and let us all pray." They knelt in a circle around her. She made a short prayer, and, putting her hand on the one next her said, "Dear, won't you pray?" The young lady made a sentence prayer, and she said, "All pray just a sentence or two." They did so, every one. The young ladies loved this teacher most devotedly. She was a beautiful

woman, dressed well, and was in every way attractive. There was much in all that for the girls. I have observed that for young men or women a teacher should be a model of manly or womanly character and bearing. This teacher moved to Springfield, Mo. She wrote me from time to time asking about her class, and if any of them had joined the church. It is this heart devotion that makes a successful teacher.

Miss Clara Mulford was a poor girl who walked two miles to Sunday school. She taught a class of boys who were nearly grown. She was intelligent and capable, and deeply concerned for the salvation of the boys. They were careless and sometimes rude, and seemed to receive little impression for good. But all were won at last. Clara was absent one Sunday. I went to learn the cause. She was sick. In a few days she died. All our church mourned her loss. The funeral was from the church. Six of her class served as pall bearers. It was then that her love for them, and her faithful teaching went to their hearts. Most of them were converted and became Christian men.

During the winter of 1879 the great evangelist, Dwight L. Moody, came to St. Louis, in response to a general invitation from the preachers, to hold a series of meetings. He brought with him Ira D. Sankey, to lead the singing. It was agreed, on Mr. Moody's suggestion, to divide the city into five districts, select the most

eligible church in each district and hold meetings a week in each. The pastors of the district should suspend their week-night meetings, but their Sunday services should not be interrupted. People outside the district would not be expected to attend. Tickets would be given members. The number attending should be limited so as not to crowd out the unconverted. The preachers were expected to attend all the meetings. Seekers after salvation would be met at the close of each service in a separate room to which only two or three persons from each church, such as the pastors should appoint, would be admitted. Penitents and inquirers after salvation need judicious helpers.

I attended nearly all the meetings. I need not describe the person or the style of preaching of Dwight L. Moody, nor the magnificent and magnetic singing of Ira D. Sankey. The size of the place of worship determined the size of the congregation. Moody's sermons were not extemporized. He had preached them often before. They were arrows which he had learned to aim well. There was always an extempore element in the sermons, a freedom and readiness to seize any circumstance of the hour which might aid the preacher's purpose. His eye and thought were always on the audience. He spoke to the people, never simply before the people. He was not a declaimer. He had the courage and commanding tone of one who felt that he had a message from God, and should

give account to Him. He believed the Bible to be the revelation of God's will concerning men, showing them the way of life; and that God will verify the word by the power of the Holy Ghost.

Moody was not sensational. He drew his messages direct from God's word and aimed them point-blank at the consciences of his hearers. He had no arts of oratory, affected no graces of speech, and, since he presented no performance he challenged no criticism. The distinctive characters of the man were fervor, faith and common sense.

Moody was more interesting in the inquiry-room than in the pulpit. It was in the inquiry-room especially, that his common sense was tested in his ability to separate the sheep from the goats, and to deal wisely with each. While most that came professing to seek spiritual counsel were sincere, not unfrequently one was encountered who was only seeking a pass at arms with the great evangelist—something to talk about. I heard him speak to a woman who pretended to be a seeker after divine light and grace. She at once attacked the church and the professors of religion. She said that the worst people she ever knew were church members who had cheated her out of all her property. She could not understand how there could be a just God in heaven who permitted such people to live. Mr. Moody replied: "You have just stated the only ground upon which any of us can hope for salvation, the mercy of God, who

still spares us and offers salvation to people who deserve to be in hell." He spoke to a man who seemed to be merely a spectator: "Are you a religious man?" He said "Yes." "Then tell some of these people how to find Christ." The man said that he did not believe in Christ or the Bible. "How, then, do you make it out that you are a religious man?" The man said, "A man's views about religion constitute his religion. I have my views about religion as definite as yours, and so I am as religious as you." "Do you believe Webster's dictionary?" asked Moody. The man said, "Yes." Instantly came the answer, "Webster says that a man who does not believe the Bible is an irreligious infidel."

I purposed to put out a book of sermons from Mr. Moody with a sketch of his life. I had stenographic reports of all his sermons preached in St. Louis. I called on him that I might verify some statements about his history and work, and also to read to him something I had written. He said my reports were excellent, yet, as respected his personal feelings, he preferred that nothing should be published. It was a great trial to an evangelist, he said, to have his sermons published and read before hand. "I cannot prevent that," he said, "but there are always things published which I, at least, did not mean to say, and ought not to have said. That will be the case with a man who extemporizes largely, and speaks under the

influence of great fervor. I have intended preparing some of my best sermons for the press when I can no longer deliver them effectively from the pulpit. I would rather represent myself in the publication of them. They ought to be corrected and revised." I told Mr. Moody that, in deference to his feelings, I would abandon my plan of publishing a book.

I may introduce in this place the history of a remarkable conversion which resulted from the Moody meetings.

A noted criminal, in the solitude of his cell, was brought to Christ by reading one of the great evangelist's sermons.

The Globe-Democrat published Mr. Moody's sermons in full each day. Christian workers distributed these papers in the hospitals and prisons.

Miss Julia Ordes, a member of the First Methodist Church, South, a teacher in the public school, took a bundle of the papers to the jail, containing Moody's sermon of the night before. The subject of the sermon was in big headlines, "The Conversion of the Philippian Jailer." One of the prisoners, as he took the paper, said: "I have a jailer that ought to be converted; I believe I will read this." When he laid the paper aside he said, "That jailer did not have the same sort of prisoner that mine has."

One day as I sat in my office a stranger entered and introduced himself as Valentine Burke. He was a stout Irishman, with short mustache,

short black hair and hardy, resolute face. He had lost the lower part of one ear, bitten off in a fight as I afterward learned.

"I am just out of jail," he said, "and I want to find a Christian minister who will give me advice."

I told him I was willing to help him if I could. Mr. Burke then gave me the history of his life.

He had been left an orphan at an age too young to remember. When a small boy an Irish family had brought him to America. They settled in the west part of the state of Missouri. The man bought a farm and some slaves. Valentine worked with the negroes on the farm and fared as they fared. He wanted to go to school, but his master would not send him. When seventeen he ran away, at night. He had no money and from the first day he was out stole food on which to subsist. He got used to stealing and found he could live by it. From that time he had always been a thief, though claiming to follow various employments here and there. He had served two terms in the penitentiary in New York, and one in the penitentiary of Missouri.

A man had been arrested in St. Louis for stealing watches. Burke was arrested as an accomplice, for the stolen property was found in his possession. They two were partners in the theft, but the other man alone entered the house. At the trial the man who entered the house was identified by the family from whom

the property was taken, and they testified that there was but one man in the house. A recent ruling of the Supreme court that stolen goods in a man's possession was not prima facia evidence of theft caused Burke, contrary to his own expectation, to be set free.

Burke then told how he had been converted in jail by reading Mr. Moody's sermon on the conversion of the Philippian jailer. He said he had told no one that he was converted. He thought they would not believe it, but think that he was trying to practice "the pious dodge," as he expressed it. But he had read the Bible a great deal in jail. His talk proved it. He knew more about the New Testament than most Christians. He wanted to join the Church and lead a Christian life.

Dr. Wesley G. Miller had charge of First church. I directed Burke to Dr. Miller. The doctor encouraged him and on the following Sunday baptized him and received him into the Church.

Day by day Burke sought employment in St. Louis. The knowledge that he had been, all his life, a thief barred every place.

"Will you be security for him?" men would ask me as I went round trying to help him. "No," I would answer. "No; he has always been a thief, but I believe him genuinely converted, and if I had business would risk him and give him a chance."

Weeks passed in this way, and no one would

employ Val. Burke. The poor man was homeless, and, it seemed, friendless among hundreds of professed Christian people. He often passed a day with only a single meal. Ways of crime were open to him. Old associates in crime would have given him a home, but he steadfastly refused to go back to his old associates and ways.

Burke's faith was severely tried. He said he thought Christian people would help him. I told him they were afraid of him, and he should not blame them. When they began to trust him their conduct would change. At length Dr. Miller took Mr. Burke to his home, and for a month he remained there. He told me how strange he felt when the preacher handed him the Bible and told him to read a lesson and lead the family prayer. After a few weeks Mr. Burke got employment in a slaughter house in North St. Louis.

A month later he gave up the work. He had been paid $24 a month, and had paid $20 a month for board. He said his clothes were being spoiled, so that he would soon have nothing fit to wear to church, and he could not save money at his job to buy new clothes. So the effort to find employment was renewed. It was the same experience as before. Good men made some small contribution to help him, but would not employ him. At length he received a letter from a police officer in New York, who knew him and his history, telling him if he

would come to New York he would employ him on the park police.

It was not difficult to raise money to send him away. But he soon came back, and this was the story he told: When he arrived in New York he was taken to the police headquarters to be sworn in. In the oath he was required to swear that he had never been imprisoned for crime. He refused to swear a lie. The officer who had sent for him called him a fool, and offered to set him up in the saloon business. He refused this, and his friend gave him some money and told him if he was practicing Christianity, St. Louis was a better place for him than New York.

Burke returned to St. Louis and once more made an unsuccessful effort to find employment.

One day while speaking of him to Samuel Cupples, a member of the St. John's Methodist Church, Mr. Cupples said: "Bring him to my office tomorrow."

When Mr. Cupples met Burke he said: "You must leave the country and go where you have never been heard of and go to work."

New Mexico was suggested. The man insisted that he needed the church and Christian people, but agreed to go, and Mr. Cupples gave him money for the trip.

Burke soon wrote to us from New Mexico that he was clerk in a hotel, and doing well, and that there was a church and a good preacher at

the place. Thus matters went on for some months. At length a letter came from Burke telling us that an ex-convict, who knew him, had come to the hotel, and that as there were still rewards out for him for safe-breaking in California and many Californians were in those parts, he should leave the place that night and report later.

The next report was from Kansas City. Burke was again clerk in a hotel, and all was pleasant. All of his letters to us were in the most sincere religious tone. Was he playing off on us? While there was nothing to suggest suspicion, yet the case was so extraordinary that it seemed best to be cautious. At length Walter Douglass, Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, who already knew much of the case, was called in and consulted.

It was resolved, if Valentine Burke had all this time stood true to his Christian profession, to help him to a better place. Mr. Cupples therefore directed Douglass to go to Kansas City, satisfy himself in regard to the man's conduct, and if he deemed him entirely trustworthy, bring him back to St. Louis.

The sequel of all was that Burke returned with Mr. Douglass; whereupon Mr. Cupples, Richard M. Scruggs and Sam Kennard took him to Sheriff Mason and asked him to put him in service as a deputy. This was done and through all succeeding changes of incumbents of the sheriff's office Burke still kept his place.

He was made a class leader in the First Methodist Church, married Miss Julia Ordes and lived a faithful Christian life until God called him home in 1895.

As an illustration of the manner in which Mr. Cupples sought to establish Burke in the respect and confidence of the church people, we may relate how, soon after his return from Kansas City, he invited him to dine with the preachers at his tent at Marvin camp-ground, and always showed him the respect due a man of the best social standing. Burke referred to this kindness with tears of humble gratitude.

We have not known a more conspicuous example of the triumph of saving grace than the case of Valentine Burke.

After unexpected delays and difficulties, I was enabled to realize my plan of building a strong church at Page avenue. We had no financial resources in the charge and no promises or plans which I could announce to the public, only, I always declared that I was sure of success. We were waiting for developments at First Church. We expected to manage the sale and removal of First Church to our location. But this we did not tell; the plan as to First Church was a secret with us. The pastors who followed me there—E. M. Bounds, one year, and Dr. W. G. Miller, two years—were disposed to hold the church where it was. But after three years First Church was sold and located nine blocks from us and the issue was forced upon us of abandoning the field or raising the money to build. We did not hesitate long.

I prepared notes for a subscription to buy a lot and build a church two blocks distant, on Cook avenue. I need not detail the drudgery of going over the same field three times and to the same persons to get the money. The first round I got $6,000; the second, $30,000; the third, $75,000.

In the last round Samuel Cupples gave $10,000; R. M. Scruggs, $45,000; Mrs. Caroline O'Fallon, $5,000. Not more than $2,000 was raised from my own members. They were few and poor. Every dollar for the new church was raised when my term expired at Page Avenue. Thereafter, the charge appeared as Cook Avenue on the Conference minutes.

The location of First Church proved unwise. It never prospered. The foreign population increased about it, and it had not sufficient room. In 1909 it was sold and the congregation merged with that of Cook Avenue and the name of the church was changed to Scruggs Memorial First Church. This event proved the wisdom of our plans thirty years before. It was the opposition of Dr. McLean that defeated our original scheme. Though he had yielded to my plea for putting Jamison and Cupples on the board of trustees of the old First church, yet he managed to control the Quarterly Conference against their plans, and when the church was sold succeeded in locating it at Twenty-ninth and Dayton streets. But McLean did not long support the church here. He withdrew from us and joined the M. E. Church.

## CHAPTER IX.

### The Wars of the Lord.

In the progress of my history in the church militant I now enter upon a chapter which may well be denominated "The Wars of the Lord."

For many years Logan D. Dameron had been an honored and influential member of our church in St. Louis. He was a man of fine personal appearance and address, intelligent, rich and liberal. Mr. Dameron became involved in charges which eventuated in his expulsion from the church.

Succeeding this expulsion, which came only after years of agitation, there was a complication of decisions and rulings of the bishops quite unique and inharmonious in character, which may be stated briefly as follows:

Mr. Dameron was expelled from St. John's church, St. Louis, November 27, 1874. On receiving sentence of expulsion he gave notice, in due form, of an appeal to the Quarterly Conference of said church, to meet December 19. During the pendency of his appeal, on December 13th, he applied for membership at our Chouteau Avenue Church, F. A. Owen, pastor, and was received as a member *de novo,* by assuming the prescribed vows.

Mr. Dameron was, financially, an important acquisition to Chouteau Avenue Church. He was promptly put in charge of the Sunday school, for which he was well fitted. As superintendent of the Sunday school he was, ex officio, a member of the District Conference. On the 10th of June, 1875, Mr. Dameron appeared in the District Conference of St. Louis district, held at Manchester, claiming membership. Bishop J. C. Keener, presiding, denied his right to a seat, on the ground that he was not a legal member of the church. After this the presiding elder of the St. Louis district entered complaint against Rev. F. A. Owen, charging him with maladministration in receiving Mr. Dameron into the church unlawfully. The case came before the Annual Conference, which convened at Salem, Mo., September 22, 1875. The committee of three, to whom the complaint was referred, reported, "No trial necessary." As one of the committee, I dissented and presented a minority report in harmony with the facts before stated, and propounded to the chair certain questions to call forth the bishop's interpretation of the law. The questions and answers were as follows:

*Ques.* Can anyone who has been expelled from the church by due process of law, and who has formally given notice of an appeal to the Quarterly Conference, be restored to membership in the church during the pendency of such appeal?

*Ans.* He cannot be; for an appeal of which due notice has been given may only be terminated at the Quarterly Conference to which the appeal was made.

*Ques.* Can anyone who has been expelled from the church be restored without confession of the offense for which he was expelled, except as in cases provided for in the Discipline, sec. 3, page 152, par. 5, when the Quarterly Conference becomes satisfied that the expelled person is innocent of the crime charged against him?

*Ans.* He can not, for a confession of anything else would not be a satisfactory evidence of repentance in the sense of the Discipline.

*Ques.* Can one expelled from the church be restored to its membership except in the way provided in the Discipline for the restoration of a member? (Sec. 3, chap. 7, par. 5.)

*Ans.* No; for one who has been expelled from the church by due process of law can only be restored by the Quarterly Conference of the society which expelled him.

May 26, 1876, Mr. Dameron appeared in the St. Louis District Conference, held at First Church, Bishop E. M. Marvin presiding, and claimed a seat as a delegate-elect, but was excluded by the bishop, who ruled as Bishop Keener had done the year before.

June 26th, 1876, Dr. A. T. Scruggs, presiding elder, in the Quarterly Conference of Chouteau Avenue Church, ruled that L. D. Dameron was not a member of that body. Appeal was taken

from this ruling to the bishop presiding at the next Annual Conference.

The Annual Conference convened at Washington, Mo., September 6, 1876, Bishop H. N. McTyeire presiding. The appeal involved two points: (1) The right of the presiding elder to exclude Mr. Dameron from the Quarterly Conference. (2) Was there just ground for such exclusion?

Upon the first point the bishop justified the presiding elder as acting clearly within his right and duty as the law officer of the Quarterly Conference to interpret and enforce the constitution governing the membership of the body.

On the second point—the legality of Mr. Dameron's membership in the church—I summarize from a copy of the decision before me:

The plea of Chouteau Avenue Church, in the appeal, that Mr. Dameron's case was not legally adjudicated by St. John's could not be allowed. Such a plea could only be considered on an appeal to the Quarterly Conference of St. John's. The church does not permit the restoration of an expelled member in any other way but as provided for by the rule of restoration. Any other way of renewing membership of one who has been found guilty of crime by a lawful court is illegal.

Having made these points the bishop proceeds:

"It may appear that I have laid the founda-

tion for the same conclusion as that which has been reached by some for whose judicial wisdom and purity the greatest deference is justly entertained, but I have felt obliged to come to a different conclusion.

"Irregularity of administration, though it may deserve correction and even rebuke in the administrator, does not, necessarily, work invalidity in his acts. The Episcopal College has adopted and published the following general principle:

" 'When it is decided that a pastor has been guilty of maladministration in receiving or expelling a member contrary to rule, this decision has the effect of restoring the expelled member, but not of excluding the member so received.'

"The decision on the second point of the appeal is:

" 'It appears as matter of fact, that L. D. Dameron was received into the communion of the church and readmitted to its privileges and sacraments by the pastor of Chouteau Avenue Society.'

"For any irregularities or breach of rule that occurred, the pastor is accountable to the Annual Conference which has jurisdiction over his life an official administration; but by the transaction L. D. Dameron did acquire membership.

"Therefore, the decision of the presiding elder, ruling him out of the Quarterly Conference, is not sustained."

Bishop McTyeire's decision in the Dameron case called forth a volume of discussion. More than one bishop dissented from it. The ablest men of the church attacked it. Dr. A. T. Bledsoe gave thirty-six pages to a review of it in the January number of the Southern Review for 1877. The students of our church history will search for it in vain in the chapter of our Discipline entitled, "Decisions of the Bishops." The College of Bishops never went to record on it.

Bishop McTyeire, in traversing the views and rulings of Bishops Keener and Marvin, took the ground, and rightly, that no Episcopal decision had been registered in the case—that a District Conference is not a sphere of Episcopal authority. The president, bishop, or presiding elder is called upon to determine the constituency of the body. But the rulings of the president of a District Conference can not come up for review at the General Conference or before the College of Bishops.

Bishop McTyeire's decision, so far from ending the strife, gave it a fresh impetus. Mr. Dameron took his letter from Chouteau Avenue Church and attempted to return to St. John's. Dr. J. W. Lewis, the pastor, refused to receive the letter. If Mr. Dameron had no *dejure* membership he had no legal rights. After this Mr. Dameron attended the pew sale and bid off a pew in St. John's, but the stewards refused to take his money and confirm the sale.

After this he came, bringing a camp stool, and perched upon it at the head of the aisle.

The Conference of 1877 brought the election of delegates to the General Conference. The laymen elected R. A. Hatcher and Rev. John Hogan, local preacher. They elected Mr. Dameron alternate. By agreement Mr. Hatcher remained at home and Mr. Dameron went. The Conference was at Atlanta. Mr. Dameron's right to a seat was challenged. He had not been a member of our church six years, since his membership was broken. The Discipline stated that a lay delegate to the General Conference must be one who has been six years a member of our church. The committee on his case reported the law indefinite; it did not read, "Six years next preceding his election." They recommended that Mr. Dameron be allowed a seat, and that the law be amended, as indicated. It was so done.

Such were the legal stages of this remarkable case. But when all the legal stages were past, there was no abatement of strife.

But what is the significance of this case as respects my own course and work?

Mr. Dameron was all this time, and from the inception of this trouble, publisher and virtual owner of the St. Louis Christian Advocate, the organ of five Conferences. Dr. D. R. McAnaly was its editor—a very able man. He was Mr. Dameron's defender. This situation explains Mr. Dameron's strength in all this great strug-

gle. Mr. Dameron held the paper under lease, employed and paid the editor. He used the paper as his personal organ for his own defense, and assailed in its columns those whom he regarded as his enemies. Leading men in all the Conferences of Missouri believed the solution of the trouble to be the starting of a new paper. Bishop Marvin strongly advocated this before his death. The church in St. Louis had suffered much from the strife. The minutes will show that from 1870 to 1882 it had gained but twenty-eight members.

In the latter part of September, 1882, I was invited by Samuel Cupples and R. M. Scruggs to an interview. My views were asked in regard to starting a new paper, and the manner of conducting it. I gave it as my opinion that a new paper that would bury the strife of fifteen years past, deal with all the preachers as true and faithful brethren, set forward the practical work of the church, and labor in the interest of love, hope, and enthusiasm, would compel the other paper to the same course or drive it from the field. This view was accepted and, then and there, I was requested to enter upon the publication of such a paper, entirely under my own control as editor and business manager. Mr. Scruggs would pay all dues weekly. The paper should never make a debt. I should be paid $1,500 salary and own one-third of all property acquired. The first issue of the

paper bore the date October 7, 1882, and bore the title "The Southwestern Methodist."

Thus "The Southwestern Methodist" was launched for the express purpose of bringing peace, by the work of peace, forcing Mr. Dameron to forget the things which were behind or to quit the field. My personal relations with Mr. Dameron had always been friendly and pleasant, and such they ever remained. He was treasurer and I secretary of our Conference Board of Missions. Mr. Dameron came round to headquarters of the new paper and said if it had as much brains back of it as money it would succeed.

## CHAPTER X.

### The Southwestern Methodist.

On entering upon the task of editing a new church paper, I was aware that I had reached an epoch in my history as a preacher. I loved to preach; loved pastoral work, and had an inviting field before me in the ministry. In my new sphere of labor my mind would be directed more to general church problems and activities along our whole battle line, and to the movements of all the sister churches, as also to the organized agencies which oppose the church's progress.

If there be need of church papers it is that they may be faithful observers and monitors to keep all the local societies of the church, and the individual members, informed of the general plans and progress of the great army to which they belong. There is inspiration for the weakest in the sense of fellowship with a mighty moving host, and participation in achievements which attract the attention of the world. The garrison, shut up to routine duty, month after month, is saved from demoralization by knowledge of the fact that it is part of a national army and of a mighty world power. The church paper is the organ of information,

inspiration, and direction of the militant hosts of Zion. It is essential to connectional sympathies, and harmony of movement in the church. One church paper, wisely directed, is mightier than many pulpits for advancing the cause of religion.

I accepted the work of an editor, following, as I believed, the leadings of Providence, to render to the church the best service which the existing conditions offered to my hands. I was aware that I had to forego the closer fellowship of the pastorate, and, in this case, at least, to meet with criticism and opposition from some good brethren. The movement was undertaken by men who were willing to make a liberal contribution of means for the securing of peace and unity in the church. This movement entrusted to my hands, I felt that I had accepted a great task and a great responsibility.

I have never had a goal before me in serving the church, so far as respects position and honor, or reward. I have held all needful service of the church alike honorable if God's spirit guides it through a pure conscience. Distribution of honors on account of talents and salaries is wrong. It belies the preacher's profession. It weakens the church in the work of the Master. It brings us into condemnation before God. To serve where needed, and to obtain from our Leader the "Well done, good and faithful servant," is the only aim becoming

one who, at the call of God, has renounced the world to serve Him.

I was sole editor and business manager of the Methodist. During the first four years I was also pastor, serving Page Avenue Church, Chouteau Avenue and Kirkwood. I have already spoken of the building of Cook Avenue, now the Scruggs Memorial First Church, as the outcome of the work at Page Avenue. At Chouteau I put the property on sale, and opened a mission Sunday school near Lafayette Park, and began the movement for the Lafayette Park Church. This church was built by the Church Extension Society of the city, and a salary of $2,500 a year secured from the other churches for a pastor. Dr. Werlein was brought from New Orleans to this charge and a self-sustaining work established in four years. At Kirkwood our people had built a nice frame church on a beautiful lot. They had failed to pay for it, surrendered it for debt, and had built a chapel on a small lot. I recovered the church, paid off the debt, fitted up the house and reoccupied it the first year. I moved my family to Kirkwood and served the church two years. After this my work was confined to the paper alone, but I resided still at Kirkwood. Life was idyllic for us there. The people had sought, in that sweet suburb, quiet and rural beauty, and escape from the city's excitements and seductions. The business of the men was in the city. Little work was done in the town.

We called Kirkwood "The Saint's Everlasting Rest." There were no theaters and saloons were excluded by the charter. Most of the people belonged to the church. There were good schools, and I could say, as Job of old, "The Almighty was yet with me and my children were yet about me." The names of Buckner, Hughes, Wilson and Evans, pillars in the church at Kirkwood, are very dear to my memory. Now, the frame church which we bought back has been supplanted by an elegant structure of stone, and there is scarcely a more inviting pastorate in the St. Louis Conference. The people are refined, true-hearted and friendly. When I revisit, as I do, sometimes, this suburb, with so many beautiful homes, lovely lawns and flowers, with its long maple avenues and reaches of concrete walks, I am almost led to exclaim, "O that I were as in the years past."

In addition to pastoral work, in connection with editorial service, I wrote, during these four years, two books: "The Methodist Church Member's Manual," five editions of which I sold. Then the copyright was bought by J. Edgar Wilson, of Baltimore. He sold it to our publishing house at Nashville. It has been used in our Epworth League reading course, and has still a good sale. I also wrote, for a subscription book company, "Light in Darkness, or Missions and Missionary Heroes," a book of 760 pages, illustrated.

Fifty thousand copies of this book were sold in three years.

I traveled extensively in the interest of the Methodist. My first trip was to the Western Conference at Fairview, Kansas, with Bishop Wilson, in the fall of 1883.

"The Western Conference" is a name which has figured in our Methodist history with varying meanings. Once it meant everything west of the Alleghenies. There was, in this vast region, a Western district, we believe, of which William McKendree, afterwards bishop, was presiding elder. In 1808 he rode on horseback from the Cumberland Mountains, in Kentucky, to Kaskaskia, Illinois, crossed the Mississippi in a canoe, carried his saddlebags on his shoulder, and walked forty miles into the wilderness to hold a quarterly meeting on Meramec circuit.

When Kansas was opened to settlement our church established a Western Conference, including first, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and New Mexico. At the time of which I write Kansas constituted the Western Conference. It had but three districts, Atchison, Fort Scott and Council Grove. There were thirty-three appointments the previous year. The Conference was at Fairview Church, a little frame building on a wide prairie, as lonely to view as "a lodge in a garden of cucumbers." My host was H. H. Adams. He entertained nine preachers. Most of the members of the Con-

ference were entertained miles distant from the church. Of course the house was crowded at every service. The people brought their dinners. I never heard Bishop Wilson do better preaching. The Conference reported 2,729 members, a loss of 130. It was resolved that a general missionary was needed to do pioneer work in new towns.

Today we have but a fragment of work in Kansas attached to the Southwest Missouri Conference. The Kansas Conference of the M. E. Church, South, has "gone glimmering through the dream of things that were." There has been much waste of money and work. More good would have come of leaving the field to the M. E. Church and keeping out of their way. But many of our Southern Methodists were too much prejudiced against the M. E. brethren to join them. It was our fault that such prejudice existed. We should have taught our people better.

In November, 1883, I attended the Arkansas and White River Conferences. I find in the "Methodist" this incident of the trip as I passed from Little Rock to Fort Smith:

"Just behind me in the next seat is a colored theological student on his way to a Congregational college. A Catholic priest is trying to proselyte him. Just now he is asking, 'How old is the true church of Christ?' 'More than eighteen hundred years old,' answers the negro. 'How old is the reformation begun by Luther

which formed the Protestant church?' 'Less than four hundred years.' 'Then how can any Protestant church, which began to exist fourteen hundred years after the true church was established, represent the true church?' The negro was posed. We are reminded of one who met the dilemma more successfully: 'Where was your religion before the days of Luther?' asked a Catholic priest of a Protestant preacher. 'Where was your face before it was washed?' was the reply. Repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ stand through all changes; and to meet these conditions is to enter into spiritual fellowship with God and the community of saints. Traditions, needless ceremonies, priestly assumptions, are the dirt with which the church had obscured the clear vision of Christ before Luther's day, and his work was casting these things aside—washing the dirt from the face of the church."

The Arkansas Conference was held at Clarksville. The "Southwestern Methodist" was favorably received, and Rev. John W. Boswell elected assistant editor. He represented the work without salary; also James A. Anderson became, from that time, a valued correspondent. Dr. Boswell was afterward appointed assistant editor of the Nashville Advocate. Later he edited the Western Methodist, at Memphis; still later, the New Orleans Advocate. In all that he said or wrote Boswell was cautious, precise and correct. He kept strictly within the

old landmarks, and was impatient with men who transgressed them. He garnished the sepulchres of the prophets. Bishop McTyiere asked me, "Who will be an industrious and safe man to assist in editing the Christian Advocate?" "John W. Boswell, of the Arkansas Conference," I replied. I soon received notice from the bishop of Boswell's election. I immediately sent Dr. Boswell a note of congratulation, which he said was the first knowledge he received of the matter.

I visited the Texas Conference in 1884. November 6th found me at Waco. I had traveled a night and a day from St. Louis. As soon as I had secured a room at the hotel, brethren came to urge that I speak on Church Extension, as the secretary had failed to come. I told them I had never spoken on the subject in my life, but they still persisted. I then promised to talk if Dr. Horace Bishop and another brother would follow. I found a packed house and the president of the society introduced me as the speaker of the evening, not suggesting any other. The situation was desperate. I had heard David Morton talk about the gospel concreted in brick and mortar. That served for a beginning. So I set out "in fear, and weakness, and much trembling." In about ten minutes, in the crisis of my effort, the fire bells and scream of steam whistles burst forth, and we supposed the world was on fire in the vicinity of Waco. The congregation began to

pour out of the church. I told them all to go, and they went. What a deliverance from the necessity of any deliverance on my part! What was the matter? We saw no flames ascending, no glare on the sky. Grover Cleveland was elected president of the United States. Every city in our Southland was rejoicing at that hour.

Bishop McTyiere presided at the Conference. The opening ceremonies had been programmed by the local church, and Mayor J. S. Wilks delivered the address of welcome. It was in the best type of that ornate rhetoric which Southern people have always taken for eloquence:

"If this day, there had come to this beautiful city of Waco, a regiment of soldiers, powder-grimed and battle-scarred in the wars of this nation, the flags would be floating from all these stately buildings, and our whole population would be lined up on the streets to do honor to the defenders of our country. But here is a band of soldiers who have fought nobler battles—battles which called for a nobler courage, and upon which the welfare of our country more truly depends. Shall we not welcome them with warmer feelings of admiration and gratitude? Bishop McTyiere, we welcome you, we welcome this Conference, to the confidence and love of our hearts, the hospitality of our homes, and to this, our loved city of Waco."

Bishop McTyiere's reply was in striking contrast. He slowly lifted up his ponderous per-

sonage, and with slow and ponderous voice, replied:

"We feel very welcome in the city of Waco. I do not think the Methodist preachers will hang down their heads in any city in Texas. They did not build your railroads, they did not throw that bridge across the Brazos, they did not construct these piles of brick and mortar, but their work brought you a good population, and made possible your material prosperity. You can not afford not to make them welcome. If you had no interest to serve but such as money represents, you could not afford not to welcome these servants of God. I understand that there was a tremendous fall in real estate in the city of Sodom the very day that Lot went out of it." Turning the current of his thought, the bishop continued: "I am glad to be at Waco again, and I was glad when I learned that I would be entertained in the same home in which I was a guest years ago. As I passed up the broad walk to the stately mansion, the lawn, the shrubbery, the house seemed as I remembered them. But what I remembered most I missed. I missed at the door the hand-clasp of my old host. Dear, noble man! He has entered into rest. His wife, with gentle, chastened spirit bade me welcome. Sweet and sad are the memories of the past."

Of course, I only indicate the matter, mood, and method of the bishop's speech, as I now condense it from notes in the Methodist. I

often reported Bishop McTyiere—never stenographically, but from memory—and he was kind enough to tell me he never had so satisfactory a reporter.

November 13th we were at Sulphur Springs, Northwest Texas Conference. Here a somewhat interesting case developed. Rev. L. L. Pickett, a sprightly and earnest young preacher, was reported by his presiding elder as having done satisfactory work; but as he had declared that if ordained a deacon he would refuse to baptize by immersion, this might bar his election to deacon's orders. The bishop had Brother Pickett called, stated the case, and added that the point of difficulty, which Brother Pickett readily confirmed, would forbid his ordination. Brother Pickett answered to this effect: "I have strong conscientious convictions in the matter. I believe that baptism by effusion is alone indicated in the Word of God. It seems to me inconsistent that our church allows to the subject of baptism a liberty it denies the administrator. The candidate chooses effusion or immersion, according to his personal conviction, but the administrator, in thus accommodating the candidate, is supposed to have no convictions on the subject." Bishop McTyiere's reply was substantially this:

"We hold, as a church, the doctrine that the validity of baptism can not depend on the mode of administering it, and would so hold, by virtue of the principles involved, whatever might

be believed or proven as to the custom of Christians at any time in the history of the church. In the proper sense of being scriptural there is no exclusively scriptural mode of baptism. A theory on this side or that can not make the ordinance invalid for one who in true faith and repentance seeks thus to confess and seal his covenant relation to God. We open the door to all such, and can put no obstruction in the way of their conscience. Neither can we waste time on non-essentials to argue the candidate into this or that way of thinking. This is the liberty we give the members, and we do it, and can do it, only on the ground that we, as teachers, stand above such low and inadequate views of baptism as to limit its validity by the mode of administration. If you were asking the place of a member in the church, we would not exclude you because of an unwise prejudice, but you are before us asking the place of a teacher. It is as a teacher that you are being examined. We think a teacher should have no convictions at all as to this matter, which would make mode in baptism a conscientious issue. Our church does not make it so, and we cannot authorize, as teachers, men who do make it so. It is exclusiveness as to mode, alone, that we hold to be unscriptural." The distinction between a member and a teacher being thus made clear, Brother Pickett's application for ordination was withdrawn. He thenceforward devoted himself to labor as a local Methodist preacher

in the evangelistic field, and his work is known generally throughout our church.

From Sulphur Springs we went to Longview to the session of the East Texas Conference. I had become familiar with the Texan's disposition to boast of his state. Though the state is five times as large as most other states, they simply think of its aggregate products and resources in comparison with others, and so deem it the richest and greatest of all. I had an elegant home at Longview, and soon observed how my hostess was trying to draw me out in compliments on Texas. I was very reserved and prepared for an attack. I quietly gathered my material. I said the butter was elegant and asked where she got it. She said it was shipped from the North. The ham I observed was fine and asked where it came from. She answered, "From Missouri." I spoke of the large, beautiful apples and inquired where they were grown, and learned they were from Arkansas. I praised the bread and asked where they got the flour. It, too, came from Missouri. I went with the lady to church. As I sat by her, holding the hymn book, a horned lizard appeared suddenly on my arm and perched on the top of the book. With a fillip I sent it to the aisle. When we returned home I said to my hostess: "I have been over a large part of Texas and think I understand the country very well. You get your butter, ham, apples, flour and all the nice things you eat from the North. These

horned lizards you raise yourself." She said that she then saw that with all my compliments of her elegant table I was only trapping her, and was a treacherous guest.

I was at the Sherman District Conference in Illinois, with Bishop Granbery, March 22, 1885. A preacher's charge was called—preacher absent. A local preacher reported: "Work getting on badly; no growth; people discouraged." "What's the matter?" The brother hesitated. "Tell us where the trouble is," says the bishop. "I think it's in our preacher." "Well, what about your preacher?" "He's a young man; think's he's mighty popular; goes to picnics, barbecues, anywhere to make a speech. Leaves the nest; goes scratchin' round; the eggs get cold and won't hatch out." "That throws light on the situation," says the bishop.

The writer preached at night. A manager took up the meeting and carried it through the various approved manipulations—propositions to do this or that. Bishop Granbery responded to none of them. When we came away he referred to the fact, saying he wished Methodist preachers would quit such foolishness. "I could have responded to the propositions, of course, as any Christian could have done. I did not respond to them because they meant nothing, and especially because I meant to deny the right of the preacher to make them. The service would be more dignified and impressive without them."

At this point I will say that the distinctive feature of the Methodist movement was its insistance on a spiritual experience. Its tests of such an experience were severe—the strict rules which Wesley gave the United Societies, examination weekly in the class meetings, and, when the church was organized, the six months' probation, and the carefulness of the pastors to examine into the faith of applicants and their willingness to keep the rules of the church. None of these tests are now applied. Social influences are used to bring people into the church, more than in former time. There are, about all our churches, people who have good standing, socially, who would be welcomed into the church, without the least change of faith or general conduct, or spiritual experience. If they were zealous for the church, liberal in its support, and sought to bring others into it, as they were brought in, they would be counted valuable members. The mourner's bench and the inquiry room are things of the past. Entering the church is now much like enlisting in an army. Service is the ruling idea, not experience. Yet, the church, though its accretions of membership are less and less rapid, in comparison with past years, is still a rapidly growing power, not only in members, but more, in financial strength and social prestige. It is, by far, a greater social force than in the days of our fathers. It is a far greater force, also, in affairs of government. Its benevolent enter-

prises are greater, and its missionary activities in sending the gospel to the world abroad far surpasses those of any former age. The changes which have taken place in the church, and the work of the church since the days of our fathers, have been the natural results of the church's increase of power. We must recognize that the church must always begin in an earnest evangelism. The preacher without a church, or even a house of worship, proclaims the gospel of salvation to people who do not profess Christ. His message is to all alike: "Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." As a church is organized and develops the pastor must take the place of the evangelist. There are now many societies to establish and direct. Edification must follow conversion. The strong must be directed into ways of service, the sick and the weak and the poor must have careful ministering, and children must be taught. The individual church is an agency of far-reaching influence. In time, it has its representatives in the ministry, at home and abroad, in teachers, in public men, in noble women and pure homes. The church is the realization of the evangelist's hope. But the pastor is related to the evangelist as the commander of a regiment of soldiers is related to the recruiting officer. The pastor directs the organization committed to his care. The order and dignity of church forms are well designed for spiritual ends. They are safeguards against fanaticism.

A skilful pastor must know how to use them with effect, and carry through them all the fire of a fervent spirit, guarding against a cold formalism. But nothing is more unseemly than for a minister, in a well organized church, to push aside that which reason and sound judgment have established, even affecting rudeness in his manner and speech, trying to get back, as he claims, the "old-fashioned religion," in old-fashioned crudity and disorder. And, indeed, if the old-fashioned religion, the religion of people who had no prayer meetings or Sunday schools, was of the best type, then must we not conclude that the cause of true religion loses in all our increase of service and our so-called progress? But there are always perils to guard against. The evangelistic stage of the work had its enthusiasm—on occasions its fanaticism—and its animal magnetism, put off on the people as the work of the spirit. The keen and thoughtful eye discerned in it much that was superficial, and many shams. The stately church stage, on the other hand, must guard against the tendency to formalism, which lulls the spirit to sleep, and against the influences of wealth, and a refinement too fastidious, and hence exclusive. The church should lead forward in culture, but her work must still be directed to the needs and tastes of the people at large, and not typed to the taste of a select few.

In the fall of 1888 the Southwestern Methodist, having gotten a firm hold on the St. Louis

Conference, the stockholders deemed it advisable to extend its influence by moving it to Kansas City. There a larger stock company was organized to conduct it. The situation was more favorable for its circulation in the southwest part of Missouri and in Oklahoma, which was just then being opened to settlement. We established headquarters for the Methodist in the Y. M. C. A. building. We made our home at Independence, ten miles away, having direct connection with the office by street cars, which went every fifteen minutes. I was attached to Independence by old memories and it was a place of excellent moral tone.

I went down to Guthrie and assisted Rev. J. B. Stevenson in organizing our church there. We preached in a tent in a city where half the population were in tents. They had made a rush into the territory to secure claims, every one awake to the utmost to secure his own interest in a game of "catch as catch can." Some were expecting swift and sudden fortunes; some were already acknowledging defeat, and many wagons were on the road returning to the states.

Among the people who deemed themselves anchored as inhabitants of Guthrie were some who were desirous of providing a church, as soon as possible, seeking first the Kingdom of God. So we were able, in spite of mud and daily rain, to organize a promising class.

These were charter members of the First Methodist Church, South, built in the city soon after.

I attended the session of the Denver Conference held at Albuquerque, July 31, 1889. It was my first trip to the mountains, and I was minded to make it as much a matter of recreation as of business. I stopped first at Denver. The next morning I went round to the parsonage of our St. Paul's Church to call on the pastor. He and his family were away from the city and the house was closed. I found that even here, among the mountains, the preachers claim the privilege of a summer vacation. I asked a brisk man, who was passing by, if he knew anything about the preacher. "Are you a stranger here," he said. I replied in the affirmative. "Then you don't want to have much to do with churches and preachers, if you expect to get in with men who mean business." He seemed to me worldly wise and imbued with the prevailing sentiment of the place. My next stop was at Las Vegas. I found an elegant hotel at the Hot Springs and indulged myself for a few days in the luxury of the perfect rest and grand scenery which the place offered to soothe a weary man.

At Albuquerque I found Olin Boggess, a bachelor, in charge of our church. He was a university graduate, could have occupied the chair of Greek in any college, but was living alone in a little upper room, furnished with bed, table, three chairs and a cooking stove.

He did his own cooking to make salary and expenses meet. Such devotion to the Master's cause is very beautiful. But a rich church, which pays $5,000 salary to some of its pastors, and forces others to live on $300, does not please God, at least in its financial administration, and needs some new legislation for equalizing more nearly the support of its preachers. Our church is in a condition which should enable it to easily provide a minimum salary for its preachers, such as would supply their temporal needs and enable them far better to do the work assigned them.

Bishop Granbery had been assigned the Denver Conference in the plan of Episcopal Visitation, but the death of his daughter, Fay, prevented his coming, and Bishop Hendrix presided instead.

Much complaint was made by the preachers of the Conference about the prejudices which the work of the M. E. Church, South, had to encounter in that section. The people at large supposed the division which formed the M. E. Church and the M. E. Church South occurred during the war, and that the Church South was the outcome of the rebellion and represented its ideas and principles. At the suggestion of Bishop Hendrix, the Conference, by unanimous resolution, requested me to prepare for the use of our preachers in the west a statement in correction of such views. The outcome was a small book entitled, "Refutation of Erroneous

Views Respecting the M. E. Church, South." It is a fact which few of the Methodists, North or South, remember at this date, that, although the question of slavery was incidentally the cause of long strife and final division of the Methodist Episcopal Church, forming in 1844, the two general jurisdictions, the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church South, that, as respects the moral question of slavery, both parties continued to stand on the same ground, and both continued to hold slaves. In the division, certain congregations along the border, made by Mason and Dixon's line, which was, by action of the General Conference, the accepted line of division, voted to adhere to the M. E. Church, thus carrying a number of slaveholders into that communion. Even as late as 1860, on the eve of the war, the M. E. Church, in her General Conference held at Buffalo, made a vain attempt to amend her rule on slavery so as to exclude slave holders from her membership. The rule on the subject before division forbade "the buying or selling of men, women, or children with an intention to enslave them." This had generally been construed, before the division, to prohibit original purchase in the days of the slave trade, and not to the transfer of persons already in slavery. On this ground, especially, the Southern people stood, to whom the lot of slave-holding was a matter of inheritance. The M. E. Church held the rule unchanged, and many of their preach-

ers and members interpreted it as here suggested. But in 1860, the General Conference proposed to make the rule definite against holding slaves, by insertion of the word "holding." Here is the resolution:

"Resolved, By the delegates of the several Annual Conferences, in General Conference assembled, that we recommend the amendment of the General Rule on Slavery, that it shall read the buying, selling, or holding of men, women, or children, with an intention to enslave them."

A minority report was presented, opposing the measure, and setting forth the reasons at length for the opposition. On the ground of policy it argued that the amendment would greatly trouble their churches on the border, and trammel their work in the South, where they had already many churches. As to the principle involved, the report said:

"We have always taught, and still teach, that slave-holding for mercenary and selfish purposes is wrong, but we have never held that the relation of master to slave, when either necessary or merciful, is sinful." (General Conference Journal, p. 413).

The report asks, "Who has changed position on this subject? The border preachers have not. The change of ground is with those who ask for an altered Discipline—a new term of membership."

The vote on the Amendment stood 138 for

and 74 against it. A vote of two-thirds being required to change the rule, the measure was lost. (Journal, p. 245).

The M. E. Church really had slave-holders among her members as long as the church South did; which was as long as slavery existed in the United States.

Returning from Albuquerque I stopped a few days at Manitou and took a room at the Ruxton Hotel. The scenery at Manitou and the quietude of the place took hold of me with great power. The place then was not half so large as now. From the Ruxton to the Iron Spring I walked along a path under the pines. One easily found a retreat from the crowds in some quiet nook where the solitude was profound. At night the sobbing of the pines and the roaring Ruxton, rushing down from the mountain gorge, made weird and soothing music.

I met Dr. J. D. Barbee, our newly elected book agent, at Manitou. "Why did they elect you to manage our publishing house?" I asked. "My time was up at McKendree Church, and my friends wanted to give me a good place," he said, jocularly. "I told them I didn't know anything about the business, but they said the book committee would look after that, and I would make a good figurehead to go round to the Conferences and talk up the publishing interests." We went up to the top of Pike's Peak together. There was no cog-road on the Peak then. We went to Cascade and took a

carriage. From the hotel to the top of the peak is seventeen miles. They had mountain carriages made for the purpose, which took four or six persons, and were drawn by four horses to the Half-Way House, where we changed to a mule team. Mules were safer on the precipices. We left the hotel at eight o'clock, reached the summit at 2 p. m., spent an hour there, and returned to the hotel at six. It was a glorious day. At every turn some new and inspiring view opened on our vision, always grander as we mounted higher. I quoted more poetry that day than in any day of my life. Dr. Barbee kept me at it, and appeared to be an appreciative listener. It was surely a red-letter day in the lives of both of us.

On the mountain top a majestic view was presented. To the west we saw, far away, the Snowy Range; seventy miles north, Denver, and the mountains beyond; and, as far south, the Spanish peaks lifted their bald, brown heads against the sky. At the foot of the mountain lay Manitou, Colorado Springs, and beyond, eastward, the plain to the limit of the vision. Such views set one to moralizing. I thought of the pure souls that dwell upon the mountain tops of faith, so far above "the world's loud roar," and from their lofty station see, in proper perspective, the ambitious strife of the world for things of the world.

The following year I visited again the Denver Conference; chiefly that I might take my

daughter, Lizzie, to see the mountains. The Conference was at Trinidad, held by Bishop Key. Our home was with a brother whose name was Leonard. He had made a fortune at the cattle business and had retired to enjoy his wealth in that delightful climate and scenery. Mrs. Leonard told me how they had come to the country with a few cattle, just after the war; how she lived in a dug-out, kept a little grocery store, and sold her goods to the Mexicans, carrying a pistol in her belt for defense, while her husband was away with the cattle, and only came home for a day, every two weeks. It was hard to picture such an elegant lady enduring such privations. But the early settlers of the West have many romantic stories to tell us.

Overlooking the city of Trinidad is "Simpson's Rest," a mountain, quite precipitous, from the top of which one gets a fine view in every direction. The first white man, or one of the first, who came to this place was Simpson. Often the Indians sought his life. He would retreat to the top of this mountain, where, in hiding, he could always see his enemies approaching, and escape by going down on the opposite side. He loved this retreat that had so often save his life. Many whites had come to Trinidad before Simpson died, but he asked to be carried to the top of this mountain and buried. His coffin had to be lifted up the precipices, in places, by ropes. But the old

mountaineer was given his wish by having his grave where he had often sat under the pines and watched the Indians search for him. The people erected a monument on the spot and called the place "Simpson's Rest." Lizzie and I climbed to the place in company with some members of the Conference.

We went up to Manitou and spent several days visiting all the places of note thereabout. While on the summit of Pike's Peak there came the heaviest hailstorm known in the place for years. Hail fell in the valley to the depth of fourteen inches. On the mountain top we were in the sunshine, with the storm cloud two thousand feet below us. Its billows surged to and fro and it seemed a sea of silver. It shot up at times great columns, and the lightning played through it incessantly. The thunder rolling below sounded as if imprisoned in a cavern. We got a good photograph of the scene, which was, to us, unused to the mountains, very strange and sublime. Descending the mountain we drove into the storm. The darkness shut off everything on one side of the carriage. The wheels were only two or three feet from what seemed a bottomless abyss. On the other side we could see the bank, near enough, almost, to touch with our hands. The teamster drove in a trot. The road zig-zagged, turning back and forth to break the steep descent. The wheels slid at every turn and women in the carriage shrieked. My daugh-

ter laughed and clapped her hands, but she would not have laughed had she known the driver was drunk. None of us knew it. He was the last to leave the summit of the mountain. He had lost an hour and twenty minutes, and had to be in at the hotel at Cascade at 6 p. m. He made it in an hour and forty minutes, driving seventeen miles. He was discharged as soon as he got in. The drive seemed fearful to us, but we supposed it was the regular programme and that the driver knew his business, so we stood it bravely.

We took the train at Cascade for Colorado Springs. Just below Manitou we were stopped by a washout. We stayed on the train till omnibusses came from the Springs and brought us in, about midnight. The next day we started home and came into Independence without further incident. Lizzie and I greatly enjoyed the trip. There is a shadow upon it now, but it is a sacred memory.

The Southwestern Methodist was sold in the fall of 1890 to Revs. W. B. Palmore and J. W. Lowrance, who had bought the St. Louis Christian Advocate. They were both members of the Southwest Missouri Conference. The stockholders generously gave me all the stock. There were no debts on the paper. The price paid for it was $6,000, not including the outstanding accounts, which were also turned over to me. The paper had continued exactly eight years. I was at that time transferred from the

St. Louis to the Southwest Missouri Conference and appointed presiding elder of the Kansas City District.

I had been a member of the St. Louis Conference for twenty-nine years. On my transfer, the Conference adopted the following resolution:

"Whereas, The authoritative call of the church removes to another field of labor one of the charter members of the St. Louis Conference, Rev. J. E. Godbey, D. D., a brother beloved, a man of singular purity of life, of faithfulness in every department of ministerial work, an expositor of the truth of no mean degree; therefore,

"Resolved, That we part with him with genuine regret, and that, while we review with great satisfaction the admirable and consistent record which he has made with us, we congratulate our sister Conference on the accession to her ranks of a brother who will bear the yoke equally with his brethren, and seek among them naught that is inconsistent with honorable manhood and ministerial fidelity."

Signed: T. M. Finney, F. R. Hill, John Mathews, Henry Hanesworth, J. W. Lewis, R. F. Chew, C. L. Smith.

## CHAPTER XI.

### On the Kansas City District.

I was scarcely considered a transfer by the brethren of the Southwest Missouri Conference, for the St. Louis Conference had embraced all its territory during the first nine years of my ministry, and almost the entire territory of the Kansas City District had been embraced in my first circuit, and my father and brothers had spent most of the years of their ministry in this part of the state.

The Kansas City District embraced twenty pastoral charges, and these were manned by an unusually able corps of preachers, among them names which will abide in our church history. Dr. J. J. Tigert was at Walnut Street church, Dr. G. C. Rankin at Central, C. M. Bishop at Melrose, C. M. Hawkins at Independence, E. P. Ryland at Pleasant Hill, A. H. Barnes at Harrisonville, L. M. Philips at Blue Spring, L. B. Ellis at Oak Hill, and L. H. Davis at Lone Jack. The district work was comparatively easy, as I was able to return home for dinner after preaching from nearly all the churches, and could reach the farthest in three hours.

The order of the quarterly meeting services in the country charges was preaching Saturday

and Sunday, morning and evening, and quarterly Conference Saturday afternoon The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered at the Sunday morning service, and often a love feast was held in the afternoon.

I restored the Saturday morning service to the churches in the city, with good results. It was attended by old people from the different charges, and generally, by several of the preachers. There is much advantage to a preacher in being able to anticipate the character of his audience. Especially did these little gatherings of mature Christians invite me to speak of the deeper experiences of religion, and the hearers felt that they were directly addressed and their spiritual experiences recognized. No services were dearer to us than these held on Saturday morning.

Dr. Tigert could never preach a short sermon. He always had a subject calling for thought, and had always thought about his subject. When he began to preach at Walnut Street, his audiences were delighted with his great sermons, but he held them until almost one o'clock. The choir had arranged a service to suit themselves and occupied much time. Conditions were embarrassing to preacher and people. One Sunday morning, a few weeks after he came, when he arose to announce his text, the doctor said: "It now wants fifteen minutes of twelve o'clock. I have been delighted with the singing of the choir; nobody

enjoys singing more than I do; but I give you notice that when the choir has finished, you must listen to me for an hour." The choir abridged its performance thereafter.

Dr. G. C. Rankin was a nervous, positive, energetic, industrious man, who had convictions and stood by them. He was a fine preacher. He kept strictly to things accepted and approved. Of unquestioned orthodoxy he was a champion of the church's doctrines and polity. He did us good work in Kansas City, and left us, highly commended to the Sheran church, Houston, Texas. For many years Dr. Rankin has edited the Texas Christian Advocate and made it a power for the pulling down of the strongholds of political and civic corruption, and for the strengthening of every good cause. He is still in the zenith of his strength and influence. He needs no note of commendation from me.

Dr. C. M. Bishop was a flawless character, sound in judgment, faith and practice. A student, possessed of a logical mind and capable of clear statement. He was an excellent preacher and a faithful pastor. He has always filled important charges and has ever been worthy of the best. He is now president of the Southwestern University.

Dr. C. M. Hawkins was a pleasant mannered, obliging, brotherly man. He was simple and practical in thought, making large use of illustrations. He was above all a good pastor, very

busy and careful of details, gentle in spirit and ever ready to do a kindness. Hawkins was a man whom the people loved and trusted. He was strong, not by virtue of any distinctive gift, but by the combination of good abilities with good manners and a good heart. He went from Kansas City to serve our Trinity Church in Baltimore and for several years past has served leading churches in St. Louis. He is now presiding elder of the St. Louis District. His son, Robert, a little boy at the time of which I write, is now a preacher of marked ability.

E. P. Ryland had graduated from a military school and entered the ministry during my first year on the district. His station was Pleasant Hill. He was in every sense a man; dignified but easy in deportment, generous in spirit, brave, true, and honorable; earnest and fluent as a preacher; strong and logical in his thinking. No charge that Ryland ever served parted with him willingly. Because of ill health he was transferred to California and stationed at our leading church at Los Angeles. There was not a more popular preacher in the city, and he was chosen president of the Preachers' Association. At the end of his pastoral term, feeling that he needed still to remain in the city, he took charge of a mission church. He drew to it many influential Northern people. When his pastoral term expired he had a strong church. The time limit forced a sad separation. Brother Ryland was transferred

to Texas. But the church he had built up at Los Angeles, understanding that he was willing to return, went in a body to the M. E. Church, to be free of the time limit, and, after a year, Brother Ryland returned to them as their pastor.

A. H. Barnes was a sedate, clear-headed man, genial but of firm hand. He never failed to do well any work which the church committed to his care. He is today the presiding elder of Poplar Bluff District, St. Louis Conference.

L. M. Philips was a unique character. He carried a cup, marked, to measure the amount of water he drank; thought it essential to have the head of his bed to the north; drew up his shoulders and stretched his arms upward continually when he preached. He was a strong preacher, and there never was a more conscientious man. He would take any amount of reproof and correction lovingly and pay no attention to it. When I spoke to him of the complaints people made of his eccentricities, he said: "Can it be that a man who is called of God to preach is to be discounted by sensible people for such trifles?" "Can it be," I answered, "that a man who claims to be called of God to preach will allow such trifles to defeat his ministry? Quit your drolleries." He never quit, but I never had a warmer, truer friend than Philips.

L. B. Ellis has made steady progress and is now a strong and influential preacher.

I served the Kansas City District four years, making my home at Independence. The work of a presiding elder is perfunctory and monotonous. He holds two quarterly conferences weekly, asking the routine questions, to which he might write the answers beforehand, save, perhaps, question eight, "What has been raised for the support of the ministry, and how has it been applied?" The chief interest of the occasion centers at this point, and long since, in our best established charges, the presiding elder has come to be regarded as little else than a "dividing" elder, taking a quarterly stipend of from one-tenth to one-seventh of the funds collected, for service, the need of which does not appear. As to the elder's preaching, it is generally a repetition of old sermons in which appear no special adaptation to the needs of the occasion, and no special inspiration in the soul of the preacher. Generally, the people in the stations prefer to hear their own pastors, who, at least, are in sympathetic touch with them. It is simple truth that among a large portion of Methodists today, both preachers and laymen, the presiding eldership is endured as a necessary part of an itinerant system which we are still wont to extol as the glory and strength of Methodism.

The expedient of enlarging the districts to lighten the burden of the elder's salary on the charges has not proven satisfactory, for one result has been to increase the salaries to such

a point as gives no relief to the charges; another result is, that the elders having a greatly increased constituency, are more likely to be elected delegates to the General Conference—a condition by no means desirable, if modifications are needed to diminish the burden of the eldership.

As for my own work on the Kansas City District it passed smoothly, with sufficient variety of experience to keep it from growing monotonous. The elder is the burden-bearer for all the churches and is supposed to be able to set things right wherever there is trouble; if not, of course he shoulders the responsibility. My motto, "Never pick up a poker by the hot end," stood me in hand in dealing with squabbles which were very formidable in the ideas of young preachers, but which older preachers accept as standing experiences of the ministry. How can we expect otherwise than that, in dealing with our thousands of church members, we shall find many weak and many easily offended, because the gospel net has "gathered fishes of every kind."

Brother S., a local preacher, a red-haired, raw-boned, heavy-browed, nervous man, came promptly to see me when I was appointed, to tell me that the church was in an awful state where he lived, and that he had to carry a pistol to protect himself against his neighbors. He unfolded a tale of lying and meanness which needed the immediate attention of the elder.

I told him to go home and be quiet, and not try to preach till I came to hold the quarterly meetings. When the first quarterly meeting came, I found the preacher in charge, prepared to present charges of falsehood, unchristian words and tempers, etc., against Brother S., and found Brother S. hot for the fray, ready to show up his neighbors. I told the P. C. to throw aside his charges. We would have no trial then, and as Brother S. was entitled to due notice of proceedings, present simply a charge of unacceptability as a local preacher, to be heard at the next quarterly conference. When this course was taken, Brother S. knew that he could neither fight nor defend himself. He did not attend the second quarterly meeting. The brethren unanimously voted him unacceptable. I wrote him the result, telling him he had the right of appeal to the Annual Conference. He replied that if I was to represent the case in the Annual Conference he had as soon appeal to the devil. I regarded his answer with much satisfaction, seeing the end of a long turmoil in that church.

A young preacher wrote me, "Come down as soon as you can and call my official board together and reconcile two of its members who are calling each other liars." I answered: "I think it will be lost time to meddle with them. As each says the other is a liar, we will just let the community believe both. Then, when we meet in quarterly conference, under the

question, 'Are there any complaints?' it will be shown that a bitter feud disqualifies these men, and we will put into the board two brethren who won't quarrel."

Brother P. wrote: "I preach against dancing, but one of my most influential stewards, a widower, has of late become quite a social leader, and is especially fascinated with the dance; and he tells the young folks that the opposition of the church to dancing is prejudice, narrowness, and nonsense." I told Brother P. to see the man, tell him that his influence as an official member of the church was set in opposition to the teachings of the pulpit, that he owed his place on the official board to the nomination of his pastor, and so should clearly support the work of the pastor, else complaint against him, as an officer, would be entered at the next quarterly meeting. Brother S. anticipated the proposed action by sending in his resignation. After that he redoubled his activity in leading the young people to dance. I wrote the pastor to appoint a committee on the case. He did so, and the result was a report that a trial was necessary, and a bill of charges was sent to Brother S. At this juncture affairs began to assume a serious aspect, and the brother wrote me, not knowing that I was directing affairs. He said the preacher had arraigned him for dancing and appointed a committee of trial. "There will be nothing to prove," he said, "and I know those men; they

will turn me out of the church. I love the church. My wife was a devoted member, and my children are members. I should feel very bad to be turned out." I wrote a very sympathetic letter to the brother, but told him the preacher was in the line of duty, and there was nothing for him to do but make saisfactory promise of amendment. He sent another letter in which he argued that his offense was trivial, and mentioned that Brother L. often got drunk, and yet nobody talked of turning him out; indeed, the preacher seemed to be on especial good terms with Brother L. It was all right to turn him out if they would only turn out other folks who deserved it. I answered, "You are a man of social standing and influence, and can lead our young people; and you do it, and assert your purpose to do it, contrary to the teachings of the church. L. is a poor drunkard, whom a devoted Christian wife has gotten into the church to reclaim. When he gets drunk he confesses, with shame, that he has disgraced himself and the church, and asks the Christian people to be patient with him and pray for him. When you go to a ball, if you will confess to the church that you have done wrong and ask the preacher and people to pray for you, we will let you pass. None of our young men are saying, 'I have as much right to drink as Mr. L.' His example hurts nobody. He does not say it is right for people to get drunk. He is a poor, weak man, clinging

piteously to the church as his last hope. You are a rich business man, teaching that the church and preacher are wrong, and defying both." Brother S. wrote: "Your letter is satisfactory. I never saw it in that light. There will be no more trouble with me."

At one of the city churches the pastor complained to me that some of the stewards gave card parties at their homes. I directed that he show them, as in the other case, how all the stewards held their places by nomination of the pastor, and how unreasonable it was to expect the pastor to put in official position men who will not sustain the pulpit, and assure those brethren that other men would be put in their places, at the fourth quarterly Conference, unless they saw their way to sustain their pastor. The reasonableness of the requirement and the brotherliness of the pastor easily won these men, and made them loyal supporters.

I have introduced these cases to stress the matter of electing and managing official members. But the preachers themselves are responsible if they put men in official position who will not co-operate with them. A Methodist preacher should be ashamed to complain that he has trouble in his church at this point. Men who have intelligence enough to hold official position in the church, and who are placed in such position by the pastor, can be led by the pastor and made his earnest supporters, if

he possesses some tact of leadership and proves himself not unworthy of support.

The most delicate and difficult part of my administration on the Kansas City district pertained to some readjustment of the work in the city. The Walnut Street church had borne the encroachments of business until a removal was imperative. For two or three years the question had been considered, with the usual result—a divided church—some favoring removal, some opposing; some in favor of a certain new location offered us on Troost Avenue, a mile west, and some opposing; influential men, of course, on both sides. The trouble, in such a case, is that brethren assume if one point is carried that they will stick on another. Unless they see the end they will not make a beginning. Such had been the result of all previous efforts to secure action. I knew that harmony must be secured in some other way than by discussing matters in the Quarterly Conference, where parties and leaders stood publicly committed and arrayed against each other, and where personal feeling was also aroused.

I drew up a resolution including every point in dispute; resolving to accept the lot on Troost Avenue, offered us as a gift and worth $25,000, to build on it a church, also naming the committee that should secure the funds and direct the work of building. The resolution further authorized the trustees to secure aid for the work, by selling or mortgaging the old prop-

erty. I presented this resolution to the leader of one party and asked him to sign it. He said the opposition would never accept it. I said, "Sign it, and if I do not get the leader of the opposition to sign it, I will bring it back and tear it up." He signed the resolution and in an hour I returned with the signature of the opposition. The resolutions were read in the quarterly conference with the names of nearly all the members signed to them and everything was settled without debate. Afterward, having obtained sufficient funds to erect an elegant chapel at Troost Avenue and sufficient for some years, we rescinded that part of the resolution which authorized the sale of the old church. The new church was promptly built. A minority of the members, but the wealthiest, organized a new society there and it was best to transfer Dr. Tigert to take charge of them. This change occurred in the midst of the conference year. It was necessary that the old Walnut Street church be supplied.

Rev. C. M. Hawkins was pastor at Independence, and in his fourth year. He was much loved by his people. I called his official board together, showed them the urgent need of the work at Walnut Street, and the opening for an important work there and told them that with their consent, or if not, without their consent, Brother Hawkins must be put in charge of this interest. I then wrote O. M. Rickman, a student in the Scaritt Collegiate Institute at

Neosho to come to Independence and fill the pulpit for a few weeks, making no statement to the congregation. I knew Rickman, and felt sure he would win his way. In three or four weeks the people were asking why Rickman might not serve them the remainder of the year. Then I called the Official Board together and they requested his appointment, and continued the salary as before.

The year following, Dr. Tigert was elected Book Editor by the General Conference, which met at Memphis, and I again called Rickman from the school to finish the year's work at Troost Avenue, which he did with entire satisfaction and success.

After this it seemed desirable to unite the Walnut Street and Centenary congregations as the first step toward building a great central church. The Walnut Street property was reckoned to be worth about $100,000, and the Centenary property about $35,000. The Walnut Street Board agreed to consolidate and move to Centenary if the Centenary people would agree that they should retain Brother Hawkins as their pastor. This scheme was carried through, and we felt that the plans for a great central church for our people in Kansas City would materialize at no distant day. The consummation came years ago, but it was delayed longer than I had expected. Central Church was a cherished ideal of Bishop Hendrix, and in all my work to that end I had his

aid. I will here say that my association with Bishop Hendrix has ever been a source of unmarred pleasure. He has stood by me in counsel and sympathized with me in sorrow. In his parlor, I gave license to preach to his brother-in-law, Charles Scarritt. I also licensed to preach, while on the district, Cornelius Pugsley and Charles W. Moore.

Brother Moore was the son of L. R. Moore, a prosperous merchant. He first engaged in business with his father, but surrendered the promise of wealth to give his life to the preaching of the Gospel. He has been for years the successful pastor of an institutional church in Kansas City.

I had thought to settle my family at Independence and from that point serve the church during the remainder of my active years. Independence was a beautiful city. It had a choice population. It was a city of churchgoers, and my attachment for the place began with the first year of my ministry. I had bought a home there and we all indulged our home attachments and dreamed of quiet and happy years to come. But the dream was soon dispelled.

During my last year on the district a shadow began to gather over our home. Scarcely had our daughter, Mary Elizabeth, graduated from college when we saw that she was threatened with tuberculosis. I took her with me to the General Conference at Memphis in May, 1894,

and after the Conference visited friends in Arkansas. But she returned home no way strengthened. I consulted our family physician as to what I should do. He said, "Go forward with your work as if nothing were the matter." That, as I see it now, was good advice; but it meant, as I well knew, that in his judgment anything I might do would be a struggle against fate. Our hearts were almost crushed by the thought that our Lizzie, who, in person, mind and character, seemed to us to realize our ideal of a noble womanhood, would be taken from us. I felt that some effort to rescue our dear child should be made—something to satisfy my own heart, if nothing more. So I resolved to leave Missouri. Bishop Hendrix, ever a brother and friend, thoughtful of our need and tender in his sympathy, offered to help me to almost any place I might choose in the South or West. Several churches were considered, but I felt that a transfer to any leading church would be an accommodation which would prove embarrassing, in so far as it might seem to brethren to be an accommodation. We Methodist preachers enter into the Itineracy to fight like soldiers in the ranks, and though our brethren are brotherly, we must remember that soldiers, in order that they may be soldiers truly, should not ask favors.

During the summer I was solicited to buy a half interest in the "Arkansas Methodist," then owned by Dr. Z. T. Bennett and Hon. George

Thornburgh. The Editorial Committee unanimously joined in the request. Here was a chance to go South at my own cost and risk, and in answer to a general solicitation. The editorial work also offered what seemed desirable —a settled home. I accepted the offer. About the middle of August I closed with Dr. Bennett, who had served satisfactorily as editor for many years, for the purchase of his interest in the "Methodist," and became from that time its editor.

In the Arkansas Methodist, September 27, 1894, at the end of notes on the Conference at Jefferson City, held in the Hall of Representatives, September 19, this paragraph occurs, after the appointments announcing my transfer:

"We climbed to the dome of the Capitol. Five counties spread out to our view. The noble river, which had been a companion and friend from my boyhood, was seen for thirty miles east and west. Its waters, ever turbid and troubled, seemed from this lofty lookout to sleep in the sunlight—a symbol of peace. Not a murmur from the swirling tide reached our ears. But in my musing upon the majestic scene I seemed to hear the voice of a sad 'farewell.' I love Missouri. Here I spent a happy boyhood. Here I have labored thirty-three years in unbroken, happy toil, in fellowship with the brethren and the church, cultivating Immanuel's lands. There are other ties of

love and sorrow. This heart can never forget the sacred memories and kindred dust that bind it to Missouri. Yet now I say 'farewell,' trusting that God is leading me on."

The St. Louis Christian Advocate of September 13, 1894, had the following:

"The Rev. J. E. Godbey, D. D., presiding elder of the Kansas City District and for eight years editor of the Southwestern Methodist, has purchased a half interest in the Arkansas Methodist, and has been elected by the committee on publication to the editorship of that paper, Dr. Z. T. Bennett, editor for the past seven years, having resigned. Dr. Godbey is too well known in this state and throughout the connection to need any introduction. He is one of the most polished writers, as well as one of the most scholarly men, in our Methodism, and is a born editor. He will do good work for the church in his new position, and the Advocate most heartily wishes for him the fullest measure of success. We are sorry to lose him from Missouri, but we are glad to know that he goes where he will have a wide field for the exercise of his abilities and influence."

## CHAPTER XII.

### Editor of the Arkansas Methodist.

I arrived in Little Rock with my family on the 8th of October, 1894, and took lodging at the Capitol Hotel. In the early part of the night a cyclone swept over the city, destroying several houses, wrecking one wing of the Insane Asylum, killing three persons and injuring many.

I was out early to view the wreck. The first speech which arrested my attention was that of an old negro woman: "White folks don't quit treatin' niggers so mean de Lawd guine to tear dis town all to pieces." Later I had opportunity to know that negroes are not ill treated in Little Rock. One Fourth of July a lot of country folk were in a skiff on the river. Their craft was upset. A negro leaped in and saved the lives of these people at peril of his own. The Mayor of the city called a mass meeting at the theater and speeches were made in commendation of the man who risked his life to save strangers of a different race. A massive silver cup, properly inscribed, and a purse of money were presented to the brave negro. At other times when negroes committed crimes, there were meetings called by the negroes and re-

wards offered for the arrest of the criminals. These things express and foster proper feelings between the whites and colored people. Separate cars, separate waiting rooms, is the order; but white and negro preachers come together at times, in union meetings, for counsel and co-operation for the moral welfare of the city.

On the 9th of October I was duly installed on the tripod of the "Methodist." I found Honorable George Thornburgh, my partner, a man fully adjusted to his place as Business Manager, and a genial Christian gentleman of high ability. He had been Speaker of the House of Representatives for the State, had represented our church in the General Conference, and held high position in the Masonic order. Much of the success of the "Methodist" was due to his ability and high character. His nephew, John Thornburgh, was our foreman; patient, diligent, honest, and the truest of friends, he deserves mention in these pages for his worth.

I need not write another chapter of editorial labors and experiences. The "Arkansas Methodist" did not so nearly approach my ideal of a church paper as the "Southwestern," and yet, it was more fully a church paper. It represented more fully the work in the Conferences which it served. A church paper must serve its constituency. It must publish what the preachers send, or displease them, and its circulation depends upon their support. Church

news is expected in the Conference organ. There results a tendency to fill up the paper with trivialities and local incidents of no interest to readers at large. The staple contributions are from preachers, who write as if the readers were preachers, and concerned in the hackneyed discussions of points of theology, or methods of church work—discussions running the same round from year to year. Our church papers avoid political questions, and give us nothing in science, literature, discoveries, or inventions. It is very dull reading to outsiders. A few elect souls in the church value the church paper next to their Bibles, but the larger number take the paper in order to be loyal to their church. We are ever insisting on the importance of the church paper while other literature is taking its place. Preserving and making successful the church paper is a problem of increasing perplexity, while the system of rural delivery is daily bringing the secular papers to the homes of the people.

I found that it had been the habit of the editor of the "Arkansas Methodist" to be constantly traveling over the state, preaching everywhere and soliciting subscribers. I had little appetite for that sort of work, but accepted it as of necessity, and there was scarcely a community in the State which, in the course of years, I did not visit. It was always a trial to me to be away from home, besides, the office is the place for an editor.

My work was heartily approved by the Conferences and I had the love and confidence of the brethren. I held a steady hand against independent evangelists, such as sent me their pictures and advertisements, and the second blessing movement I curbed as well as I could; also that sort of religious, or irreligious, debates, characteristic of the back-woods. A Baptist champion debater sent me a challenge, proposing debate on these terms: "I will prove that the Baptist church is a true church of Christ, and that the Methodist church is not. You shall prove that the Methodist church is a true church of Christ, and the Baptist is not." I published the challenge, and replied:

> "There were two cats in Kilkenny,
> Each thought there was one cat too many,
> So they fit and they bit, and they bit and they fit,
> Till instead of two cats there wern't any."

"I cannot accept the above challenge. It proposes that I shall prove the Baptist church is not a true church of Christ. That does not represent Methodism. We hold the Baptist church to be a true Christian church. We think it has done great good. We desire it may prosper. But what if we join debate and each one carries his point in the minds of a good many people; that is to say, Brother B. will persuade many that the Methodist is not a true church of Christ, and I, that the Baptist church is not a true church of Christ. What comes of it? Since most of the people of Arkansas are either

Methodists or Baptists, wouldn't there be a stampede? We should have them in the dilemma in which a negro preacher put his congregation when using more big words than he understood. He said, lifting up his hands, 'Brethren, dar am but two roads, one leads to hell and de oder to perdition.' A hearer, realizing the situation, said, 'Dat am so, dis niggah guine take to the woods.' Lest our people take to the woods, we would better let this debate alone.

"But this I will say: If Brother B. can demolish the Methodist church, we will hold off and let him do it, and when he has proven that the Methodist church is no true church of Christ, he need proceed no further. We Methodists all agree that the Baptist church is a true church of Christ, and will join it as soon as the brother, with no one to oppose him, proves that we Methodists are not in a Christian church."

This answer was published in many secular papers. It evidently appealed to the common sense of people in the church and out of it. We may well rejoice that debates between the churches have little countenance today, even among the rudest population, and that co-operation, not contention and conflict, now marks the general conduct of the various denominations of the church of Christ toward each other.

I may here remark that the divisions which have broken the church into such a variety of sects have arisen from a pride of leadership

in ambitious men, and their conceit of intellectual strength more than from any other cause. Originating in the spirit of contention and struggle for precedence, they have long perpetuated that spirit. Yet their adherents, because of their education and associations, are, for the most part, sincere. They mean to be the true followers of the Divine Teacher, and they are, so far as respects the fundamental conditions of Christian faith and life. So clear is the Master's teaching that there is no dispute about what He has directly enjoined. Our contentions are about non-essentials. Any zeal for such things, that may lead Christians to discredit each other, must appear in the light of narrowness and intolerance, which must be condemned. The progress of Christian light and the leading of God's Spirit are strengthening today the conviction that we ought to cast away, not only our contentions, but the things about which we contend, and that denominational lines also should be, in a great measure, extinguished. The best comity that can be hoped for among so many denominations will still involve much conflict, much injurious competition, much unprofitable expenditure of labor and of means. Proper unity of spirit, while such conditions remain, is an idle dream. Had there been proper unity of spirit the conditions would never have arisen, and unity of spirit will not endure their continuance.

The church, to increase her authority, has

laid undue stress upon creeds; has invested her ministers with sacerdotal functions, and her sacraments with saving efficacy. It is Christ and not the church that saves men, and the function of the church is to show Jesus to the world. In so far as men believe in Christ and obey Him they are one in faith and spirit. When the churches eliminate from their creeds all things which they themselves confess to be non-essential, and also lay aside their claims of exclusive right to represent the true historic succession of apostolic authority, and give up their claims to effect the salvation of men by their sacraments or creeds, the barriers to Christian fellowship will be removed, and there will be a mighty flowing together of the followers of Christ.

A pastor of the M. E. Church in the city came to see me. I had known him in Missouri; a man of ability and an excellent spirit. He said he had come to talk over a situation. "I came to Little Rock under the representation that my work was needed here. It is a mistake. Your church has better standing and influence than ours. Enough of our people are in your church to make us a self-supporting charge if we had them. How can I get such people? Must I visit them as soon as they come to the city and tell them that we have a better church and represent Methodism better than you? That is not true, and such conduct would not be brotherly. One of our bishops was recently

here. I proposed to take him out to some influential families whom he might persuade to join us. He said he did not feel called upon to do such work. I said, 'They go to the Southern Methodist church and will join it.' He replied, 'That is what they ought to do.' Such is the situation. If I do not avail myself of mere prejudices to build up my charge, I fail, and my efficiency as a minister is discounted; if I do, I am unbrotherly and unchristian. We have a plant here, good property, but the church is a mission. Because we have it a preacher will be sent to it, year by year, to do a work for which he has no heart and with which even some of our bishops are not in sympathy. I shall not endure this situation another year." The brother's next appointment was in New Jersey.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### Under the Shadows.

I had moved to Arkansas with the hope of finding the climate more favorable than that of Missouri to the health of my family. It was manifest after a month that my daughter, Lizzie, was steadily declining. On the 8th of November my wife and I, with Lizzie, left Little Rock to go to my brother's at Chapel Hill, Texas. S. M. Godbey was, at that time, president of the Chapel Hill Female College. Our train passed through Houston about daylight. There we changed to another road, whose depot was on the other side of the town. In my haste I left my purse and watch under my pillow in the sleeper. I sent a telegram after them, directing that they be sent to Chapel Hill, and, as we were moneyless among strangers, I called on Dr. G. C. Rankin, then pastor of Sharon Church, who kindly came to our aid. The incident of leaving my watch and purse is nothing, but the kindness of our old acquaintance was much, hence I record it. My family knew Dr. Rankin and he came to the hotel to see Mrs. Godbey and Lizzie, and made us happy. We reached Chapel Hill in the afternoon. The watch and purse came all right. I remained at

Chapel Hill nearly a month. I returned in December and attended the Arkansas, Little Rock and White River Conferences, which were held by Bishop Hendrix at Quitman, Prescott and Helena, respectively.

At the Arkansas Conference, Rev. J. F. Jernigan sang a solo, the refrain of which was "Death Is Only a Dream." I wrote of it to Lizzie, for I wrote every day, and every day received a letter from her. She understood the suggestion and answered, "I have had a happy life and there is a happy home before me."

The last of December I went down and spent the holidays with wife and daughter at Chapel Hill, and in January took them to San Antonio. We got a quiet boarding place with Mrs. Hudson, and I remained there three weeks. February was spent in my office at Little Rock; March, I spent with my dear ones. During this time several things occurred to afflict us. The young lady to whom my son was engaged to be married died suddenly. Then came the news that our old home in Independence, Missouri, which we had refused to sell, hoping to return to it some day, had burned. These things greatly depressed my wife and daughter. When I left them at San Antonio I knew there was no hope. The physicians had told me to take Lizzie home the first of May. I spent April at my work. About the end of the month my wife and Lizzie came home. We found lodging in

the home of my dear friend, Brother Thornburgh. Mrs. Rufus H. Mills, with whom Lizzie and I had gotten acquainted in Memphis, at the General Conference of 1894—Brother Mills was a lay delegate there—sent to my daughter a great vase of beautiful white roses. It was a glorious spring morning, May 15; Lizzie said, as I placed them on the table before her, "God wants to give me a taste of Heaven today." So it was.

The Arkansas Methodist contained the following:

"May 15, 1895, at sunset, our darling Lizzie entered into rest—twenty-three years of age. As it was to her the end of suffering, it shall be to us the end of tears. We had grown familiar with the thought of her departure. For more than a year we saw the shadow surely approaching which has wrapped her in its formless fold. Notwithstanding she faded for fourteen months under consumption's blight, we thank God that she was confined to her bed but a single day. God gave her a joyous life and a peaceful death. To us, her parents, and her brother, she seemed the perfection of womanhood; beautiful, guileless, gracious, gifted with admirable judgment, a sprightly and philosophic mind, and a spirit that rejoiced in the beautiful and good.

"You need not pray," I said to her the day before, "only trust." "God is so good I must talk to him," was her reply.

Affliction brought more strongly into light

the lineaments of soul beauty, and when the expression seemed to us perfect, death cast over the picture a softening veil and removed it forever beyond change or harm.

O Death, thou hast borne away our treasure, but thou hast opened before us the gates of Paradise! Men paint thee a gloomy form, and we fear thy coming; but in thy departure we see an angel of love—our guide into the light of God, "the page that carries our crowns in the vast procession of glory." Thrice thou hast visited our home and carried away our jewels. Even so, Father. Ere these lips shall murmur or faith shall fail these hearts, let thy messenger come for us also."

At Independence we had for next door neighbors, a family, in which were three lovely daughters, dear friends and associates of our Lizzie. We thought of that sweet unbroken home often as the shadows gathered over ours.

THE BROKEN LILY.

My neighbors had gardens rich and rare,
Where rose and myrtle were fair to see,
Where jessamine scented the summer air,
And fragrant mignonette lured the bee,
And I had only a lily fair,
But my lily was all the world to me.

The joy of my life was that flower frail;
I cherished it tenderly night and day,
I shielded its form from the ruder gale
And screened its snow from the sun's fierce ray.
But, alas! earth's beauties are born to fail—
My cherished flower soon faded away.

**The shadows fell early on woodland and plain,**
**A stormy night closed a day most fair;**
**I wistfully watched from my window pane,**
**I feared for my lily so frail and fair,**
**I saw it tossing amid the rain,**
**I saw it glint in the lightning's glare.**

**Fair rose the sun, on the freshening air**
**Breathed forth the grateful incense of morn.**
**A thousand flowerets bloomed more fair,**
**From garden bower to way-side thorn;**
**And I alone was a mourner there;**
**My lily was broken, my heart was forlorn.**

Lizzie's death was but the first heavy drops of a long dark storm which closed over us. I saw then that the sullen rear was "with its stored thunder laboring up." June 18th, my Mary was committed to the asylum. The loving kindness of friends, the Thornburghs, in whose home our daughter died, and Rev. F. A. Jeffett and his wife, at Searcy, inspire in my heart sentiments of love and thankfulness which I cannot express.

I saw Mary once a week. The physicians gave me no ground of hope. I prayed God to restore my wife, and promised in case of her recovery to record it as an answer to prayer. In the fall I found a friend whom God surely sent me. Mrs. Lucian W. Coy and her husband had a large house, a beautiful, quiet home, in the suburbs of Little Rock. Mrs. Coy had a tender heart, but was brave and strong, more than one of a thousand. The Coys were among the first acquaintances we made when we came to

Little Rock. Mrs. Coy consented to take care of Mary in her own home. She had a room prepared, stayed with her, slept with her, took her to ride in her carriage every day, in all weathers, and gained complete control of her. Slowly, month by month, the effect was seen until Mary could go out and travel abroad with me.

It was manifest when Lizzie was taken from us that our son, William Russell, also had tuberculosis. He spent the summer among the mountains of Arkansas. In the fall I sent him to Florida. He returned the following spring and died January 2, 1897.

The Arkansas Methodist of the 6th contained this notice:

"The editor of this paper and his dear wife have the sympathy of many friends in the hour of their bereavement on the death of their son. More than a year ago consumption developed in Willie and he has been slowly but surely going down ever since. For a few weeks passed he has greatly desired to depart and be at rest, but suffered the will of God with patience and Christian fortitude until relief came on January 2nd at noon. The funeral was from the new chapel of First Church, conducted by Revs. Patillo, Thomas and Lewis. Willie was a faithful member of First Church and was the president of the Epworth League the year before his health began to fail. He was 28 years old. In life he was gentle, loving and

true. His death was triumphant, not a cloud or a doubt crossed his spiritual vision of the rest that remains for the people of God. The fond parents know in whom their boy trusted; they rejoice even in sorrow with sweet anticipation of the reunion beyond the sunset's radiant glow. Tender prayers and deep sympathy will bear them on wings of love to the Father whence come comfort and support. G. T."

"In the death of our dear son, William Russell Godbey, the last of our four children is called home.

"William was a sweet spirited, dutiful and loving son. He had been a member of the church fifteen years.

"We bow in humble submission to the great Father's will. 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.'—Ed."

Willie's death brought back the affliction of my wife. The shadows slowly deepened for a year. It seemed that it would pass into utter night.

Down to the mystical river
My Mary has wandered alone,
Wrapped in the fog of the river,
Ever, she maketh her moan,
Calling over the river,
Calling our Loves that are gone.

Will none of you speak to Mary
And call her back to me?
She knows not the voice of my calling
How strange that this should be!
For gentle and loving was Mary,
So loving and gentle to me.

They say that Mary is wildered
In a region of visions wild.
How I long in my arms to enfold her
And soothe her to rest like a child;
But she knows not the voice of my wooing
In the region of visions so wild.

Over the dark sobbing river,
From the far off, mystical shore,
I, too, hear the voices that call us,
Like household voices of yore.
O when will the boatman bear us
To the unseen mystical shore?

Oh Christ, from the garden at midnight,
Oh Christ, from the wilderness lone,
From the cross of Thy last earthly sorrow,
Give me meekness like to Thine own,
To bow in my anguish and answer,
"The will of the Father be done."

In the darkest hour of sorrow I took comfort in the thought that no worse affliction could follow and that, in all that I had passed through, I had left behind no memory of aught of which I was ashamed. Our home had been sweet and the light of Heaven was ever on our spirits.

But the shadows passed slowly away, and ten years of peace and love, with comparative health and freedom from care, did Mary and I spend together. Our hearts were never so full of gratitude and the sun never shone upon us so calmly and sweetly.

When Mary was well enough to take interest in a home, I bought one in Little Rock, 1111 Barber avenue, next to the Hunter Memorial Church. My niece, Mrs. S. W. Anderson, with

her husband, came, at our request, from Morrisville, Missouri, to keep the house. They made the home very sweet for us, and with them we spent several years; lonely, indeed, and living in a realm of sweet and sacred memories, but happy.

### God Bless Our Home.

**(A Christmas Meditation From the Arkansas Methodist, December, 1902.)**

**"In this still hour descending, of dusk and darkness blending,**
**Unwonted turns of memory the errant fancy holds;**
**Dim dreams of dead Decembers, and old rekindled embers**
**Of fires long since extinguished, and hearts long since grown cold.**

**For us the restless rangers, whose homes are made with strangers,**
**The wand of sweet Remembrance the wraith of Christmas rears.**
**Sick of our ceaseless roaming, our eyes across the gloaming,**
**Are strained to see the sunlight that brightened younger years.**

It was December 24, 1878. The day had been misty and dark. The smoke of the city increased the gloom. I had burned the gas of my office all the afternoon—the pastor's office of the First Methodist Church, South, of St. Louis. The church stood on the corner of Eighth street and Washington avenue. Great commercial buildings now occupy the place. At that time business was crowding us on every side. Two or three years later we sold the

place for a hundred thousand dollars and moved the church a mile and a quarter west. Our home was a mile west of the church, at that time, for I had rented out the parsonage and taken a residence "up town."

When I started home that evening the lamps were already lighted on the streets and snow had begun to fall rapidly. I had walked three blocks when the thought came to me, "It is Christmas eve, and the wife and children will expect me to bring home some memento or present." It was quite a distance to the larger stores, so I turned to a row of little shops on a cross street, thinking I might find something that would be an appropriate gift to Mary. I passed a tenement house where a poor man was busily at work with a scroll saw. In the window, neatly framed, was the motto, "God Bless Our Home." A vine, wreathed in the most natural manner, with its leaves and tendrils, held the motto in place. I have never seen a more delicate and beautiful piece of scroll work. The exquisitely wrought motto interested me the more because of the extreme poverty which was manifest in the house.

"What is home," thought I, "to this man? He must have tender and pure affections and a happy home in spite of penury; or, maybe, in his misery, he is dreaming of the happiness of homes where pinching want is unknown. Education, good society, exemption from drudgery, time for intellectual pleasures, all

needed comforts—maybe this man is so picturing his ideal home." However these things might be, I could hardly doubt that Christmas cheer for this poor family depended on selling this one piece of handiwork so carefully put on exhibition in the cottage window. I saw the faces of the children brighten when I asked the price of the motto. I bought it with the prayer, "God Bless This Home," in my heart. My wife thought the motto very beautiful and we put it up over our sitting room door.

My home, as it then appeared, my wife so rosy and youthful, our children so sweet and promising, and such promise of comfort and blessing in all our surroundings, is a sacred memory today.

That was thirty-five years ago tonight. What changes those years have brought. What a history, deep written in our hearts. Our moving tent we have pitched here and there, and God's blessing has been upon it. Continually leaving the loved and the cherished, we still found love and friends and God and God's people.

At length, through hope of health for our children, we came to this beautiful, home-like, and to us now, sacred city of Little Rock. It will be ten years next fall since we came. We sought health for the children in vain. The blight was already on them. They went home years ago. The voice that called them was a loving voice; they followed it trustingly.

We never had the heart to keep house after coming here. Our household things were sold. Everything that was in our home on that far-away Christmas when we put up the motto is gone except that one relic of the past. There it hangs over the mantel and speaks to us both of the past and the future.

God has blessed our home. It has ever been the home of peace and love and heavenly hope. Through all the changes and deep shadows we have passed God has been with us. How strong and steadfast has been the assurance that we could suffer no real loss in the path of duty, and that our love was not lavished in vain. In the holy Christmas tide we sit in peace and faith communing with memories of the past, and listening to voices which call us to the better land. We shall not give up the faith of our cherished motto, "God Bless Our Home." We will not doubt that he has always blessed it and that he always will. On every home may God's blessing rest. The home is more sacred than the church. Oh, brother, cherish your home, for in the home the Divine Father has provided the happiness that is nearest to Heaven. "We have here no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### The Sunlight Returns.

The sunlight had returned upon us. We had a quiet home. I had traveled with Mary over every part of Arkansas. Much of this traveling was done in a buggy among the mountains, taking our lunch in the woods at noon. How soothing are the voices and scenes of Nature in her majestic solitudes! God seems to be nearer to us in our separation from the din of human strife. The influences of solitude were medicine to heart and mind. Everywhere the tenderest care and consideration had been shown us. Ever after my wife thought the people of Arkansas the kindest in the world.

I was chairman of the Little Rock delegation in the General Conference at Dallas, Texas, 1892. Mary was able to be with me, and it was to her a great blessing and an inspiration. She was then prepared to have her thoughts turned to the work of the church in its wider ranges. She made many acquaintances with whom she had pleasant correspondence in after years. At this Conference I was appointed on the Joint Commission for establishing a uniform Order of Worship between the M. E. Church and the M. E. Church, South, and also

for making a set of Catechisms for the use of both churches.

The M. E. Church had appointed its section of the Commission at its General Conference, 1900. They were Bishops Stephen M. Merrill and John M. Walden, Ministers William V. Kelley, Jesse W. Jennings and Stanley O. Royal, Laymen Abram W. Harris and Frank L. Brown.

The M. E. Church, South, appointed Bishops William W. Duncan and A. Coke Smith, Ministers John J. Tigert, John O. Wilson, John E. Godbey and Oswald E. Brown, Layman Robert E. Blackwell.

This Joint Commission had its first meeting in the City of Nashville, Tenn., in the early spring of 1903. It resolved to prepare two catechisms, the Junior Catechism for children of twelve years and under, and the Standard Catechism for older persons. Drs. Royal and Wilson were elected to prepare the first draft of the Junior Catechism, and Drs. Tigert and Kelley the first draft of the Standard Catechism.

There was another meeting of the Commission in July of the same year at Ocean Grove, New Jersey. We spent two weeks on the work and made considerable progress.

The Order of Worship was the first thing disposed of. There was considerable discussion about it—discussion relating to the general value of ritual in stated religious services.

The following general propositions were accepted:

The creeds and rituals of the Church are the Standards of doctrine which especially present to the public definite ideas of her teachings and spirit. It is through these that the church, as a distinctly organized Christian body, is known and judged.

Respect for the Church and a devout regard for her authority and teaching is fostered by comely rituals, reverently observed.

The worship of the early Church consisted chiefly in reading the Scriptures, singing and prayer. Stress laid upon the sermon to the neglect of worship will not promote the spirit of piety. By the strain laid upon the preacher it tempts to sensational harrangue.

A form of worship in which all can engage prepares the people for devout hearing of the Word of God; besides, in a great church, hundreds of intelligent Christians uniting in a dignified form of worship is more inspiring than most preaching the people hear.

It was agreed that the Order of Worship should be flexible, easily adapted to the rudest or the best organized congregations—in any case, a becoming order of service furnished to hand for the use of the congregation as the minister might elect.

It may be of some interest to the reader, since some have charged the Commission with departing from the simplicity of early Meth-

odism in this Order of Worship, to present the Order submitted to American Methodists by Wesley, which Order the Commission had before them. Here it is in twenty parts:

"Scripture Sentences—Invitation to Prayer —Confession—Prayer for Absolution—Lord's Prayer—Versicles: 'O Lord, open thou,' etc. —Gloria—Psalm — Gloria — First Lesson—Chant, as Venite—Second Lesson—Chant, as Jubilate—Creed—Salutation, 'The Lord be with you,' etc.—Collect—Prayer for Rulers—Thanksgiving—Sermon—Prayer of St. Chrysostom—Benediction."

' The Joint Commission met again at Ocean Grove, July, 1904. Mary went with me to this meeting. She was feeling quite well again. We had attended the Louisiana Purchase Exposition at St. Louis in June. Now we anticipated a very happy outing and we were not disappointed. We stopped some days at Niagara Falls. I had been there before, but to Mary the place was new and of wondrous interest. The scenery drew us so strongly away from memories of the past uniting us with God and Nature and the world of happy life, for the people who gather to this famed resort seem happy. We attended services at the Methodist church, Sunday, and observed that the service was finished before the time of lamp-lighting.

We reached Ocean Grove, July 17th. From ten to twelve thousand people gather here from June to October. Most of them occupy pretty

cottages. There are few tents. The town is beautifully laid out and has abundant shade. Religious services are held, morning and evening, throughout the season. On Sunday no mail is delivered, no trains stop, no bicycling is allowed, and the gates are closed to the world without.

Asbury Park is separated from Ocean Grove only by a street line. Both places are Methodist summer resorts known over the continent. All sorts of religious and social movements are represented here in their conventions and anniversaries. There are religious services, or some sort of religious instruction, almost every hour. The morning prayer meeting assembles about two thousand people. The evening service, preaching, lecture or concert, at the Auditorium, draws from five to seven thousand.

I was here July 4th of last year. The celebration at the Auditorium was a most impressive one. There were appropriate speeches and music by the great orchestra. Every variety of noble sentiment was stirred by the witchery of the music, which whispered, and prayed, and soared, and shouted, and thundered. They played Dixie in tribute to the hundreds of Southerners in the audience, and there was general applause. But when "The Star-Spangled Banner" was struck the whole audience rose, as by one impulse, and there were tears in many eyes.

At the close resolutions were passed calling

upon the people throughout the Nation to suppress noise and boisterousness in celebrating our national anniversary. So was begun the movement for a "safe and sane" Fourth, which has not been without good results.

Our Commission could have finished its work at this session, but Bishop Walden would hear nothing but that we should meet in his own city as his guests, for a review of the work, and especially for fellowship and farewell. So we adjourned to meet in Cincinnati at his call.

After my work was done Mary and I remained at Ocean Grove a month for the refreshment of mind and body which we found there. Our hotel was on the beach. The sea breezes fanned us at noon and the breakers sang to us at night. We watched the flickering sea and the passing ships with unwearied interest. We found refreshing in sea baths. We visited Long Branch and other resorts. We returned through Washington City, stopping several days for a leisurely view of all the national buildings, the White House and Mount Vernon. Our outing was invigorating and the memory of it very pleasant.

In 1905, Mr. Thornburg and I sold the Arkansas Methodist to Jas. A. Anderson, LL. D., and Dr. A. C. Millar, and I reported for service in the pastorate. The presiding bishop desired to transfer me. He offered me choice of appointments in the Arkansas or White River Conferences. I knew that he thought I had

taken an unwise position in defending the character of a brother whom I had regarded as maliciously and unjustly accused at a previous Conference. Peace had always been very dear to me, and it was a great weariness to contend for anything. I do not like to have my quiet disturbed. Yet I have not allowed ease or personal advantage, I trust, to restrain me when I might protect a brother from wrong, or sustain a right principle. I took ground in the case referred to, contrary to what I knew to be the view of the bishop, and fully aware of its peril to my personal interests, and the certainty of having my action condemned by some of my brethren.

I objected to transfer on the ground that I was old and my home and property were in Little Rock. Then the bishop told me my brethren had lost confidence in me, to which I answered: "I know every preacher of our church in this state, and know that what you say is not true of a dozen of them. The sequel will prove it. I decline to be transferred except by sheer authority." I knew the bishop believed what he said to be true. But it is quite easy for a designing party to set a trap for a bishop, arranging with whom he shall lodge, and who shall be placed near to him, and who shall advise him. A young bishop, just entering upon his episcopal career, or an old man who has lost his alertness is peculiarly liable to be thus managed. To seem refractory in the hands of a

bishop is perilous. But I said, "If I have created a situation in which my action is disapproved, it is not manly to run away. You misunderstand the situation, and I have a right to prove it."

My appointment was Portland and Wilmot, in the Black Belt. My brethren had much to say about the hardness of the appointment for one of my age. The chief affliction of it was that I had to leave Mary in Little Rock and spend the winter on the work alone. At Portland I found a small frame church, which would seat about eighty people; but there were not that many by half who were accustomed to go to church. At Wilmot the people used a dilapidated shack, not worth $300, which was called the Union Church. The congregation there was about fifteen. As I found only about fifteen or twenty children in the public school, I could not feel that the Church was much behind other interests of the place. As I make these notes, I find a letter which I wrote seven years ago, that represents my situation and work at this time.

"Thursday Morning, Jan. 26, 1905.

"Portland, Ark.

"My Dear Mary:

"One of your letters seems to have been delayed, so I received three from you yesterday.

"It is an especial pleasure to receive and answer your letters daily, for, while little

transpires in the course of a day to write about, the morning salutation exchanged, makes us feel that we still touch each other's hands.

"Your cough continues. How I long for the passing of winter. You are always better in warm weather. Do not relax your use of creosote and condensed oxygen. If you have not used liquizone for a while, a vigorous use of it for a few weeks would be good. My observation is that its first effect is good.

"As for myself, my bronchial cough disturbs me a little on waking in the morning, but no more than usual, and my health is fine.

"It was unusually cold last night. I walked down to church and waited past the time; then Brother Anders, the Baptist brother, came in. As we were about to engage in prayer, three others came; old Brother Pew, who never prays in public, but seldom misses a meeting, and with him Mattie and her sweetheart. We had a reading and prayer service as we sat about the stove; also singing, Miss Mattie leading us. It was a sweet meeting and all were glad that they came out.

"They were excellent members, the two I received Sunday; and two or three more, whom I have in mind, are being drawn toward the church.

"At Wilmot the prospect is less encouraging. I told you that I had to make the fire and ring the bell myself in the shackling old house, called a union church, the last time I was there. Their

ideas of church work are a so-called evangelist, who acts the clown, and tells ludicrous stories, gathers a rabble and calls it a revival. I believe the devil will get preacher and people if we go upon that line. I have not seen more than eighteen children and adults at the Sunday school there, and the most faithful souls are the five teachers who patiently teach the little classes. Two of these teachers are outsiders—an intelligent gentleman and his wife. They lost their own sweet child, and their tender and stricken hearts turn to the little children about them. I feel that God will answer my prayers in leading Mr. Owens and wife into the light of His love and the rest of faith in Him.

"I am often asked how I came to be sent to this charge. It is embarrassing to answer, and I simply say it was the will of the bishop who had authority in the premises, who assured me of the best appointment in the Arkansas or White River Conference if I would transfer. I refused to transfer and he gave me this charge. I am not in any sense a superannuated man, and there were requests for my appointment to several leading churches. I am just ten years younger than the bishop. But the bishop told me personally, 'Your brethren are afraid of you.' One who is afraid of me had become his chief adviser, but whether the preachers of the Little Rock Conference are afraid of me will yet be shown.

"But do not suppose I am restless or resent-

ful. Since this charge has fallen to me I would not surrender it for any other. God is with me here, and my mind is less disturbed with care than for many years. The people here shall not feel that I disparage the charge in any way. They are worthy of my best service. Any people are worthy of it, and I can not afford to give less than my best, and, besides, if there is any error in this or any other work assigned me, the responsibility belongs to others and not to me. As to salary, that is nothing to you and me. When I make salary the measure or condition of service I shall have too much conscience to bid in a church market.

"I have not yet learned when our Commission meets in Cincinnati. I would rather stay here than go, but cannot treat lightly the work assigned me by the General Conference.

"The murder of our Cuban servant, last Saturday, is now fully understood. The man could speak but little English, and Will, the negro who killed him, had been in Mexico and could speak Spanish; so the Cuban naturally inclined to him as an associate. The Cuban was a more expert gambler than the negroes and had gotten three watches and $120 in money. Will decoyed him away at night and murdered him. The body was found on the railroad, a mile above town. Bloodhounds were put on the trail and came to Will's cabin in the field near us. It created no excitement among the people, white or black. On being ar-

rested, Will confessed his crime. There was chance of lynching, but if it had been done it would have been without the least excitement. Men said, 'It must be done if the negro has a chance to escape, but there is no chance, and the law must take its course.'

"I told you that we have ten negroes to one white person here, and conditions are worse than I supposed. Brother J. L. Cannon, who served adjoining work, told me there were nine murders in his community last year.

"Lovingly,

"YOUR EMORY."

I received the call to attend the final meeting of the Joint Commission in Cincinnati the latter part of February. Bishop Walden had arranged to entertain us all at the Grand Hotel. We were guests of the various members of the Methodist church in the city. They sought to excel us Southerners in their hospitality, and did it. They spared nothing to show us good fellowship.

The evening before we left they honored us with a grand banquet in the great banquet hall of the Business Men's Club. There was a fine band and a fashionable assembly. There were manifold toasts and speeches.

Bishop Walden had learned that I purposed visiting my boyhood home on Clifty Creek, Kentucky, as I returned, and the band gave

"My Old Kentucky Home" as a prelude to this anticipated pleasure.

I left Cincinnati at 8 p. m. and arrived at Somerset, the county seat of Pulaski county, at midnight. After breakfast, I hired a buggy and driver and went out, seven miles northwest, to find the old home which my father sold in 1848 and which had been settled by my Grandfather Kelly in 1803.

I found the farm as we left it fifty-seven years before. The old house was unchanged, save that the years had left upon it marks of decay. The weatherboarding was the same yellow poplar that had been sawed by hand and put on the house by my grandfather. The building was of logs, which were well preserved. The five rooms and passageway were as we had left them. There was not a house on the farm that we did not leave there. The fences were nearly all where we left them. A few scraggy apple trees were still standing where we left an orchard in its prime. The majestic forest of oak and poplar had been cut away from the farm by the lumber men.

I walked down to the cliffs, a quarter of a mile from the house. They were crowned with spruce and ivy as in my childhood, and there, amid scenes of which memory still held a perfect picture, I knelt, alone, to return thanks to the God of my fathers for all the sacred memories and influences which had blessed my life.

Mount Zion Church, where our family worshiped, three-quarters of a mile away, is still in use. The burying ground holds three generations of the people who have lived in the neighborhood. It is well kept, and I read on the headstones many names of people I knew. A new church is being built by the side of the old one. I had the pleasure of making a contribution to it on the spot.

The Kelly home is spoken of as a cherished memorial in the community. Seven Methodist preachers have gone out from it. Redford and Landrum both mentioned it in their History of Methodism in Kentucky.

Returning to Somerset at night I picked up the daily paper and read a note about an old man who had gone out that day to see the home of his childhood. It said that he appeared to be about seventy-five years old—too old by ten years—but I felt that old after a drive of twenty miles over a bad road, my trudging over the old place, and seeing the general decay of all things I once loved—all save the spruce-crowned cliffs of Clifty Creek. They belong to God Almighty's reserves. Sale or lease had not changed them, romantic pictures of my early memory;

> "I saw them and they were the same,
> They were not changed like me in frame."

The groves have ever been God's temples to me, and the majesty of mountain solitudes my

closet. Had inclination rather than duty guided me I should have lived like Thoreau by Walden Pond.

Mary came down in the spring, after my return from Cincinnati. We boarded in the family of Gus Cammack, where I spent the winter. He had a good home. Kinder people there could not be. The few members we had in the church at Portland were educated people; well to do, hospitable and generous. We never served a people more appreciative of the service. By combining six districts they had built up an excellent High School in a territory where there were eight negro schools. It was under the care of Professor Anders, a Baptist, but my right-hand man in all good work, a man of public spirit, devoted to the interests of the community. We had a happy year. Mr. Cammack, with his son and daughter, George and Janie, came into the church, and there were about eighteen others received. Mrs. Cammack had been a Christian from girlhood. She was a noble woman, the pride of her husband and admired by all.

Conditions improved at Wilmot in the spring. My predecessor had secured subscriptions for a new church and put the movement on foot. All the community were proud of the new church. We had good congregations and the work was very materially strengthened. A Brother Baker came to take charge of the public school —an earnest Christian and a talented man. I

doubt if I have spent a year in the ministry which has had better results for the Master's cause. There was earnest request for my return, with material increase in salary, and I told Bishop Galloway that I was ready to go back, but my next appointment was Prescott. At the Conference I was elected first clerical delegate to the General Conference by a large majority, and Rev. James Thomas, the brother in whose defense I stood, was also elected. I mention this because herein was my statement to the bishop, the year before, made good. Better this than to have been transferred by a bishop who through lack of knowledge thought to deal with me as a maker of trouble—a good man who had made a mistake and for his own comfort and for the good of the church needed to be sent to a new field.

At Prescott we found a good town, a well organized church, a good house of worship, a cultivated people and a good field of labor. My predecessor, R. W. McKay, was an earnest, efficient man who was greatly loved.

Here, for the first time in our lives, we lived in a parsonage. It seemed a little strange that in all my life, being the son of an itinerant, who had served the church for nearly fifty years, and having been myself subject to appointment in the regular work for forty-five years, I had never lived in a parsonage before. But Mary's health had been such that she could not keep house for many years. We engaged a young

lady, Miss Annie Willingham, to take the parsonage and board us, so that we would feel like we had a home of our own. We got a horse and buggy so that we could go together in our pastoral work and drive about town. Miss Annie made the home sweet and cheery. Mary had hemorrhages during the winter at times, but in the spring the jessamins, magnolias and roses made the out-doors too attractive for melancholy, and we had a happy time doing what we could for the people, who did more for us than we did for them. The Logans, the Whites, the Greesons and our good Dr. Guthrie and family, and many other cherished names make sweet memories of Prescott.

The first year's work at this station was one of good progress in all church interests. There was earnest request for our return, so I was reappointed. The following spring it became necessary to take Mary to St. Louis for special treatment, for a month. I remained with her and occupied the time in reading up the nonsense of Christian Science, just that I might not be ignorant respecting it. I had read some of Mrs. Eddy's writings before, and had some considerable acquaintance with the follies of her followers. But now I reviewed the whole system, making notes.

There is a class of half-educated people, especially women, upon whose minds Christian Science takes hold, not because they understand it, but because they do not. They have had no

training in metaphysical studies. A trained mind would see the contradictions, lack of clear reasoning, or of accurate knowledge in Mrs. Eddy's writings. But such as have had no training and are, for the first time, drawn into metaphysical studies by her books, are enchanted and lost in the fog, and the outcome is simple faith in Mrs. Eddy as an inspired teacher. Faith in inspiration covers all lack of logic, accepts all contradictions, and makes devoted disciples who are beyond correction by reason. Such faith renounces reason and can not be overthrown therefore by argument. The truths which Christian Science acknowledges do not, in any wise, belong to it as a system. It is really not original either in its truths or its errors. The sources of Mrs. Eddy's inspiration are not far to seek, nor is the motive of her inspiration, in view of its financial profits, hard to understand.

About the last of June, I received notice that I had been chosen to take the chair of Philosophy at Hendrix College, Conway. It was a position which would enable me to turn to good account studies which had always been most attractive to me. It also seemed to offer a quiet and congenial employment for my later years, so I accepted the place, and in leaving Prescott ended, as I supposed, my work as a pastor.

"Rev. John E. Godbey, D. D., Prescott, Ark., a member of the Little Rock Conference, has

been elected to the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Hendrix College, Conway, Ark., and he has accepted the position. Dr. Godbey was for many years editor of the Arkansas Methodist (now the Western Methodist). As a thinker he is acute, and as a writer he is exact. He will take to his lecture room large information, well-matured views, and peculiar gifts for expressing his thoughts. Conway College will be greatly strengthened by the addition of such a clear thinker to its faculty."—(Christian Advocate, July 12, 1907.)

## CHAPTER XV.

### At Hendrix College—Death of Mary.

We moved to Conway in August and engaged board for the year in the home of Mrs. Ida Merrill. Conway is a town of about three thousand population, situated thirty-two miles northwest of Little Rock, on the railroad from Little Rock to Fort Smith. A Baptist Female College and the State Normal are located here. The M. E. Church, South, dominates the place with its college and its large and prosperous church organization. The moral and social atmosphere of the town makes it a pleasant home.

Hendrix College is the head of our system of Methodist schools for the State of Arkansas. In the beginning of our efforts to found this school, Dr. A. C. Millar, a graduate of Central College, Fayette, Missouri, held the presidency for fifteen years, laboring with judgment and with great devotion and self-denial to realize the church's scheme of a first-class college. With almost no endowment he labored on *con amore* for the attainment of his ideal. The excellent moral discipline and honest, unostentatious work of the institution gave it character, and drew to it the confidence and patronage

of the most influential people of the state. Dr. Millar was supported by a loyal and competent faculty—his brother, George, a most promising young man, whom death claimed early; his brother-in-law, J. H. Reynolds, now in the Chair of History in the State University; David Y. Thomas, also of the State University, and George H. Burr, who still holds the Department of Natural Science at Hendrix, were among those who joined with the president to found the College, rendering able service and refusing much better salaries elsewhere. It is thus that most of our church schools have been established. The Church has many consecrated laymen, who, like the preachers, are conscience-bound, and to whom religious convictions and ideals are motives of service more than pecuniary rewards.

The self-denying toil of the Hendrix College Faculty would have failed perhaps, had it not been for the constant support of Captain W. W. Martin, a rich old bachelor of Conway, who paid deficiencies from time to time, expending more than $75,000 cash to support the school. This good man has gone to his reward. His name is first on the roll of honor of the men to whom the church is indebted for Hendrix College as it is today. In this place I may appropriately mention the noble work of Rev. James Thomas, Commissioner of Education, by whom $225,000 was secured in subscriptions to the college endowment, the General Board of Edu-

cation of New York subscribing an additional $75,000. This placed the institution on secure financial foundations.

When I came to the college, Rev. Stonewall Anderson, D. D., now Secretary of our General Board of Education, was its President. He had held the place for five years. He was a man of high endowments, commanding presence, and an eloquent preacher. Few men had more power before a great audience. He was industrious, energetic, a good business man, and, under his care the college had gained ground rapidly.

Dr. Anderson was aided by a good faculty. George H. Burr, A. M., an alumnus of Central College, Missouri, was over the Department of Science. From his early student days he had manifested a special predilection for scientific studies. Such a predilection not only centers one's studies on his favorite subject but gives him constant pleasure in his work, meanwhile, moulding the very character of the man, making him patient, persevering, exact, disdaining all that is superfluous. Such a man was Professor Burr. Next to Burr, as a support of the college, was Walter E. Hogan, A. B., Professor of Mathematics. Hogan was a graduate of Hendrix. He was not only master of his Chair, but a man of admirable executive ability. If Hogan had been set over the college he would have managed it well. Dr. Anderson took him away to serve as Secretary in the office of the

Board of Education at Nashville. His place at the College was not easily filled. Rev. Charles J. Greene, A. B., (Vanderbilt University) held the Department of English Literature, and was well fitted, by education and taste, for his work. He had held the place for years, and by his gentle Christian spirit, his help of needy students, his courteousness, modesty, and solid attainments had taken strong hold on the college and community. Guy Andrew Simmons, an A. M. of De Pauw, and an M. M. of Yale, was Professor of Greek and Latin. He was a new man in the faculty. He is there still—now counted as one of the old professors, and a fixture. He will hold the place as long as he desires. Thomas Starling Staples, A. B., (Central College) was in charge of the Department of History. He, too, was a new man, but is now counted one of the settled professors. Marcus J. Russell, A. B., (Nashville University) Head Master of the Academy, was a man ready for any service. He was the hardest-working man of the college; genial, cheerful, and always in harmony with any scheme or plan which the college took in hand. He could take the place of coach on the athletic field, manage the dormitory, or superintend the Sunday school with equal efficiency. He was a universal favorite among the students. The tender love of Mrs. Russell was very dear to my wife.

It was pleasant to be associated in work with educated men of high Christian character, and,

who had other aims and ideals than money making. The students, too, were from Christian homes. They came to the college eager to acquire knowledge. Their spirit was an inspiration to their teachers. I could record many very striking examples, taken from a few years' history of our college work, of the successful struggles of generous ambition. I shall relate but one:

Mr. and Mrs. Nelson, with their son, Claude, who was about fourteen years old, having a few hundred dollars, came to the college resolved to get on higher ground in the world by securing an education. They all entered the academy. When the parents graduated from the academy they went to work, the mother as a teacher in a country school, and the father in a store. They kept Claude at school. He passed the Sophomore year and won the Rhodes Scholarship. This entitled him to a course of three years at Oxford University, with fifteen hundred dollars a year for expenses. Being trained to economy, this seemed much money to him. When I was last at Conway Mrs. Nelson showed me a letter from Claude telling her she must come over at his next summer vacation and they would travel together over Europe.

The second year after my coming to the college Prof. R. B. McSwain came to us, and spent one year in the faculty. McSwain was a graduate of Vanderbilt University, and a Ph. D. of the University of Chicago. He was a great stu-

dent and a great scholar. Like the bookworm generally, he was careless of dress, nervous in his manners, and unsocial. But he was pure in spirit and as simple as a child. He was engrossed in studies which he could not turn to any result, as they lacked practical adaptation to the affairs of the world. He was in feeble health and burdened with debt. He took a little cottage, piled up hundreds of books on the floor against the walls of the sitting-room and bed-room, and between his college classes, the college library, and his books at home, he found no time for recreation. He read and read, grudging the hours of sleep. He was thoroughly efficient as a teacher of Greek and Hebrew, but things archaic were a special fascination to him, and the cuneiform records of ancient Babylon were his supreme delight.

Mrs. McSwain was scarcely less devoted to study than her husband. She was well educated and unusually gifted intellectually. She kept the cottage, took care of the little baby, and read and wrote much. The papers and magazines appreciated her contributions. She was proud of her husband's learning, but felt deeply the hard conditions in which they lived. She bore it with inward protest against the world's blindness to merit, but with inward peace of love and faith, as this, her "Song," will tell.

## My Song.

BY MARY M'KINNON M'SWAIN.

Though life, a niggard, with scant hand should dole
  To me few happy days, but many dreary;
  And though my heart be often faint and weary,
Still sweetly sings the song within my soul.

Though lost all hope of reaching cherished goal;
  Though life's appraising scales uneven weigh;
  Though honest worth seems scorned in life's short day,
Still sweetly sings the song within my soul.

"The right cannot be worsted by the wrong.
  Our God dwells here, not in some far-off sky;
  Our God is love, and love can never die"—
Such joy, such praise, such comfort brings my song!

After a year at the college McSwain's physician said it was imperative that he promptly change climate and manner of living. So he left us and went to Texas, took work as an itinerant preacher and has, in measure, recovered his health.

We built a house at Conway which I planned for Mary's comfort—a neat cottage, with large well-ventilated rooms, and open fire place. We had a beautiful lawn and the best garden in town. We had brought to Conway our mare, Dollie, and the buggy, and we had time for driving, in the afternoons. We had a kind lady, Mrs. Newburn, and her daughter, Mary, to keep the house, and here we spent two years, sweetly, having the kindest of neighbors. We

were free from care or fear save from one approaching shadow. Mary's health was still declining.

The Department of Philosophy put me on studies in which I had taken especial delight from my boyhood. The one new feature of it, as compared to the curriculum of former time, was the study of the Bible for three years as a requisite for the degree of A. B. This is now required in most of our church colleges, and many secular schools have also adopted this course, with a view only to a well balanced education. From a purely literary point of view the Bible is entitled to the first place in literary studies. It has influenced the literature of all the leading nations of the world far more than any other book or all the classics of Greece and Rome combined. Nor has it affected literature more than it has affected government and society. It supplies the ideals from which our civilization has arisen, and which are still leading us on. The Bible should be held the most important of our college text books. But it is evident that the study of the Bible in the colleges must be chiefly critical. The result will not be, uniformly, to strengthen the authority of the Church. The college professor will take larger liberty than the preacher in interpreting the Bible. In the nature of the case the schools will consider many questions relating to the Scripture which the pulpit has neither occasion nor need to present. As a result there will

arise in the colleges and universities, spirits that will not down before the ecclesiastical authority, or any traditions of the church however venerable. In this movement of the church for a more general and thorough study of the Sacred Scriptures, the question will be raised in the minds of the people whether the church or the universities shall interpret these Scriptures for them—whether the pulpit or the magazine shall supply their theology. Meantime, essential truth and practical morality will become more and more a common basis of union to which religious teachers and churches will tend. Sincere seeking after truth can bring only good in the end.

The third summer after we came to the college, hoping that Mary's health might, in some measure, be benefited by spending our vacation in Colorado, we went to Manitou and spent most of the season. I had been there twice before and had talked so much of the beautiful scenery and cool bracing air, that Mary longed for the refreshing which she hoped to gain there.

I have little to write of this trip. It was our last together. It brought no strength to my dear wife, and all I had told her of my former visit there with our daughter brought pathetic memories. August 11, 1909, Mary desired to take our lunch and spend the day in South Cheyenne Canyon. It was my seventieth birthday and I had spent the day there with Lizzie years before. It was a sacred day.

## Manitou Twenty Years After.

The glory of the world departs,
  And happy smiles give place to tears,
As fellowship of kindred hearts
  Is broken by the passing years.
Love is our life, and ever more,
  Its changing tide of hopes and fears,
Is by some other life controlled—
A life which doth our own enfold.

Once more I view these mountains gray,
  Their crags and peaks fringed with the pine,
And call to mind the long past day,
  When one young heart which beat with mine
In unison of hope and joy,
  And faith in God and love divine,
In life's sweet spring, was with me here,
A cherished flower, my daughter dear.

Her soul was free as mountain air,
  And pure as is the mountain snow,
She saw God's glory everywhere,
  The light of all this world below.
"Earth is so near to heaven," she said,
  "What fear of evil can we know?"
"All very good," our Father saith,
All very good, his children's faith.

The murmur of the waterfall,
  The mountain torrent foaming down,
Its cold, deep canyon, and the tall
  Brown cliff which reared its crest aboon,
And all the silent sleeping night,
  Wooed wearily the maiden moon,
Had mystic voices manifold,
Which to her heart love secrets told.

On younder height which heaves its form
  Massive and bald against the sky,
We watched the rolling mountain storm
  In might and majesty pass by.
A silver sea spread far below,
  The sun shone forth undimmed on high,
In light and calm of summer day
We watched the arrowy lightning's play.

plac[illegible]

[illegible] I view thes[illegible]

[illegible] one young [illegible]

[illegible] and faith in God and [illegible]
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IN SOUTH CHEYENNE CANYON, August 11, 1909

The ferny dell and purling stream,
  Where aspens quivering in the gale,
Their dancing shadows threw, with gleam
  Of sunlight meshes in a veil
Of swaying shade—a fairy show—
  Did o'er her gentle mind prevail
In magic charm—an awesome mood—
The witching spell of solitude.

And here I come again to view
  These scenes by memory made so dear,
The landscape wears an autumn hue,
  Foretoken of the closing year.
The autumn hue is on my mind.
  In pensive mood I wander here,
But see the West in glory glows,
Calm sunset wooing to repose.

My journey of three score years and ten ended that day at Seven Falls, and here I might end this record of "Lights and Shadows," but a little more is to be told.

We returned to Conway just in time for the college opening. I took up my work and carried it through another year. Mary was not able to get out any more. At the end of the term, that she might have every comfort, I resigned my chair at the college and we returned to our home at Little Rock. It was kept by our niece, Mrs. S. W. Anderson. Her care of us, and the company of her dear children, it seemed would be best. The winter was mild, and we drove out often, for we still had Dollie and the buggy. After the middle of February we went out no more.

MARY.

On Sunday, March 12th, at 11:15 a. m., my wife, my Mary, entered into rest. Today she sleeps beside our children in the beautiful

Mount Holly Cemetery. The sweet sunlight is kissing away the myriad delicate hues of the beautiful flowers which loving hands have placed upon her grave. The sunlight gave these colors and recalls its own. Thus life returns to its source in the perpetual round of strange, mysterious change. This grave is the last tent pitched on the banks of the Jordan, by a pilgrim, who ever sought a better country. The pilgrim is not here, but has gone over. They tell us that the land of Canaan lies beyond, where the flowers never wither and there comes no sorrow and no night. This tent marks the end of a long and weary journey. On the 23d of July Mary would have reached three score and ten.

This is a day for memory and for tears. Fifty years ago I first saw Mary, a free, joyous, beautiful country girl; skilled to guide a canoe on the river, or to ride her spirited horse over the Meramec hills. She was brave, prompt to decide and to act, a leader of the young women, sole daughter of her family, doted on by a large circle of admiring kindred.

November 2, 1865, Mary placed her hand in mine and took the vow, the sweet "I will, till death do us part." That vow was registered in heaven and reverently did we hear the preacher say "Those whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

Through forty-five years Mary's heart was one with mine in the vicissitudes, cares, sympa-

thies, and labors of a Methodist preacher's life. She knew life among the mountaineers, far from the centers of population and culture. She knew life in the great cities, in the circles of the cultured and rich. In every place she was equally contented, shut up in her own loving ministry. She never scorned a human being, and no human being ever thought her touched with worldly pride.

Mary was a home-maker. We had no parsonages. Again and again we bought or built what we called a home. The cottages, vine-clad, surrounded with flowers, our four children, three girls and a boy, like a wreath of roses about the door, pass before me today. But the flowers are all dead, the children all gone; the once sweet homes are like deserted birds' nests full of snow.

Mary lived for God, for me, and the children. When the children were taken from us a horror of great darkness fell upon her. Blinded by the fog of the mystic river, bewildered and desolate, she called after the boatman that bore our loves away.

But the mist cleared away. Mary smiled on me again, and the light of love came back upon her face. She took up love's ministry again and entered into sympathy with the cheerful ways of the world. God gave us a decade of happy years. Mary was not what she had been. Timid now, subdued, but trusting like a child; she clung to my heart with little other thought

than to cling there. Her ministry was all the more potent.

> "It gave me eyes. It gave me ears,
> And tender cares and delicate fears,
> A heart, the fountain of sweet tears."

How strange it is to think of Mary as a memory; to be sitting here alone; to be stifling the heart cry:

> "Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
> And the sound of a voice that is still."

"Now I know in part," and wait a fuller revelation.

Five years ago, Mary and I stood together, within that magnificent temple of art, the Congressional Library at Washington. There came in a lady leading a little girl. She led her to the porphyry columns and the sweet child embraced them with her naked arms. She led her to the balustrade of the stairs, and she felt them with her hands. She led her to the medallion stamps in the marble floor and the child stooped down and tried to get knowledge of these by touch. Then we saw the child was blind. We marked the tender care and love of her teacher. So, I think, however limited my knowledge, I am walking here in a temple of ineffable glory, guided by the hand of infinite love.

There is no death. The river that sinks out of sight has not ceased. It flows on in darkness, lost for a time to us. But there are those who see it emerging from its subterranean course on the other side of the mountain range a gushing fountain, leaping joyously into the sunlight.

## Addendum.

When the Little Rock Conference met in 1910 I was appointed associate editor of the Western Methodist, formerly the Arkansas Methodist. I had a pleasant work with my long-tried friend, Dr. James A. Anderson, and with his associate, Rev. P. R. Eaglebarger. I was also chaplain of the Ex-Confederate Soldiers' Home, and for two months supply of the Second Presbyterian church.

September, 1911, I came on invitation to preach before the St. Louis Conference on the fiftieth anniversary of my admission into that body.

I was requested by Dr. C. M. Hawkins, presiding elder of St. Louis district, to take charge of Christy Memorial church, St. Louis. Here I spent a pleasant year of successful work. I was reappointed to the work from the Conference of 1912, and in the midst of the year's service I close this record.

December 23rd, 1912, I was married to Miss Martha Virginia Dunnavant, of Kirkwood, a teacher for many years. She has been for a year my companion and helper in the little work I am still trying to do for the Master. When I retire from work, her home in Kirkwood will be our home, and there, among old

friends, amid scenes made dear to me in former years, and in Jennie's loving care, I hope to spend the closing years of my life.

The church has always given me comfortable support, and I have enough for the few years of inaction that may be before me. In the midst of my seventh-fourth year I am in perfect health. I have not been sick in fifty-eight years; yet I know "It is toward evening and the day is far spent." But I think life's storms are over, and the haven is fair ahead.

Awake, my soul! Truth's ever brightening ray,
Which long has led me on an upward way,
Now drives the last dim shadow from my sky,
And on my vision breaks the perfect day.

Escaped from every phantom of the night,
I walk exultant in a heavenly light;
No fears oppress me and no griefs annoy,
And all Care's restless brood have taken flight.

Whence comes this triumph? Whence this vision clear?
Doth heaven's clear day to Reason's eye appear?
'Tis heaven within which gives the light divine,
Instinctive vision of a goal so near.

Thus, to His own, their hearts from fear to shield,
Mid war's wild wreck, on Life's fierce battle field,
"I give you peace," the Master said, and, lo!
The house of many mansions stood revealed.

There is no death but from the sting of sin,
There is no darkness 'gainst the Light within.
The Light and Life is Christ, forevermore,
From sin and death the trusting soul to win.

They pass from death to life who Him believe;
The Sons of God are all who Him receive.
Heirs of His immortality are they;
"Because I live," He says, "Ye, too, shall live."

To all my friends, greeting and farewell.

J. E. Godbey.

St. Louis, Mo., March 15, 1913.